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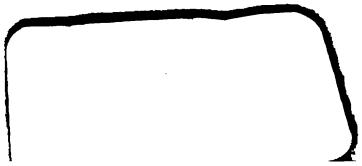
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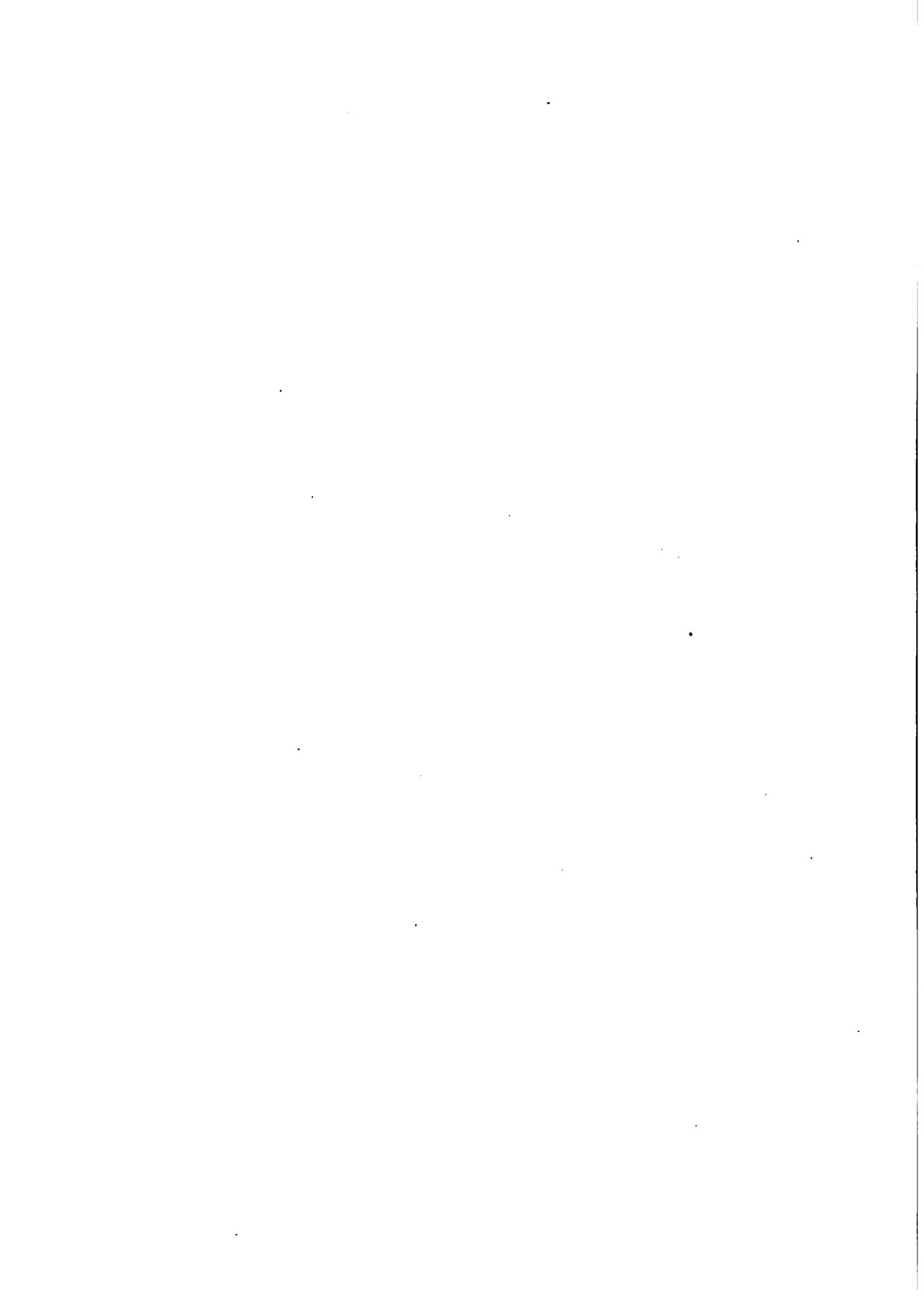


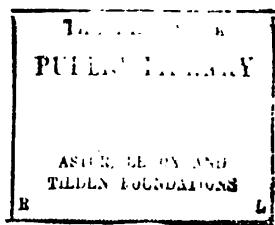
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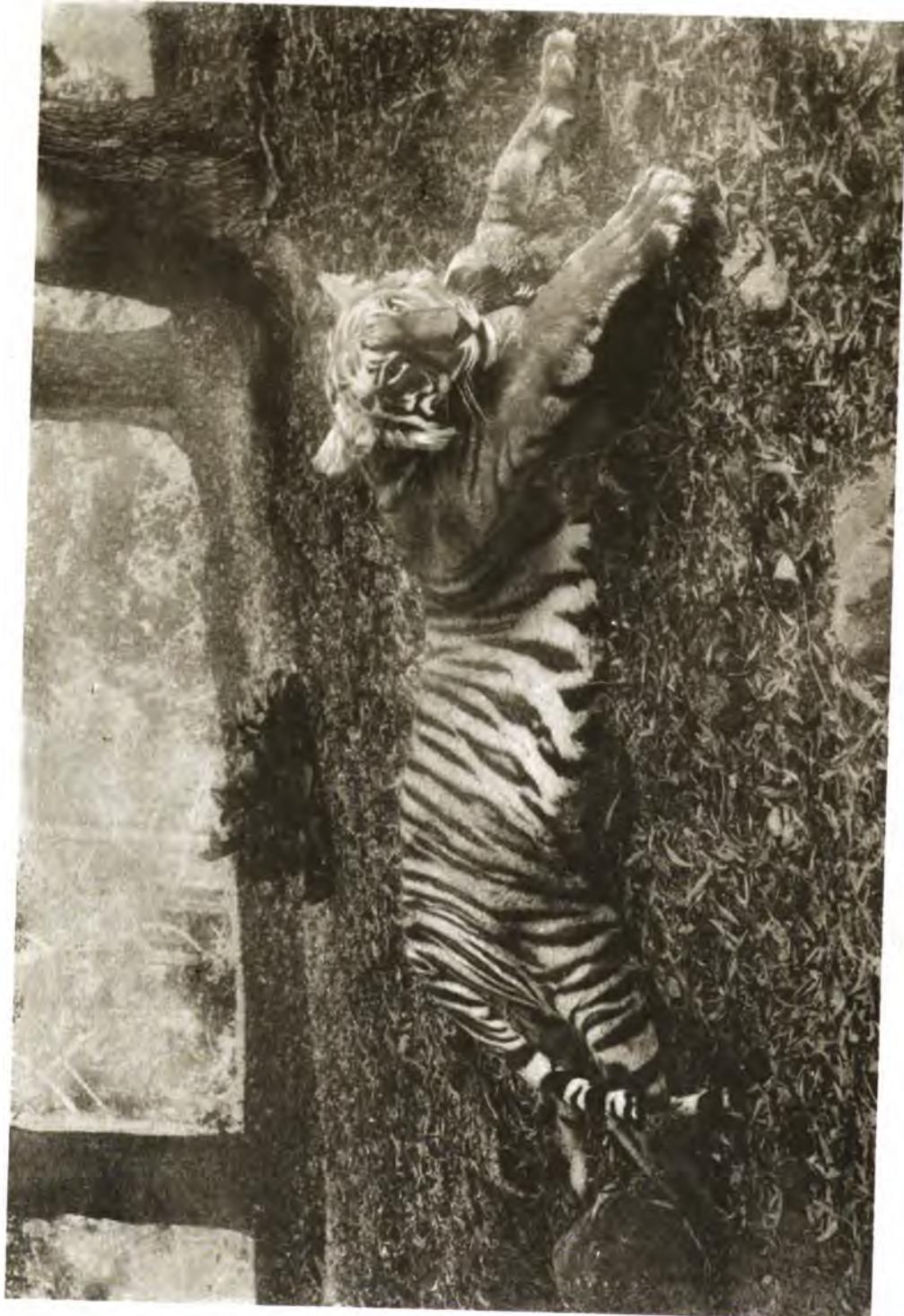


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The King of the Jungle

The New America AND The Far East

By G. WALDO BROWNE AND NATHAN HASKELL DOLE
A General Introduction by EDWARD S. ELLIS
And Special Introductions as follows

Hawaii

By the Honorable HENRY CABOT LODGE

The Philippines

By Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER

Japan

By His Excellency KOGORO TAKAHIRA

China

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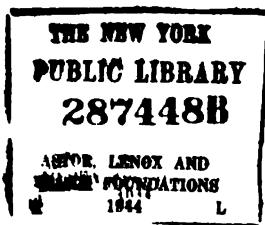
By the Honorable WALTER E. CLARKE

India

By Professor ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Illustrated by over 1,400 Photogravures, Colored Plates, Engravings & Maps

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BOSTON



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INDIA.

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,
PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

INTRODUCTION.

To the western mind, India stands for the remote, the picturesque, and the marvellous. Not only is it different in climate, traditions, and experience, but it is a part of that existence of two civilized worlds, which lasted for more than two thousand years. In these days of rapid transportation, when in less than twenty days of continuous travel, one may reach Bombay from New York, it seems incredible that while empires in Europe were rising, decaying and disappearing, other empires as populous, as highly civilized, possessing monuments of equal splendor, likewise rose, sank, and ceased to be. There are cities in India older than Rome, yet scarce a traveller from Europe reached those cities. If London had been in the moon and Delhi in Mars, the two regions could hardly have been more separated. The products of the East, silks, spices and pearls, found their way through various middlemen to a western market; but till Vasco da Gama entered the harbor of Calicut in 1498, Europe and the Far East lived separate lives.

The magic circle once broken, one European race after another penetrated into India: the Portuguese, the Dutch, the English, and the French. To all of them India was an object of prey: first trade, then conquest of a port, then conquests in the interior, then colonial empires, more or less permanent. India was a country in which the savings drifted into few hands, and the splendor of the royal courts, the beauty and magnificence of the public buildings, deceived Europe into thinking that the land was surpassingly rich. Hence wars of conquest, in which gold and jewels changed hands without much altering the lot of the peasant. During the last hundred and fifty years England has been the predominant power, and the colonies of all other European nations have been reduced to insignificance.

India, to-day, is both an Asiatic empire and a European dependency, and has the characteristics of the enormous continent of which it is a part: surpassing mountains; sterile deserts; fabulously fertile river courses; immense territorial stretches, inhabited by a people singularly tenacious of their traditional life. Europe has been transformed two or three times since the Romans; but the India of to-day is in many respects the India of twenty centuries ago, with the same religions and sacred books, the same village life, the same strange mixture of piety and voluptuousness.

It is this land, so full of contradictions and at present governed by a people

so different from the Indians themselves, that the author of this book has undertaken to describe. First he takes up the physical characteristics. Of all the countries of the world, India shows the most violent differences of altitude: almost in sight of the semi-tropical plains of the Ganges are the tremendous snow slopes of the Himalayas, issuing from which are the great rivers of northern India, the valleys of which are the home of scores of millions of people. On the southern slope of those mountains dwell some of the most warlike of the people of India, and through the passes to the northwest and west has poured wave after wave of invasion.

Little as Europe heeded it, India has been for ages the battle-ground of rival nations. Persians, Afghans, Tartars, long before the Europeans came, marched, fought, defeated armies many times their size, and took possession. Hence India has a native population of many race elements, speaking something like thirty different languages, varying in civilization from the jungle tribes hardly above the African bushman in intelligence, up to sons of native princes, educated at Oxford.

The land is even more sharply divided by religions than by races. Upon the original Indian faiths, now represented by the Hindu cult, was added, about twenty-five centuries ago, the religion of Buddha, which competed with the older forms and eventually spread far to the eastward. More than a thousand years later came the Mohammedan invasions, leaving not only the descendants of the conquerors, but millions of proselytes as a permanent element in the population; so that the Mohammedans are now about one-fifth of the whole.

Upon this substratum of mingled and often fiercely divided races, the English have built up the most astonishing colonial system recorded in the annals of mankind. A comparatively small body of troops may march through any big, rich and populous country, — Alexander in Persia, Napoleon in Austria, — plundering and destroying, without suffering much damage. Countless have been such raids in India; nevertheless that a few thousand troops, brought and maintained by a line of water communication requiring four months for a voyage, should not only have entered India, but overwhelmed every single opposing force, European or native, and should have set up a lasting dominion, is outside of all other human experience. This miracle may be summed up in a sentence: India with three hundred million inhabitants, including millions of warlike people, is held by an army of less than a hundred thousand English, alongside another hundred thousand civilians and their families. There is, of course, a considerable native army; but the backbone of the empire of India is a body of troops outnumbered four or five hundred times by the able-bodied men of native race.

It has been customary to look upon the English dominion as an exploitation of India for the benefit of foreigners. There was a time when native rulers were squeezed and Indian administrators and soldiers brought home great fortunes, based on something very like robbery. But during the last hundred years it is probable that the English capital put into railroads and other public works represents a larger sum than all the salaries and profits taken out of the country. The actual number of Englishmen drawing large salaries is but a few thousand, and their households of native servants and retainers intend that as much of it as possible shall be left in the country. For the first time since nations and armies existed India has had half a century of almost complete peace. Furthermore, for

the first time in its history, India has enjoyed a regime of impartial justice. Life, liberty and property are more secure than in any other colony in Asia.

It is possible to govern a dependency better than the home country. The English rule in India is like the Roman rule during the happiest period of the provinces, in justice, moderation and understanding of the governed. The Romans, however, successfully sought to make Romans of their colonists. Spain, Britain, Asia Minor and northern Africa accepted the architecture, the gods, the military system and eventually the language of Rome. In India, however, the rulers and the ruled are as separate as they were when the English first came. No English Viceroy marries a native princess and founds a reigning family. Not more than a hundredth of the people have accepted Christianity in any form. The natives go to the English courts for justice, ride on the English railroads, buy English goods, but only a small fraction speak English. Suttee has been abolished for many years and Juggernaut is no longer allowed to crush his victims; but such a national incubus as the caste system shows almost no wearing down, and the rankest and foulest heathenism is practised every day in temples a few hundred yards from mission stations. India remains Asiatic to the core.

The picturesqueness of the country, many of the incidents of its remarkable history, and some of the great Indian personalities are set forth in this book. It shows the variety and the complexity of Indian conditions and Indian life. The Indians are well known to be blood brethren to the people of western Europe, as is shown by the kinship between Sanskrit and Greek, Latin and even modern European tongues. This volume does not aim to show the likeness between the east and west, the similarities of human nature in both continents, but rather to call attention to the divergencies. The author squarely faces the discontent of that part of India which can express its opinion of the rule of the foreigner. In effect, the loud and increasing voices of protest in India insist that the land would rather govern itself ill than be well governed by the Feringhee. And ill governed the land will be, if ever the English lose their hold. For, besides the old rivalries of north and south, of hill and plain, is the unceasing bitter feeling between the Hindu and the Moslem, who live in many parts of India side by side. For all these problems, this book is helpful for its account of the actual conditions of India, of the spirit of the people who may perhaps some day try their own skill at empire-building.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
September 30, 1911.

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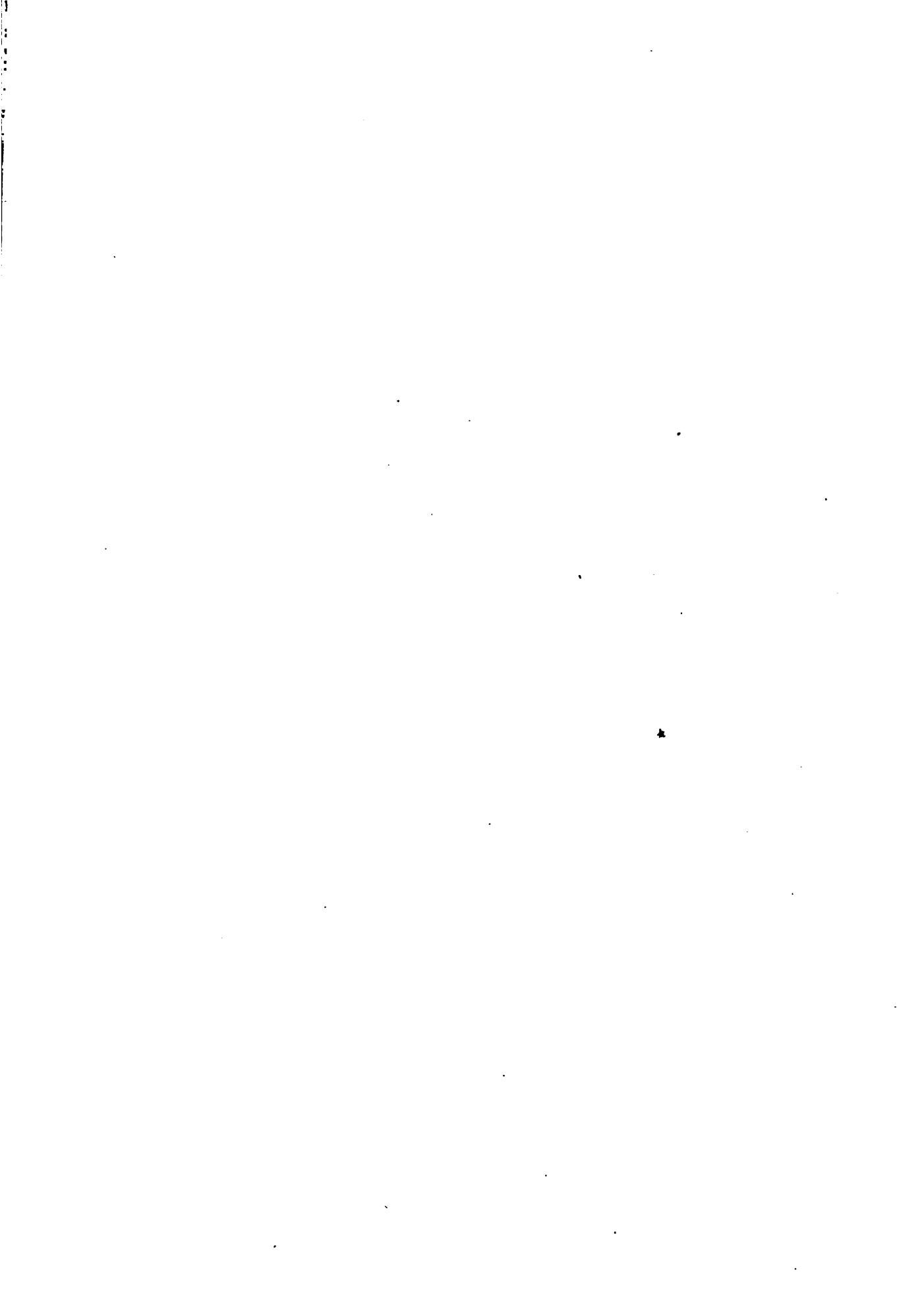
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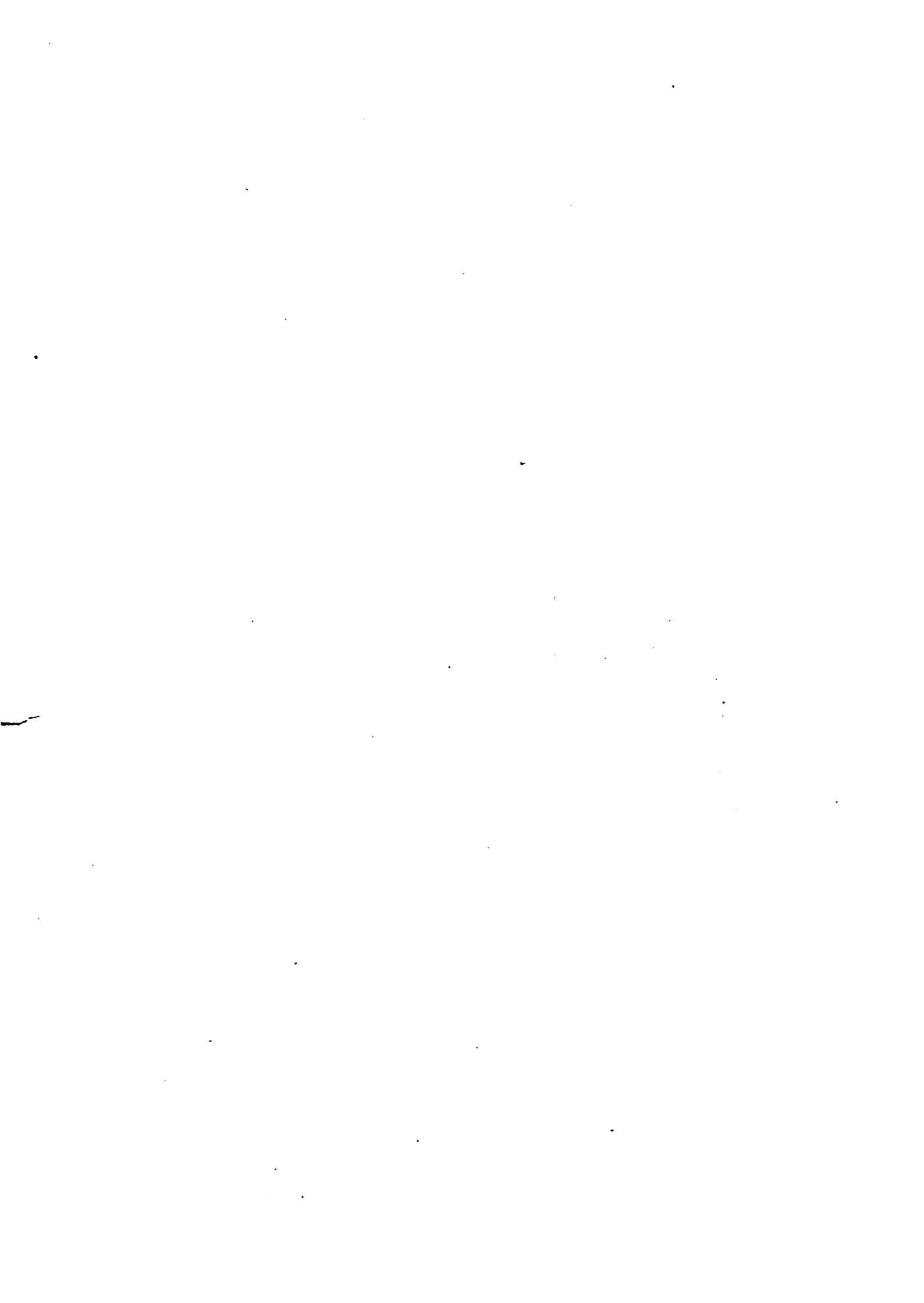
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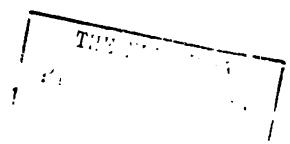
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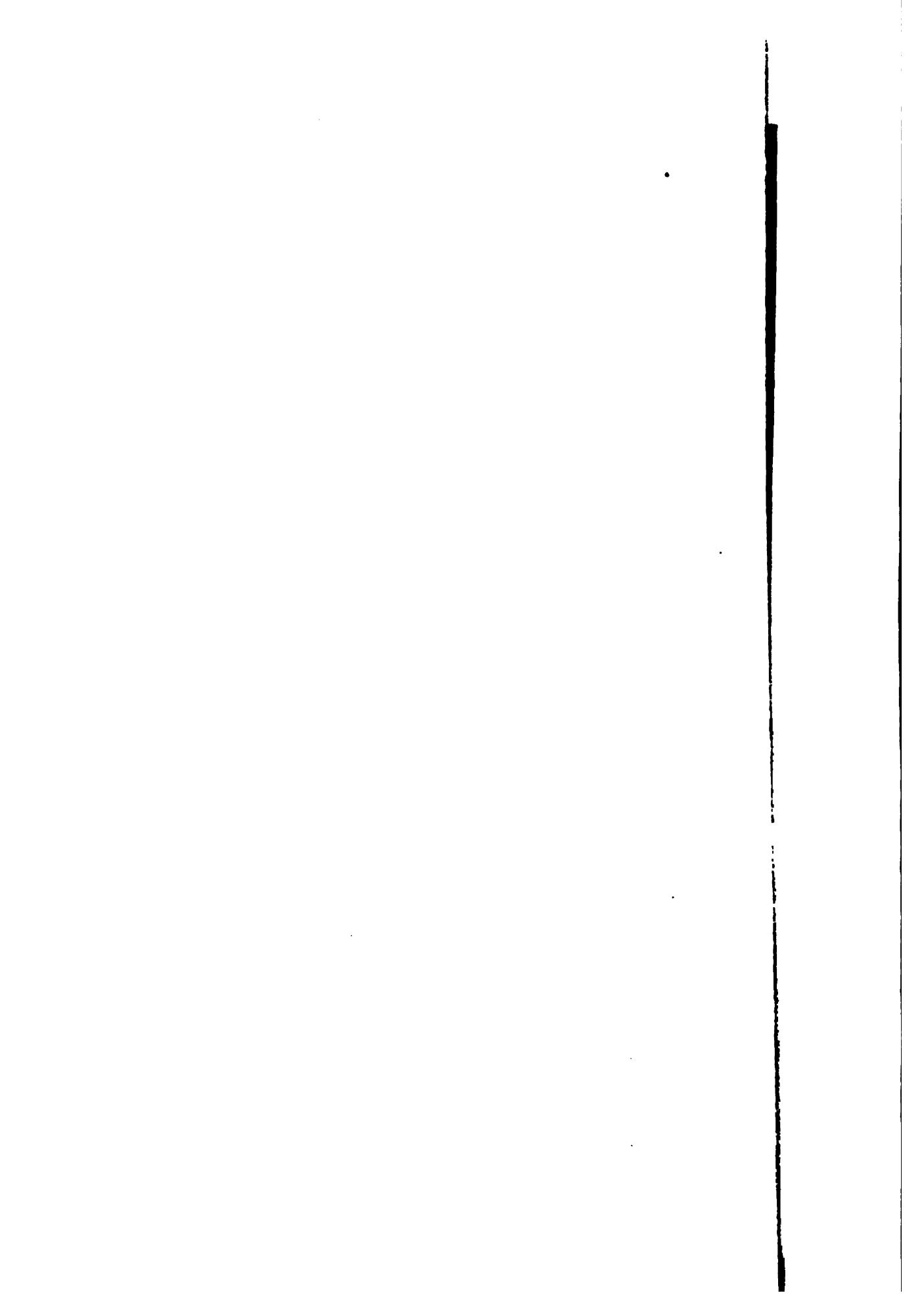
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INDIAN WOMEN CARRYING WATER FROM WELL.

THE FAR EAST.

INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM MOUNTAIN TO SEA.

RISING into abrupt prominence on the borderland of Europe, a formidable barrier between the frozen tundras of the north and the sunny plains of the south, extends nearly across the continent of Asia, in a zig-zag course almost eight thousand miles, a little less than one-third the distance around the globe, a majestic mountain range not inappropriately styled "The Roof of the World." Taking a more limited view of this region, from the massive gateway of the storied Indus on the west to the frowning pass of the Brahmaputra on the east, we have the mighty heart of this lofty realm, the Himalaya Mountains, "Abode of Everlasting Snow." The mean

altitude of this stupendous uplift of country, piercing with towering spires the very heavens, is from 18,000 to 20,000 feet above the plains at their base, or 35,000 feet above the bed of the Indian Ocean, while the snowy crests that disappear into vaulted space soar two miles further toward the heavens. This titanic system is the loftiest chain of uplands on the earth. Look on lonely Chimborazo, the sentinel of South America, and then on forty giants here, the least of which lifts its lofty crest over the head of the Andean monarch, while more than twenty are so much higher that Chimborazo seems almost insignificant by comparison. And this is the northern boundary of India.

So rugged is this part of the magnificent range that the rivers springing from its recesses shoot downward like silvery arrows, tipped with foam, and filling the air with a dazzling mist. The valleys are furrows so deep and narrow that they are shrouded in gloom, except during a brief interval at noontime, when the shafts of light from a vertical sun play at hide and seek for a few minutes among their hidden recesses. The descent from the table-lands to the plains falls in places a thousand feet a mile, and is so rugged that along this riven breastwork of nature the only level plot that deserves mention is the ancient parade ground of the Tartar bands, that used to halt here to review their troops and train them for the combats to follow upon the sunny lands they had crossed the bewildering mountains to ravage. And this fragment of table-land, broken, as it were, from the mountain-side and caught up by some mystic power to be suspended in mid-air, is scarcely a quarter of a mile in breadth or length. What a grand sight it unfolded to the barbaric gaze; unfolds to civilization!

Seen by daylight at such close range the size and majesty of the Himalayas over-awe the beholder, while the alternating and changing sharpness of their outlines, the clearness of their green, gray and white façades melting into the pale blue of the sky make a picture of beautiful and lasting impression. Beheld "at midnight when myriads of stars sparkle in the blue sky, and the pure blue of the mountain looks deeper still below the pale white gleam of the earth and snow-light, the effect is of unparalleled solemnity. No language can describe the splendor of the beams at daybreak streaming between the high peaks, and throwing their gigantic shadows on the mountains below.

There, far above the habitations of men, no living thing exists, no sound is heard; the very echo of the traveler's footsteps startles him in the awful solitude and silence that reign in these dwellings of perpetual snow."

Sheltered by these overhanging crags and peaks, fit retreats for the gods and goddesses of Aryan mythology, lies the peaceful valley of the Boshan, tented by its forests of cedar, itself lifted more than a



LAHORE, MOSLEMS WASHING BEFORE WORSHIP.

thousand feet above the lower plateau, crossed by the hundred fingers of the headwaters of the sacred Ganges. Given a wider scope of vision, eastward, southward and westward, and the beholder sees that grand panorama of mountains, plains and valleys comprising the "Garden of Asia," India. There is an old Indian proverb which says: "Go count the stars before you name the jewels of India." Like the stars they are indeed countless.

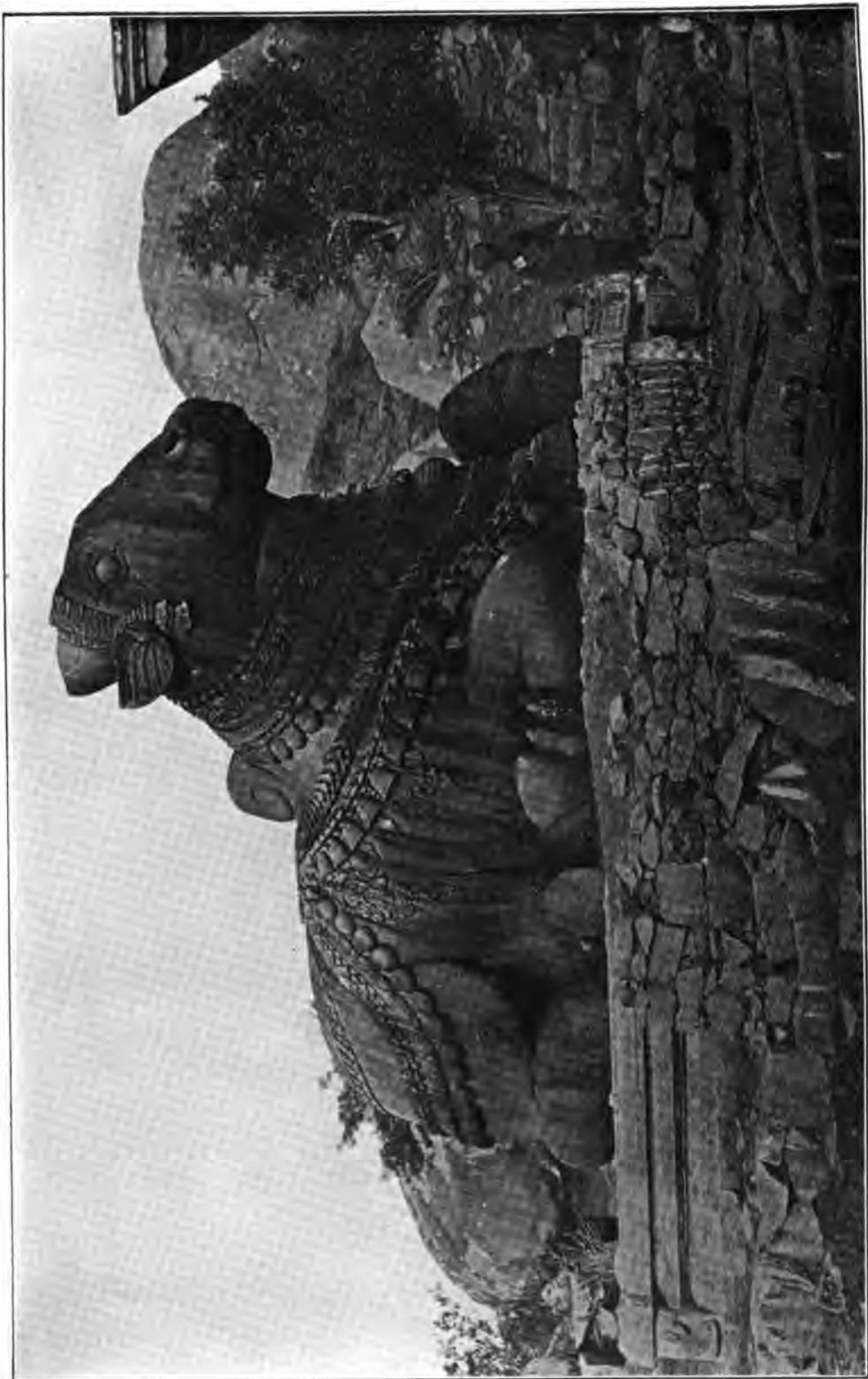
Geographically speaking India covers the vast area of country lying between the delta of the Brahmaputra on the east and the valley of

the Indus on the west, at its greatest breadth more than 1,500 miles. In length it extends from the Indian Ocean on the south, 8 degrees north latitude, to the heart of the Himalaya Mountains in the 35th degree north latitude, over 27 degrees of latitude, and a distance in round numbers of 1,800 miles. Its total area is about 1,500,000 square miles, or one-eleventh of the territory of Asia and one-thirty-third of the continental land surface of the earth. On the east lies the Bay of Bengal, the Anglo-Burmese Provinces of Aracan and Assam; on the north Tibet, separated by the Himalayas; on the west Afghanistan, Beluchistan and the Arabian Sea; on the south, the Indian Ocean.

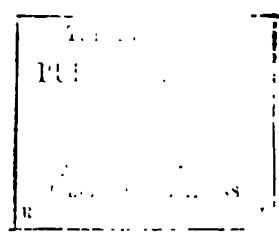
Its inhabitants number nearly 300,000,000, and comprise about one million people of Portuguese descent; one hundred thousand belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race; and about 150,000,000 made up of the descendants of the numerous native and Indian races, including Bengalees, Rajputas, Hindus, Ameers, Mahrattas, Sikhs, Bheels, Afghans, Gentoos, Goorkas, Klings, Gounds, Khounds, Badagas, Todars, Lopehas, and others; mixed to a lesser or greater extent with the various people who have from time to time invaded the country, and helped to swell its population. The remainder consists of Neguls, or Mongols, Moors, Arabs, Tartars, Parsees, Burmese, Assamese, Peguns, Chinese, Jews and gypsies. Taken altogether it has the most varied, if not the most picturesque, population to be found in any country.

Even the casual observer cannot fail to appreciate the fact that from this region or its immediate vicinity have gone forth into the West the progenitors of the races governing to-day the leading nations of the earth. From hence have come the Persians and Pelasgians, parents of ancient grandeur, the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." From hence may have come the Celt and the Teuton, the Goth and Scythian, the founders of the Aryan greatness, of Russian energy, the ancestors of the Germanic nobility, of Gallic intelligence, of British imperialism. And behind all lies the mystic spiritualism that has endowed India with its subtle inspiration.

Among the mountain ranges that trend across its broad landscape, mostly running north and south, are the Aravalis, noted for their wide, fertile valleys, and the rich mineral veins of their rugged slopes; the



A BULL CUT OUT OF SOLID ROCK, MYSORE.



Doungthers, famed for picturesque scenery, canons, with their black-walled precipices, illuminated here and there by huge blocks of white quartz; the Kairmeers, linking the Vindhya and the Rajmahal cluster, thus dividing the country into distinct slopes; the Ghauts, more wonderful in their formation than either of the others. Running parallel with the sea through the Deccan country, and forming the abrupt southern extremity of the vast table-lands of the interior, this chain presents a rugged wall on the one side, on the other the level uplands, and thus becomes half mountain, half plain. These mountains with their peculiar features, duplicated nowhere else, were noted resorts of the tourists of ancient as well as modern days. Hither thousands of pious Hindus in the long ago wended their way to worship at the grotesque little temple standing on a peak of the Western Ghauts, whose slender spire still points heavenward, wreathed by the mists that float in from the ocean. A dark defile under the Bhore Ghaut is now entered by an English railway, which carries annually its large numbers of health-seekers to the Sanitarium of Matheran. An old-time fortress, whose walls are now heavy with age, and which is reached by a rude stairway of some three hundred steps cut in the solid rock, gives a decidedly warlike appearance to another bold peak, though it has been long since the report of a cannon has awakened the silence of the lofty citadel.

The most noted of the natural resources of the Ghauts is the wonderful curative powers of its mountain regions. Here people suffering from the ills peculiar to the tropical climate find almost certain recovery from the pure and invigorating atmosphere.

The passage across the Ghaut Mountains by the Indian Peninsular Railway is a feat of modern engineering such as only the Anglo-Saxon race could have accomplished. Studded with impenetrable jungles and strewn with ravines of great depth and rugged contour, every foot of the road-building was confronted with hazard and extreme difficulty. It required eight viaducts to cross the ravines, the highest one hundred and fifty feet above the base, and some of them with fifty arches spanning the abyss. Twenty-two tunnels had to be bored through the spurs and ridges of the mountain-side, making an entire distance underground, or under the frowning cliffs, of almost two

miles. Seven years, with an army of laborers, were devoted to the construction of this great undertaking, and at an expense of \$4,000,000.

At first, designed simply to connect Bombay with the Deccan district, this road has been extended to Calcutta. It presents some of the wildest scenery in the picturesque world. There is not a mile that does not impress the traveler with the wonder, the beauty and the grandeur of its surroundings. Now piercing some adamantine breast-work of nature, anon gliding like a bird over a fathomless abyss, or clinging like a worm to its precarious path upon the mountain-side, with a precipice upon one hand that defies, and on the other an ascent that outstrips, his gaze, the beholder becomes silent and inclines to wonder, without irreverence to the One or exaggeration of the other, which is mightier, God or man.

Without lines more arbitrary than those made by Nature, for the sake of easy comparison, we may separate India into six divisions. Beginning on the south at the extreme point of land making Cape Comorin, with the island of Ceylon off this coast, we have the territory of Madras extending northward to the River Kishna and its tributaries. This province not only includes the seaport that gives it its name, but a line of towns bordering on the ocean, the most famous of which is Goa, while inland extends the Presidency and towns of Mysore and Bangalore. The Mahrattas and Jagheers are found in the north-western section of this region.

North from the Kishna to the Vindhya Mountains stretches the country of the Deccan, drained by the Nerbudda, that flows west into the Bay of Cambay, the Godavari and lesser rivers that flow east to the Bay of Bengal. Bombay is the most important city of this section, which reaches completely across the peninsula.

Again north, from the range of mountains mentioned, the Vindhya, and including the vast tract of country between the deltas of the Indus and the Ganges, lies the heart of India. Over this have swept the different tides of race invasion, and on its plains have been fought many of the sanguinary battles for human supremacy, until it has been bathed in blood.

Triangular in shape, mainly elevated table-lands, broken at intervals by mountain ranges, it is a fertile region with great resources for

both peace and war. It is separated into several native states, wholly independent of each other, whose princes maintain their sovereignties with becoming dignity and freedom.

The first and second divisions are separated only by the River Kishna. Lofty mountains rear their heads in serried ranks on every hand, sterile and unpromising themselves, but with large tracts of



CAPE COMORIN.

forests at their bases, stretching away, it may be, to the sea. There are rich table-lands, with sterile belts, bordering upon the sea.

The pride of the Deccan is the fine harbor of Bombay with its group of islands, scarcely paralleled in all the East for the beauties of its land environments or for the safety of its waters. The excellent features of this port have been known for more than two thousand years, as it was an important place before the conquest of Alexander, and there is no doubt that this island retreat was the Archipelago of Heptanesia noted by the Greek historian Arrian in his work *Indica*, written over 1800 years ago.

On the island of Salsette the Portuguese made their first landing

in 1530, and obtained its possession from the Mohammedans, who had conquered it from the Hindus about fifty years before. The island of Bombay was ceded to the British, as their first holding in India, in 1662. Bombay is the busiest and gayest of all the cities of British India.

On the north and northwest, drained by the noble Indus and its five tributaries reaching out over the country like the fingers of a mighty hand laid on the landscape, stretches across the empire the region which has been the borderland between the warlike countries on the west and India from time immemorial. On the extreme north Kashmire is enthroned among the mountains, while on the southern extremity Sinde meets the ocean. In the rich valleys of the five rivers rests Punjab, while the Great Desert on the east separates this province from Rajputana.

Upon the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, and running southward along the sea for something like a thousand miles as the coast measures, is the narrow strip of country known as British Burma. The Irrawaddy River flows across the lower section of this territory and empties into the sea through numerous mouths. The principal cities of this district are Rangoon at the southern extremity and Aracan in the north. In the deltas of the sacred Ganges and the Brahmaputra lies Eastern Hindustan. These two rivers, after following the Himalayas for over one thousand miles from the east and west, unite in the province of Bengal, and as one great stream renders to the sea its tribute from the land of snows by a dozen mouths.

The lower section of the Ganges flows laboriously and with lawless indirection through the great marshes of Bengal, once a portion of the sea. Owing to the low level of this section the great river wanders hither and thither at its will, this year inundating one part of the land, the next season changing its course and deluging another. It is fit only for the cultivation of rice.

This region is the natural source of cholera and kindred diseases, which have from time to time spread over the continent, borne to far-away countries by the annual crowds of Hindu devotees and Moslem pilgrims crossing these lowlands on their yearly pilgrimages to the sanctuaries of their idolatrous worship.

Calcutta is in this province, and though lying one hundred miles inland is an important seaport. This is not only the capital of the province, but it is the seat of the British government and the metropolis of British India. The name is derived from *Kali Ghatta*, the *ghaut* or landing-place of the goddess Kali, wife of the god of destruction, Siva, and herself the parent of pestilence. This much-dreaded couple are two of the great trinity of the Brahmanical religion.

The capital of the British Empire presents the most varied aspect



KAREN VILLAGE ON THE IRRAWADDY RIVER.

of the extremes of life in India. Here meet and mingle, as far as they may without actual contact, the poorest of the poor and the richest of the rich. The latter class does not merely include the wealthy British nobleman in his brilliant uniform and carriage, but the Indian prince in his gaudy robes and evidences of Oriental luxury which prevailed ere the Anglo-Saxon conquest.

Among the imposing buildings is the Government House, whose massive walls remind the beholder as much of a fortress as the residence of the king's viceroy. An immense esplanade extends along

the river front for nearly three miles, a noted parade ground for the military pageants that have been so frequent in years past. This is also a favorite promenade for the foreign residents when the midday sun has lost its intense heat and the cool breeze of the evening proves a gentle balm for the torrid rays of a few hours previous.

The climate of Calcutta in the hot season is such as to drive all who can leave the town to the mountains. At midday the thermometer often registers 150 degrees F. in the sun, while it is about thirty or forty degrees lower in the shade.

One of the principal streets, named for Lord Clive, whose firm hand was the instrument in wresting India from the thralldom of the Asiatic fanatics of religion and race prejudice, is an example of many others. It is wide, unshaded, as if man was in collusion with the god of that torrid atmosphere, the sun, in making it as unbearable as possible. It has magnificent buildings, patterned after European architecture that impress the stranger with the importance and the power of the builder. Still, even here is apparent that religion which fades but slowly away, and it is no uncommon sight to witness the forms of pagan worship. There are numerous temples in the city consecrated to the deities of Brahmanism. More than in any other custom perhaps do the superstitions of other days prevail in the funeral services, and the bodies of the dead are cremated, and the ashes consigned to the waters of the sacred river as freely as at Benares, where the clutch of the old hand loosens but slowly to the new.

Far inland, on one of the western branches of the Ganges, is that other noted city, Delhi, with the Sikh states just in the west and south; the hill states to the north; Lucknow to the south. Opposite to Behar, in the southern central section of the Ganges, is Mount Everest, the highest landmark in the world, with lesser peaks scarcely inferior both in height and majesty.



UNSURMOUNTABLE CLIFF.

CHAPTER II.

THE GATEWAY OF INDIA.

THE historians of the world have delighted to picture with graphic pen the wonderful Great Wall of China builded by a powerful yet foolish emperor of the Celestial Empire in the vain belief that he could stay the entrance into his domains of the hordes of northern barbarians that were the terror of his people. This herculean task was accomplished by the aggregate of thousands of years of labor and at the cost of a vast sum of money, to say nothing of the sacrifice of human lives.

Along the northern border of India the Creator raised with the invisible hands of omnipotent power a barrier that is actually insurmountable, and compared to the work of man as a mountain to a molehill. Reviewing this titanic range, which we have briefly mentioned, as a barrier against the incursions of invaders opposed to the peace of the Garden of Asia, we find that where the historic River Indus threads its lonely way amid the broken Himalayas begins an amphitheatre of mountains such as is not to be found elsewhere. Here, west-

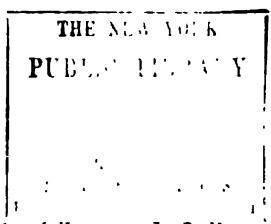
ward of the Indus, one fancies, was the mighty playground of the mountain-builder. As if tired with his work, or infused with the spirit of mischief, he seems to have seized half a dozen of the specimens of his all-powerful handicraft and thrown them into one vast, promiscuous heap, leaving the shattered and scattered remnants where they fell. In this sublime region, touching shoulder to shoulder in the glittering apparel of winter, stand the half-dozen brothers of the Suleiman Mountains, solitary Siah Cor and the group of Belur Taugh, overlooked in the distance by that gigantic sentinel of the Balkan border, Hindu Kush. These snow-crowned monarchs, with others unnamed, lift their heads to a mean altitude of from 18,000 to 20,000 feet. Compare these titans with that glacier crest of the Swiss Alps, Mont Blanc, and we find that the summit of the lowest has risen a thousand feet above that white monster of Europe. Crowd, if you could, all the mountains of North America into the states of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and you will have produced a region less broken and of inferior altitude to this.

From this awe-inspiring region, a great, tenantless wilderness of the upper world, three hundred miles in breadth, extend the five systems of lowlands that mark, each with its peculiar natural features, the surrounding countries. Separated by the chasms of Siah Cor, reach out on the one hand, always with widening view, the sunny plains of Hindustan, and on the west pleasant benches that descend to the shores of the Caspian Sea. From the base of Belur Taugh stretch the bleak steppes of Tartary and the plateau of Iran. On the north, follow on to the horizon the plains of Pamir. This district is also the watershed of the country. From the western slope of the Hindu Kush the rivers run into the Caspian Sea; from the eastern side they find their way eventually into the Indian Ocean. From the snowy declivities of the Belur Taugh they wander laboriously to the northeast through the solitude to become finally lost in the sands of the Great Desert of China. So we find on the one hand bleak steppes; on the other sunny vales; on the one part the creatures of the Arctic zone; on the other, the denizens of a torrid clime.

This, then, is the barrier, more impregnable than the great Wall of China, which from the beginning has guarded India from the north winds and the wild hordes of barren plains.



RELIGIOUS SHRINES ON AND IN THE SOLID ROCK.



Did we say the protection was secure from wind and savage? There is no lock without its key; no door without its open sesame. In all that far-reaching breastwork of mountains, there is one entrance, one gateway to Eden that does justice to its frowning environments. That gateway is the Khyber Pass. Limited to its least dimension this passage is about thirty miles in length, overhung for the most part by perpendicular walls from 600 to 700 feet in height. North and west of this narrow gorge, through which the River Cabul rushes with foam-capped waters, the course for one hundred and fifty miles is a series of ravines, which are, in places, of considerable width. In fact, here and there the mountains recede until forming plots of lofty plateau, where the river is given respite for having so successfully run the gantlet of precipices flung with a prodigal hand across its pathway. Between two of these resting-places, the Plains of Jellalabad on the north and Peshawer on the south, is the Gate of Khyber.

The gateway by which the races of men ebbed or flowed, whatever of the human tide entered or departed from India, found its way by Khyber Pass. There is, probably, no pass or highway on earth that can equal it for the importance of its situation, or that is invested with so much of interest and importance in the struggle of the races for supremacy. A modern explorer, at the beginning of the 19th century, thus writes of this historic pathway:

“ The road is often along the bed of torrents, and is extremely dangerous in the event of sudden falls of rain from the hills. In quiet times the Khybers have stations in different parts of the pass to collect an authorized toll from passengers, but in times of trouble they are all alert. If a single traveler attempts to make his way, the noise of his horse’s feet sounds up the long, narrow valleys, and soon brings the Khybers in troops from the hills and ravines. But if they expect a caravan, they assemble in hundreds on the side of a hill, and sit patiently with their matchlocks in their hands, watching its approach.”

From time immemorial, for better or worse, seeking commerce or conquest, escape from religious tyranny or peaceful invasion of a country rich in its natural resources, until the discovery of a new route by way of the Cape of Good Hope, here have passed either the armies or the emissaries of almost every important nation in Europe and Asia.

Under the green canopy of its pines, oaks and wild olives, the world's most famous conquerors have sought, with their trains of warriors, brief respite from the rigors of the north. The record of Khyber Pass is the key to the history of India.

Tradition, speaking vaguely before the chronologist began his long list of dates, fills the pass with swarms of human beings, looking like mere bees on the distant horizon, seeking, as these tiny creatures do, the sweets of the southland. Like bees, too, they stung smartly the "dark races," as the aborigines of India were known. These trespassers were of the wandering tribes of Tartary, and no doubt were following in the footsteps of earlier invaders.

These tribes, with their irregular invasions, were succeeded about 526 B. C., by the army of the Persian king, Darius, after his memorable campaign against the Scythians, when his army of 700,000 men, worn out with pursuing the foe, was conquered by famine and hardship without a battle. He proved to the world that the enemies most to be dreaded in times of warfare, are not those who dare us on the open battlefield. The army of Darius was led, on this occasion, by a Carian Greek named Scylax, and threading Khyber Pass with his armed legion, he overran the valley of the Indus, even to the sea-shore, and capturing a few craft cruising there, won for the Median monarch something of maritime glory.

Another two hundred years mingle with the past and a mightier and more tangible figure than Darius the Mede, leads his legions in person through Khyber Pass. This time the conquering van is a long column of horse, where previously weary foot-soldiers had trod the tedious path. These riders differ from any who have ever yet passed this gateway, and are worthy of particular description. Their uniforms were of woolen material, close-fitting pantaloons and jackets, the latter with long flowing sleeves. Helmets of leather or brass, with wide, stiff visors to protect their eyes, and surmounted with plumes made of the long, stiff hair from the manes of their horses, gave an added height and a picturesque appearance to their sturdy figures. Over their breasts were protective coverings of brass, or cuirasses made of many plates of the same, reaching down in most cases to below the belt. The front part of the lower limbs was encased in

greaves of stout leather. Suspended from their saddle-horns were sheepskin outer garments or over-jackets and cloaks.

The arms of these soldiers of conquest consisted of short, serviceable swords, dangling at their sides while idly pursuing their course, and a pair of spears rising above the right shoulder and resting in sockets by the foot on that side.

The native guardians of the pass shrank back in wonder and awe



A COOLEY WOMAN, DARJILING.

at sight of this train of light-browed soldiery, where before they had seen only the dark-skinned races of Asia. The proud chieftain of this mighty train was none other than Alexander the Great, and the host at his command was made up of Greeks, Macedonians, Bactrians and Phrygians. Meeting with no determined resistance, Alexander marched down the River Cabul to where it joins the Indus at Attock, then crossed the larger stream and marched eastward as far as the Sutlej River, known to the ancients at the upper section as the Resudrus, and the lower division as the Hyphasis. Here, beginning to realize that there might be no end to this stupendous journey, the Macedonians were seized with a panic and refused to go farther. So

India suffered no great harm from this invasion, though the wound was deeper than had been made before.

Now nearly a thousand years sweep by as but a night in the history of those people and countries, during which are seen "indistinct outlines of Tartars, Persians and Afghans trooping down upon the Khyber passes to their conquest and plunder in India. And intermingled with these, were long caravans, partly of traders and partly of religious pilgrims, from Tibet, Tartary and China, and even from Siberia, going down to worship at the numberless holy places of Buddhism in India; to seek for the ruins of the sacred city of Kapilavastu, where Buddha was born, or to look upon the sacred Bo-tree where he was enlightened by celestial wisdom, so that he was enabled to solve the mystery of this mortal life. . . . But among all this throng of pilgrims — some in their garments of rags, adopted to indicate their humility, and some in their sacred yellow robes sprinkled with dust — which pours in and out of the pass for nearly a thousand years, we recognize but two figures distinctly: Fa-Hien, who came from China in the fourth century, and Hiuen-Thsang, who came early in the seventh, — the latter to find that while Buddhism was spreading so rapidly in all the rest of Asia, it was as rapidly declining in India, and that the green banner of the Prophet of Islam had already been seen east of the Indus."

If their long trains appear shadowy against the background of history, these comers and goers left many monuments of their journeys here, temples cut in the solid rock like those of Abu Simbul in Egypt. On perpetual guard towards the southern limit of the gateway, they graved two gigantic figures symbolical of light and reason, with faces turned towards the south, which was considered by them to be the promised land. The former of these statues is 130 feet in height, and represents a female. The other is a male, 160 feet in height, and both have spiral stairways by which the pious pilgrim might ascend to the top, where through the great eyes of the stone countenance he could gaze with longing vision upon the sunny plains stretching far away to the south. Strange indeed must have been the dreams of these seekers after the divine truth, their souls imbued with the spirit of Buddhism, and their minds sceptical of the dawning light.



PRISONERS AT DINNER, BASSEIN JAIL, BURMA.

Table 1	
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In the valley below, not far from the junction of the Cabul and the Indus, the spirit of the times is shown clearly in the message to his people of a great king of Buddhism, who caused to be engraved on the rocks near the entrance to Attock his laws and edicts, prominent among which are his appeals for the triumph of truth and virtue; the abolition of capital punishment; the construction of good roads; and the building of hospitals for the sick.

An event shrouded in deeper mystery occurred about 700 A. D., when,



THE VILLAGE GUARDIAN.

to use an Oriental phrase, "The star of Islam first shone on the plains of Hind." On whose banner this particular star was emblazoned history is silent, but the olden chronicles speak briefly of a battle of the defenders of Buddha against an unheralded host that swarmed over the plains to the west of Delhi, where they were mowed down like grass before *A'si*, an ancient name meaning "a sword," and applied to the modern place called Hisar. Old accounts referring to this period relate that "often did the warriors of the mountains of Khyber find their graves before *A'si*."

So far India has been able to match the invader with blow for blow,

until at last, in 977, the Persian Sultan, Sebuctagi, swept through the gateway of Khyber with an army that aroused the Brahmans to rally to the support of their leader to the number of 300,000 horse and foot. The invaders were met by the crossing at Attock, when the Indian forces were scattered like chaff before the wind.

Sebuctagi fell in his whirlwind campaign, and his troops retreated to Cabul, to be met by the son of their former leader. This zealous follower of Mohammed, seeking revenge for his father's death, as well as the spread of his religion, at once began a series of invasions which won for him the title of "The Scourge of India." With sword and flame he invaded India twelve times in twice as many years, with one exception by way of Khyber Pass. The name of this infamous bigot and conqueror was "Mahmud," which is said to mean "The slave of the slave of the slave of the Prophet."

With four centuries of escape from wholesale invasion, again the curtain rises upon the northwest of India bathed in blood. This time it is Timour,¹ the Tartar tyrant, at the head of his invincible horde of horsemen, "so numerous that man could not count them!" He led his wild band down the Cabul through the gateway of Khyber, capturing all in his course, until he drew near the ancient capital of Delhi. Here he found his march blocked by an army raised to drive him and his minions back. He had now a hundred thousand captives, and not daring to free them, lest, in case of disaster, they should so block the

¹ Timour, or Tamerlane, that is "Timour the Lame," claimed to have been on his mother's side a descendant of Genghis Khan, the great Mongul conqueror, and it was his ambition to outdo his ancestor. From the chief of a petty clan of a Turkish tribe, he rose by conquest after conquest, ending with the taking of Herat, the ancient capital of the Khorasan country, which caused him to aspire to the conquest of the world. Soon all of Persia was under his dominion, followed by the subjugation of the country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, and the Christian provinces of the Georgias. He then sacked and burned Azof at the mouth of the Don, and made a feint to march upon Moscow, but turned and entered India, as we have described. Upon his return from India he overcame his revolted tributaries, overran Syria, then a dependency of Egypt, and stormed the revolted city of Bagdad, July 9, 1401, leaving in the public places 90,000 human beings whom he had slain. Meeting and overpowering the great army of the sultan of Turkey a year later, the dominions of the Mongul conqueror extended from the Irtish and the Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the archipelago. Receiving news that the dynasty of Ghengis had fallen in China, he planned an invasion of that empire, and started on his long march at the head of 200,000 veteran troops. He fell a victim to disease on the way, and immediately upon his death his army disbanded, so that China fortunately escaped the depredations of this scourge. He left thirty-six sons and grandsons and seventeen grand-daughters to share in the harvest of his thirty-five years of warfare, but none of them proved equal to the trust, and most of his vast domains were lost to them. — AUTHOR.

pass, in their flight, as to make his retreat impossible, he ordered them all to be put to death. Before this conqueror the forces of Delhi quickly retreated, leaving him master of the plains of the Upper Ganges. Fortunately for India at this point in his career word came to him of the insurrection of the people of one of his recently acquired kingdoms, and he abandoned further conquest of India and returned over the route by which he had come like a scourge.

If Timour left no son equal to the warlike task he had carried on



INTERIOR OF IDOL MAKER'S HOUSE.

for thirty-five years, the glory of his race was destined to be revived in a descendant, Baber, who made India the field of his actions, and whose warlike deeds mingled with ideas of peace, we shall describe in another chapter.

This Mogul empire founded by Baber lasted in its coming and going about three centuries, meeting at last an opposing power in the British East India Company, and an enemy in the Mahratta chiefs of Central India, who began to build anew upon the ruins of the Mogul empire that of the native Hindu princes. This period marks the beginning of the intermingling influences of the three races, the Hindus, the

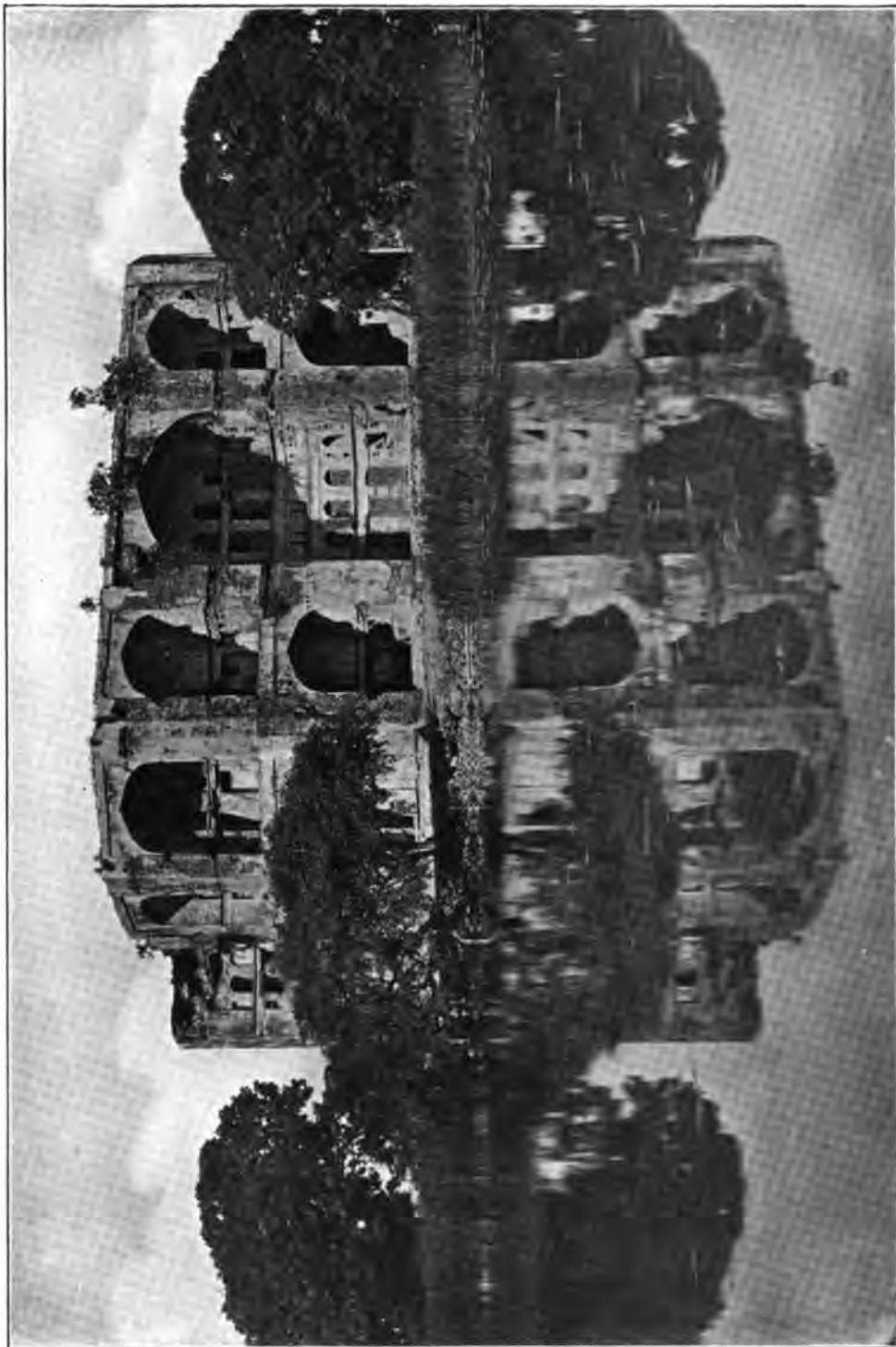
Moguls, the Anglo-Saxons, out of which is to come the future India.

But the last mob of invaders had not yet forsaken the shadows of Khyber Pass, when hither, in 1739, passed Nadir Shah, one of the worst scourges that ever entered India. The son of a Persian maker of sheepskin caps and coats, he was first a captive of the Uzbecks, then an outlaw of his native land, and at last a king, now at the head of a band of robbers, anon commander of armies, seeking conquest, and following the old historic pathway into the valley of the Indus. Just outside of war-haunted Delhi he met the Mogul forces that had rallied to stem the tide of invasion against Hindustan.

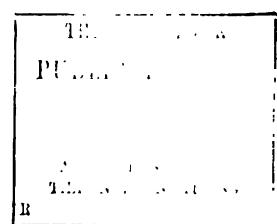
The usual good fortune of Nadir Shah waited on him here on the plains of the Ganges, and resulted in his triumphant entry into Delhi. The inhabitants in desperation rose as one and smote the dreadful enemy right and left. Thereupon Nadir Shah ordered a general massacre of the Hindus, in every house where a dead Persian was found. Before he had completed his work he had wrested from the Mogul emperor the provinces west of the Indus, and completely humbled Western India. As trophies of his invasion he bore back through Khyber Pass plunder to the value of \$100,000,000, which included the famous Kooh-i-noor diamond. Seeing this wonderful jewel, worth between five and ten millions of dollars, in the rich turban of the fallen Mogul monarch, with a grim sense of humor, he offered to exchange turbans in token of their compact of peace.

Yet another raid — another mighty army sweeping through the gateway of India, remains to be recorded, ere we close the book of conquests, glad that the Oriental rides no more on his raids, glad that Khyber Pass has at last become the way of no greater menace than the humble and foot-weary pilgrims seeking to do homage to the native land of Buddha. This latest invader was the founder of the Afghan empire, Ahmed Shah Abdalli, and the date of the invasion 1752. He had already made swift incursions through this pathway of the mountains and been dazzled by the display of treasures that somehow, from somewhere, ever rose to tempt the seeker after the vain glories of wealth.

The invasions of India by this warlike leader were sequels to the



RUINS OF FERRAH BAG, AN ANCIENT MOHAMMEDAN CASTLE IN AHMADNAGAR.



invasions of Nadir Shah, who had eventually fallen a victim to the jealousy of one of his followers. At the time of Nadir's triumphant entry into India, he had rescued two Afghan princes, brothers, who had been exiled by the king of Persia. One of these was Ahmed Shah, and at that time his country was tributary to Persia. His first demand had been for vengeance for the death of Nadir Shah. The battle-cry proved a popular one, and he succeeded in freeing Afghanistan from Persia and in making himself its ruler. He changed the name of his tribe from Abdalli to Durrent, which it still holds, and to keep his army busy began a series of raids into Persia and India. Upon one of these adventure-seeking campaigns he met and overcame a train of Persians bearing a vast amount of treasures from India to Persia. In this loot was the famous diamond Kooh-i-noor,¹ that Nadir Shah had seized a few years before in Delhi. This he appropriated to himself.

Following in the footsteps of his predecessors, Ahmed Shah pursued the course of the Cabul to its junction with the Indus, crossed that stream at Attock, and his horde of hornets swarmed over the plains of Punjab just as scores of others had done. Again Delhi became the objective point, and again the treasure-houses of the Mogul capital were plundered. Sweeping northward, this army ravaged the Vale of Cashmere, carrying terror to the hearts of the inhabitants wherever it went.

Ahmed Shah, believing that he was needed nearer home in order to maintain his power there, left Delhi under command of his son Timor Shah. Now there were internal troubles in the Mogul camp, and no sooner had Ahmed Shah withdrawn his strong hand than this element rose in its might, killed the Mogul emperor, routed the Afghan ruler and placed one with the royal blood of the native Hindus in his veins upon the throne.

These scenes precipitated the crisis which had been gathering for a hundred years. Since the 7th century, and perhaps longer, their history being so obscure that the date is uncertain, Central and Western India were largely occupied by a people known as the Mahrattas, or "Great People." Their remote ancestors were probably Persians,

¹ This famous diamond is now in the possession of the British Crown. — AUTHOR.

and they were devout Brahmans, who looked with intense hatred upon the Mohammedan faith. They believed that the time had now come for them to put down this power and re-instate the Hindu supremacy.

Ahmed Shah heard of this uprising, not only against the Mohammedans but against his forces left in India, and he immediately rallied an army greater than any he had ever led, and for the fifth time, in 1759, he led his troops down the winding course of the Cabul and through the ravine of Khyber.

The Persian writer, Casa Raja Pundit, who accompanied this last great invasion of India by an Oriental army, described the magnificent appearance of this great armed body in glowing terms. According to him the army consisted in the beginning of 40,000 horse and 2,000 camels, and upon reaching Attock this force was "joined by three native princes, swelling his (Ahmed Shah's) numbers to 41,800 horse, 38,000 foot, with some eight pieces of artillery." A little further on these troops were re-inforced by four times their number of natives, "thus swelling Ahmed's army to above 300,000."

In picturing this vast and dazzling array of armed forces the same writer declares there was nothing like it to be seen. "There are Afghan horsemen dressed in the gay-colored clothes of the Persians, with low sheepskin caps, and dangling by their hips Persian hilted swords, some with matchlocks, the stocks of which are strange-looking hooks, shaped like sickles and intended to go under the arm; some with short blunderbusses, with extremely thin barrels and diminutive stocks. The housings of the horses are of leopard and lion skins. There is a great number of camels, on each of which are mounted two musketeers, armed with large blunderbusses, and several hundred camels on which are mounted pieces of light cannon, and shaternels, or swivels." Taken altogether this was one of the most brilliant cavalades that ever marched through Khyber Pass.

Meantime the Mahrattas had nearly overcome their native Mohammedan enemies, and prepared to meet this new foe on the fateful field of Paniput, where already the empire of India had been staked twice, and been lost and regained. One Biswas-rao was at the head of the Hindu forces, which numbered something like 250,000, though the great majority of these were irregular volunteers and independent

troops. The bravery and optimism of this heroic Mahratta chieftain is worthy of commendation, as he waited calmly for the oncoming of that Oriental body, whose leader was obeyed, says the same Persian vakeel (news-writer), already quoted, "everywhere like destiny."

It soon became apparent that it was not the intention of the Afghan to precipitate a battle, but scattering his troops in such a way as to cut off the supplies of the Mahrattas, he watched and waited. He had



FORDING A RIVER.

his tent, which was conspicuous for being red, in advance of his troops, and from that every morning he rode forth upon his powerful steed, making the circuit of his army, visiting every post, covering fifty miles in his daily trips. This kind of manœuvring was prolonged for three months, when the Mahrattas with famine staring them in the face were obliged to surrender or open battle with their foes. They chose the latter, and on the morning of January 6, 1761, began one of the most terrific battles in the annals of war-ridden India.

All day long the struggle waged, slowly dealing death and destruction to the brave defenders of the old dynasty. Says Raja Pundit,

" Of every description of people, men, women and children, there were 500,000 souls in the Mahratta camp, of whom the greatest part were killed or taken prisoners." The king himself was beheaded, and the Mahratta power was dealt a blow from which it has never recovered. It also put an end to the Mogul government, while even the conqueror gained only defeat of his plans by it. Sated by the awful work of that torrid summer day, his Afghan followers saw nothing attractive about the Indian plains, and turned against their stern leader, actually compelling him to lead them back over the pathway of Khyber Pass to become depredators nearer home.

Left alone, without a leader able to seize the sceptre of power, India fell under the bane of petty rivals and became the scene of anarchy, ruin and desolation, until another power with better defined object and higher motives should become its conqueror.

It is perhaps an injustice not to say that Ahmed made a sixth and then a seventh expedition to save his foothold in India, but the last, in 1763-4, showed him that it was futile, and from that day the solitude of Khyber Pass has not been broken by the thunder of armed hosts marching downward to scenes of conquest. Napoleon the First at one time contemplated sending an army through Persia by way of Herat and thence by the gate into India, but this was finally abandoned to look after matters nearer home. More recently it was reported that the Tsar of the White Empire, in his anxiety to establish his empire more firmly in Asia, meant to advance with an armed force over the ancient route of the Oriental invaders. If this were true it was strenuously denied, and much to England's relief the movement was never attempted. Doubtless the next invasion of Khyber Pass will be the conquest of the iron horse, when in place of the hordes of bloodthirsty Orientals loaded with plunder, peaceful pleasure-seekers will pass and repass over the historic road.

Had some Indian monarch, two thousand years ago, foreseen the future with the eyes of the Chinese emperor, and builded across the mouth of this massive gateway a short section of the Great Wall of China, he might have spared his country many hardships, and turned the current of the world's history into a different channel.



ROW OF SHRINES ABOUT KUTHODAW, PAGODA.

CHAPTER III.

THE WHIRLWIND OF WAR.

HAVING stood at Khyber Pass, in imagination at least, for over two thousand years, and noted the multitudes of invaders and despoilers of lives and treasures, swarming like locusts over the sunny slopes and far-reaching plains of India, we will take a closer perspective of the defences and results of these invasions. Before we do this let us remember one remarkable fact connected with the events. The invasions were always inward and never outward. The people of India have never sought actual conquest elsewhere. What went out of India was vast trains of wealth, and a great religion which caused nearly one-half of the human race to think of India as the source of their redemption, and which still sways the spiritual life of at least one-third, though this homeland of Buddha long since began to neglect his memory.

We have seen enough to realize that from time immemorial India has been the storehouse of great treasures, the battle-ground of races and the temple of religious warfare. At least six religions have

striven for the supremacy, and the battle is still on. Here the ancient teacher and expounder of the uncertain tenets of the Veda — religious knowledge — sang his hymns and promulgated his faith upon the ruins of an anterior worship, which was too weak to erect a monument, too crude to formulate a creed, too obscure to obtain a foothold in history.

It is probable that the Aryan Hindus entered India from the direc-



BOAT - BUILDING AT PAKOKKU.

tion of the Caspian Sea through Khyber Pass about fourteen centuries B. C. Their language was the Sanskrit, in which their numerous sacred books were written, containing an immense literature relating from a very remote period to the present day the inward and outward life of a branch of the human family which comprises one-seventh of the population of the globe, and which has been all-powerful in the formation of Indo-European character. In their works the beginning is pictured in the representation of two great dynasties, one governed by the kings of the sun, and the other by the kings of the moon. The great Homeric poem of India goes on to describe this war in vivid language, the battles of the lunar race culminating in a

mighty struggle, when fifty-six kings fought incessantly for eighteen days.

The country must have been rich, and the people prosperous in the remote past, for it is related by the historians of the invasion of Darius about 518-512 B. C., that the provinces of the Indus rendered in tributes one-third of the revenues of the Persian crown. This conquest, if conquest it was, did not, apparently, greatly disturb the inhabitants, as the Greek writers, in describing the invasion of Alexander and his followers, show very little change in the outward appearance of the people. At the same time one of the most important outcomes of Alexander's invasion was greater extension of Buddhism, which had already obtained a foothold in India.

Until then changes in religion had been so gradual as to have been almost imperceptible. The Vedas of the Aryans taught that the people must worship their ancestors because they were not dead, but were living with the gods and sharing their power with them. No temples were erected, and sacrifices were offered under the open sky or at the family hearth. Whether there were human sacrifices offered among the ancient Aryans opinions differ, with the probabilities that there were. But the practice cannot have been widespread or conducted with cruelty. The hymn writers of the ancient Aryans were not all priests, though later authors have credited them all with being Brahmans. Thus those ancient hermits, Rishi, the benevolent, Muni, the pious, Kavi, the wise, were not actually priests, as we understand the term, but they were devout followers of Brahma.

Song writers and bards continued to increase, as each deed of importance required some sacrifice, and each sacrifice some proper acknowledgment of the event. Thus these Homers became the intermediaries between the people and the gods. Accordingly they were elevated to a higher and more exalted station. Then came the Brahmans, or gods upon earth. Now, with their gods among them, and their agents sufficient in power to command the real gods to fulfill their wishes, it seemed necessary to have a more perfect and highly developed religious system. The priests seized this opportunity and declared themselves to be gods of the gods. From this situation sprang the system of Brahmanical caste. The number and order of

the castes have been variously explained and described. It is sufficient for our purpose to name four, though the last of these was not recognized by the others as worthy of the title. The three that pleased their vanity were the Brahmans, Kshatriyas and Vaisyas. The rejected caste was composed of the people whom the others had conquered, the Sudras or servile class.

The ultimate outcome of life as taught by the Brahman faith was not the absolute destruction of all things, nor was it a solution satisfactory to the masses, of the end called death. The teachers of the Vedic sacrifice reasoned that the spirits of mortals immediately upon dissolution were absorbed by the one great soul of the world. But the philosophical system of the cultured Aryans, mingled with the native superstitions of India, absorbed so much of the latter as to be unable to establish itself in any purity. In other words the Vedic pantheism gradually mingled itself with the ascetic speculations of one Brahma. The need was for something more personal, so India found its redeemer in Buddha.

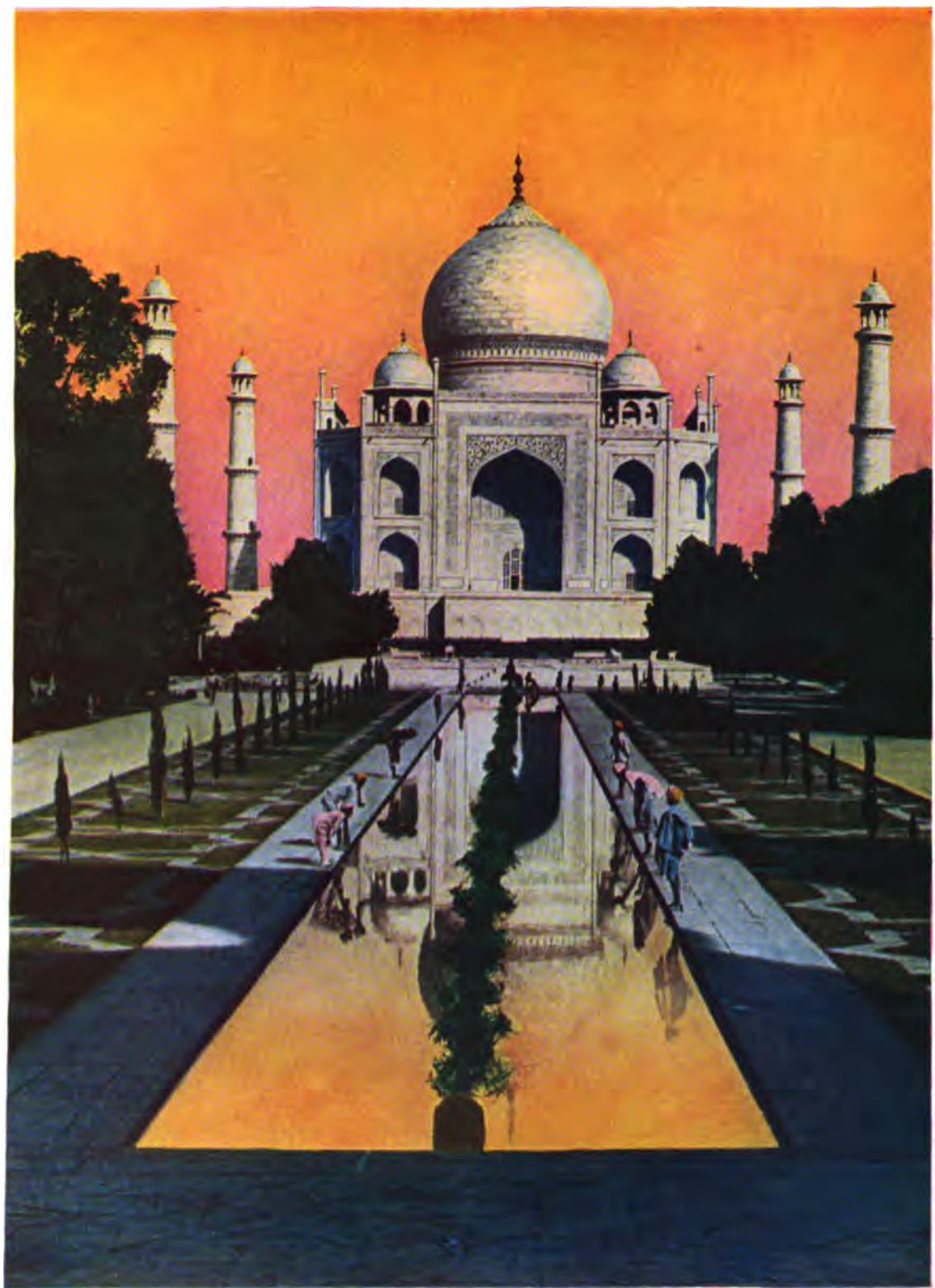
If the Vedic culture, we cannot call it a religion, had failed to assert complete sway over the people, so had the Brahmanic faith also failed; and the two taken together had been signally defeated. Now the third — a human reformer — came in the person of Buddha. The coming of this divine teacher was anticipated, and accounts of those who witnessed his arrival are numerous. Different places still claim his nativity, among them the Deccan, Ceylon, Punjab, and even beyond the Indus. Several monuments near Patna remain to perpetuate his memory, while there are works of sculpture near modern Gaya speaking in mute language of his holy presence. Buddha rejected every kind of sacrifice, and placed before the people a personal redeemer.

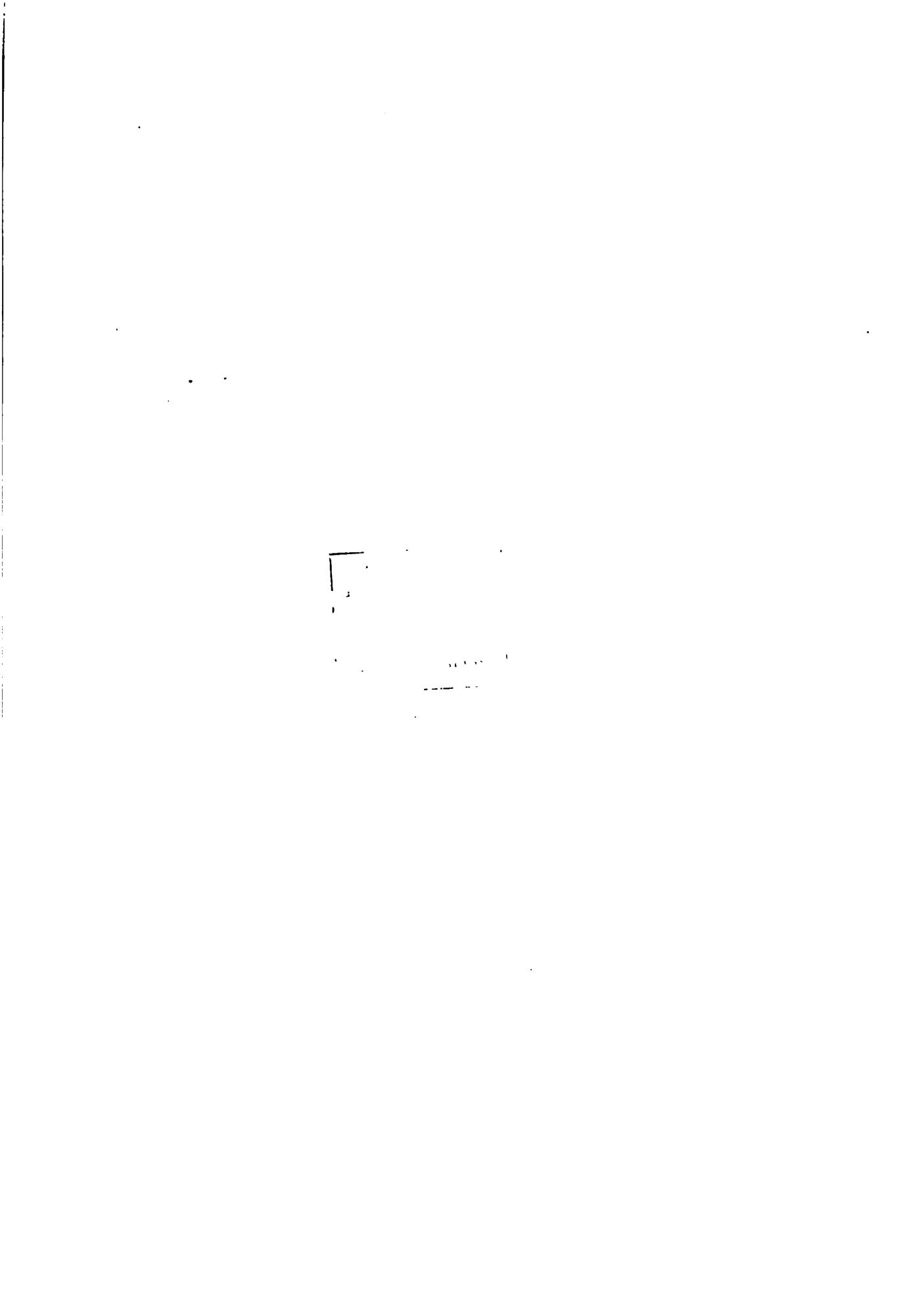
Men and women flocked from far and near to listen to the teachings of this Messiah. For a time it looked as if the dark wall of caste created by the Brahmanic faith would be torn down and the simple democracy of the Vedas be restored. The nobles and rulers themselves became converts to the new doctrines, and the strong and the weak, the master and the minion, bowed to this saviour of mankind. Then begins one of the most remarkable chapters in religious revivals. The

Taj Mahal, Marble Mausoleum near Agra, India

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history of this reformer, whose greatest aim was to supplant the cruel practices of the Brahmans by a simple code of good morals, is legendary and simple in its conception, but sublime in its transcendental beauty. Born of a virgin, bred under many adversities, he finally "unfurls the victorious banner of good law" at Varanasi, now Benares, on the Ganges. Later he established his seat at Sravasti, "the city of hearing," where a magnificent monastery was built, and from whence most of the Buddhist holy books were issued. Here Sakyamuni, as he was called, appointed his pupils as apostles, and carried on his good work, until he had humbled the greatest philosophers, overcome the mightiest snares that could be laid against him, suffered the loss of his native city and all dear to him there, and stood triumphant before his people.

These are but a few of the many traditions connected with his eighty years of life. He was benevolent and humane in the highest degree; his creed invited all men to its folds, irrespective of caste and without exception, upon the philosophy of purity of life. It taught "one law for all; punishment for crime, reward for virtue." "My law is one of grace for all; like heaven, affording room for men and women, for boys and girls." One of the legends repeated of him, illustrating his simple, unselfish devotion to mankind, shows how all lamps kindled in his honor ceased to burn except one lighted by a poor woman. He spake to the people "in parables under the free sky, united the scattered anchorets into communities, orders and monasteries, some for men, some for women, also allowing persons of both sexes to become lay members without vowing chastity and mendicity." The clergy became the foundation of the Buddhistic society, where it had been the opposite in the previous creeds. Still the new religion made slow headway, and for more than a century its history is enveloped in darkness and uncertainty.

In the midst of this period of non-progress the hosts of Alexander the Conqueror loomed up against the horizon of the Indus, and, singular as it may appear, the invasion of this monarch was the direct cause of the extension of Buddhism. The sudden death of the conqueror left his acquisitions in a somewhat disordered state. His successor in India, not satisfied with his territory in the rich valley of the

Indus, penetrated eastward, until he came in contact with the king of Magadha, who had, as it was believed, overthrown the Nanda dynasty upon which he had established his own, through the divine interposition of Buddha. Still favored by the same mighty power, he broke the Macedonian hold on Punjab. He established his court at Pataliputra on the Ganges, and united all India under his sceptre. Already weakened by the Macedonian invasion, the Brahmans were forced to yield to this follower of the Buddha.



CLAY IMAGES, SOUTH INDIA.

It was left for his grandson, Dharmasoka, however, to become the greatest disciple of Buddhism as well as the greatest king of the Maurya dynasty. In the midst of his tyrannical rule, for a greater tyrant had not lived in India, he was converted to the faith of Buddha. Immediately his name was changed to Piyadasi, "the pious," and he began the promulgation of the practices of virtue and absolute good. He caused to be engraved on rocks near Peshawer and columns at Delhi, most humane edicts, not in the Sanskrit language, that only the Brahmans could read, but in Prakrit, or popular dialects. Councils were held by this monarch, at which movements were made to raise

the standard of morals taught by licentious priests, and for the improvement of roads and the abolition of capital punishment. An earthquake following one of these grave councils was accepted as an omen that the work was approved of by Buddha.

This good and powerful king went the way of mortals about 195 B. C., and no one coming forward capable of carrying on his government, India became disrupted and divided into many small states. These, jealous of each other, became involved in civil wars, and yet not wholly lacking in prosperity. The demands of government were not heavy, the requirements of the individual not extravagant, so on the whole the country seems to have glided along for a matter of six centuries or more. If happy are the people who leave no annals, then the Hindus during that long period must have been happy. Still, like preceding creeds, Buddhism failed to establish a firm foothold upon the religious sands of India. And now a fourth system was on the way, for good or ill, for success or failure.

The first entrance of the coming religious order, which was destined to disturb if not to overthrow the existing state of commingling creeds, originated from the petty anger of a petty follower of Mohammed. An Arab ship coasting along the shore near the many mouths of the Indus was lost. Whether the Hindus had seized the vessel for its plunder, is not certain. Let that be as it may, the Mohammedan governor of Bassorah was so enraged that in 713 or 714 he sent one of his generals at the head of 8,000 soldiers to recover the lost ship or to obtain its value from the Hindus. This body of soldiery effected a landing, and penetrating inland captured the southern part of the Punjab. It will be noticed that, though the folk-lore of the Hindus may abound with hero tales, the invaders were seldom unsuccessful in their conquests. These petty conquerors were so well pleased with the country that they decided to remain; at least the majority did, and there is nothing to show that their king received his recompense for his lost vessel.

For nearly fifty years these invaders maintained a foothold on the soil of the Indus, but eventually the Hindus drove them out, and then followed two centuries of relief from foreign invasion; two hundred years in which the people fought no greater battles than those relating

to the salvation of their souls, according to the three religions that, contending together, were unable to effect a conquest.

The real contest with Mohammedanism began in the year 1000, when Mahmoud, the son of an Afghan sultan, swept the valley of the Indus, as has been described, with an army of 42,000. This conqueror established himself so firmly that for thirty-three years he ruled over Punjab and adjoining country, making as many as ten expeditions of con-



BENARES, SOUTH INDIA.

quest into the interior and towards the east of the country. He left extensive possessions in Western India to his successors. One of these latter, Masaoud, extended the conquest of the country and of religion to the east of the Ganges, and transferred his court from Ghuzni to Lahore. He was the first Mohammedan ruler whose capital was within the boundaries of Hindustan.

Then a civil war broke out among the Mohammedans, which threatened for a time to so far disrupt them as to break their hold upon India. The rival factions fought bitterly, prince against prince, brother

against brother, until a new line of succession became master of the situation. This was known as the House of Ghore, and it chose Lahore as the permanent capital.

No sooner had this monarch established himself than he began to harass the people of the country, conquering state after state, until in 1205 he had overthrown the kings of Benares, Gualior, Guzerat, overrun Ajmeer, and laid proud Delhi at his feet. At the time of his death in 1205 he had brought under his subjugation all of India north of the Nerbudda, including Bengal, Sinde and Guzerat. His name went down in history as Mohammed Ghore.

The successor of this conqueror was a Turkish slave, who had been educated and who possessed unbounded ambition. He was successful in so far as to establish a new line of rulers, known as the dynasty of the slave kings. He separated India, or caused it to be disentangled from the Afghan empire, and made it a distinct kingdom, with its capital at Delhi.

And now we enter upon one of the most complex and picturesque eras that the world's history affords. Ten kings of this dynasty ruled during the next three-fourths of a century or a little more; five of them were violently deposed, and the last was murdered. It was war without the court; fiercer war within. Still Mohammedanism gained something by the reign of the slave kings. The most noted of them, Altmish, enlarged the field of conquest, so that all India north of the mouth of the Ganges to Surat on the west, was under this tempestuous power. This was in 1288.

Within eight years a new dynasty had been founded. The Deccan had been conquered, and after murdering his uncle, Jela ud-Din came to the throne. Notwithstanding his violent method of gaining power, this monarch seems to have been better than the average, and abler than many others. He reigned twenty years, increased the territory and strengthened the power of Mohammedan rule in India; and drove back the Moguls, or Tartars, who were already turning longing eyes upon the rich country. Jela ud-Din died by the hand of another, poisoned by an ambitious under-ruler, and so justice meted out its punishment, if slow in coming none the less certain.

The followers of this king inherited the same bitter reward, and at

least three died by violence. Thus after a sovereignty of thirty-three years, and five emperors, every one of whom died by the cup or the sword, the dynasty of Khilji ended in 1321.

Another line called the house of Togluk succeeded. The founder, Togluk Shah, was one of the Mohammedan rulers easily accounted the best, and it was a pity that his reign should have been cut short at the end of four years by the fratricidal hand of his son, Mohammed Togluk. This emperor ruled twenty-seven years, leaving a contradictory record. "The most accomplished prince that ever reigned in India," says a historian, adding in the next sentence, "and the most furious tyrant that ever disgraced human nature." His disorderly administration caused him the loss of several provinces in Southern India and it fell in a whirlwind of civil war.

This tempestuous tyrant was succeeded by a cousin, Feroze Togluk, who has the credit of founding Ferozabad near Delhi, and of holding the reins of government in that stormy period for thirty-six years. Truly he must have possessed some ability, not the least of which was his tact to command the obedience of his subjects. He was noted for humane work, for the large number of public benefactions which he established and put on good footing. We cannot but honor him. He was succeeded by a son and grandson, both of whom seem to have been good emperors, though lacking the master's will that belonged to their ancestor. Then follows an entirely new and yet more horrible chapter in the history of oppressed India.



DATE PALMS ON COMPOUND, RAMAPATAM.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

FROM some caprice of his busy mind, or possibly having enough to look after elsewhere, that great conqueror of Asia, Genghis Khan, whose fame overshadows all others, while subjugating the rest of the Eastern continent, let India alone. But India was not always to escape. As we have seen, a descendant of his, Timour the Lenk, or Lame, late in the 14th century, swept down Khyber Pass with his mob of Moguls,¹ and from Attock literally mowed his swath of human grass until he reached Delhi, which fell a helpless victim to this band of murderers.

It is usually easier to seize a prize than it is to hold it, and even as

¹ Mogul is a corruption of the term Mongol, and peculiar to India, where it is used to designate the Tartars who over-ran the country in the middle ages, and under Tamerlane made themselves masters of the régime at Delhi in 1526. This rule reached its zenith under Aurungzebe, 1658-1707, and these rulers were known to Europe as "The Great Mogul." The last Great Mogul was a titled pensioner under Great Britain in 1827. The last of the Mogul dynasty, implicated in the Sepoy rebellion, was transported in 1858. — AUTHOR.

mighty a victor as Timour was obliged to loosen his grasp upon India. Seeking new fields of conquest, only to meet at last a sudden end to his career, he left no one behind him at Delhi strong enough to put down the insurrections that followed when the terror-stricken Hindus had recovered their breath sufficiently to rally against this enemy. If able to give the Moguls a sharp dose of retributive justice, there arose no one among them equal to the task of uniting the people under one central power, and another wave of darkness crimsoned by the tides of civil war swept over the land from the Indus to the Brahmaputra, from Cape Comorin to the Vale of Cashmere.

Then, in 1526, another Mogul raid put an end quite happily to this chaotic state. One Baber, a grandson of Timour the Lame, recovered the empire of his ancestor, and established himself in power at Delhi, where he immediately opened business. This last consisted largely of bringing under his management the provinces Timour had gained and his immediate successors had lost. The record of the reign of Baber is not altogether to his discredit, and it was short—five years only.

He was succeeded by a son, Humayun, who, after nine years, was driven out of his power by one of his subjects, who did not take kindly to his government. So it was like playing at checkers, and the new king moved the men on the board as he pleased for a matter of five years, when he in turn was removed by the explosion of a magazine while directing a siege against some rebellious forces. Two short games followed, with inexperienced players. The first ruler was his son, and his youthful grandson then took the sceptre. The latter was swept off the board by an uncle, who had ambitions to take the throne. This last assumed the title of Mohammed Shah.

By this time the exiled Humayun had come to himself, and at the head of a considerable army resolved to recover the throne of Delhi. It seemed only just that he should succeed, as he did, and the wicked uncle disappeared from the scene. This was in July, 1555. But the incoming emperor carelessly stepped from the terrace of his palace and died from the fall. So his son, Akbar, already noted for his heroism and wisdom, became the head of the house of Delhi. And now comes the brightest chapter in all the history of the Mogul empire. Reputed to be the ablest, purest and most powerful of the Mogul em-

perors of India, Akbar ruled for over half a century, to be exact, fifty-one years. Under him the empire was restored to its former bounds; the army was reorganized under more systematic methods, and was respected as well as feared; the government was run on lines of prudence and economy so that the revenues were abundant and finances became secure; under his régime the taxes were lower than ever before, and the people were prosperous; the farmer was respected



SMALL HINDU TEMPLE UNDER ROCK AT VINUKONDA.

and the artisan encouraged; manufacture increased and everywhere good cheer prevailed; more than all else to bring satisfaction to the masses was the liberal tendency towards differing creeds of religion; where before Hindus had been barred from taking part in the government ever since Mohammedan rule had begun, they were now allowed to have a voice in public affairs. Truly this was a golden era in the history of India, looking all the brighter for the dark background.

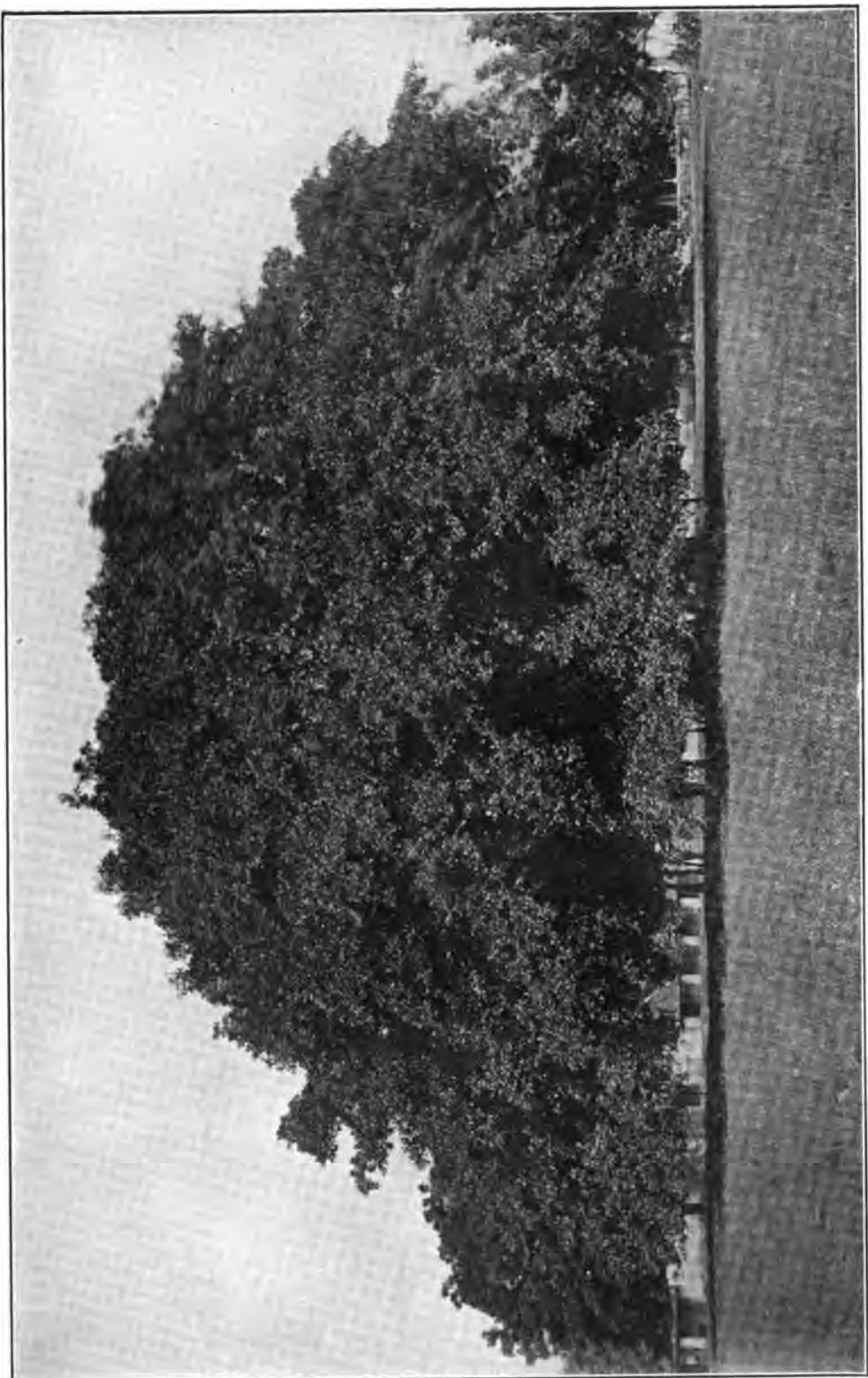
Towards the close of Akbar's reign the people began to look timidly forward to the day when he should yield the sceptre to his son, Selim, who was not only a drunkard, but cruel, willful and erratic.

He ascended the throne in 1605, taking the high-sounding title of *Jehanghir*, or "Conqueror of the World." "Better conquer himself first," was the openly uttered comment of those within his circle of power. While this injunction might not be obeyed, it came nearer to it than any one had dared to dream. If not conquered by himself the conqueror of the world was conquered by a woman. This woman, known then as "The Light of the Harem," was the celebrated *Nourmahal*, one of the most remarkable and accomplished women known in the history of the world. Her love for the emperor was genuine, and her influence over him became so great that nothing he did was carried out before he had consulted her. There was no interest so great, no incident so trivial that her will did not prevail. Always having the common good of all at heart, it is small wonder if the people of India came to consider her "The Good Empress," though she ruled only as the power behind the throne.

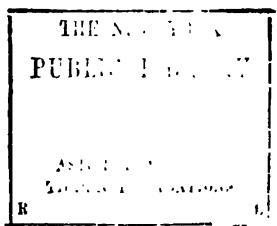
Nourmahal had another name of even brighter significance, *Nourjehan*, which meant "The Light of the World." This beautiful queen was the heroine of many romances of love and Indian chivalry. Moore, in "*Lalla Rookh*," portrays her in an hour of despair when a foolish quarrel had separated her and the emperor without the hope of reconciliation. Unmindful of the splendors of her surroundings and the great opportunities that were within her grasp,

"Nourmahal
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequestered bower
With no one near, to soothe or aid,
But that inspiring and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the Enchantress; — one
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremembered years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now!"

Seeing her beloved queen's grief and suffering, this faithful maid pledged all the wonderful gifts at her command to restore peace of mind and joy to the heart of *Nourmahal*. So well did the faithful maid perform her part that at last



BANYAN TREE ON COMPOUND, RAMAPATAM.



" The charm is wrought —
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light! "

Jehangir ruled twenty-two years, and was succeeded by his favorite son Shah Jehan, under whose reign the Deccan was added to his empire, while the glory of his rule was dimmed by a long and unsuccessful war with the Persians and Afghans. After ruling for thirty years he fell sick, and believing his end to be near, he appointed his son Dara as his successor. But there were three ambitious brothers, who immediately began to oppose the young emperor. The youngest of these rivals, Aurungzebe, succeeded in seizing his father, and placing him in confinement, where he kept him for seven years. Defeating his brothers, and in opposition to Dara, he proclaimed himself ruler.

Although reaching his throne through a long civil war, this monarch managed to hold it for forty-nine years, dying in his eighty-ninth year, 1707. He has been summed up as the ablest of the Mogul emperors, greatest as a statesman and a soldier, unscrupulous as a ruler. He so added to the empire that under him nearly all of the present Hindustan came into the Mogul power. But with all his greatness and wisdom, under him was begun that long series of disorders and the beginnings of those rival powers which were to undermine the Mogul empire.

Glancing backward for a moment, we read in the history of the past the statement by Elphinstone that the invasions of the Moguls had been "the greatest calamity that had fallen on mankind since the Deluge, as they had no religion to teach, no seeds of improvement to sow, nor did they offer an alternative of conversion or tribute." This was true until the advent of Baber upon the stage of action, the founder of the Tartar monarchy. He has been summed up by writers of that age as "the most admirable prince that ever reigned in Asia." He has been credited with being not only a soldier and an athlete, but a scholar, a statesman, a poet, and a wise counselor. Following such an illustrious founder his successors, contemporaneous with Suleiman the Magnificent and extending into the succeeding reigns of Shah

Abbas at Ispahan, but did him justice when they helped, each in his turn, to create and maintain what the historians have proved, and historical remains and monuments show, to have been an epoch of pomp and luxury unequaled in modern times, rivaled only by the splendors of the ancient monarchies of the valley of the Euphrates.



A BRIDGE IN MADURA.

CHAPTER V.

A TRINITY OF RACES.

QUICKLY as the sun of the Mogul dynasty had risen, it was destined to find its western horizon even more swiftly. A crisis in the affairs of their régime was at hand. Weak and inexperienced rulers succeeded the powerful Aurungzebe very rapidly; too rapidly to show what was in them; far too rapidly for their own satisfaction. This might not be inappropriately styled "the period of the infant government." So fast and furious did insurrections multiply and troubles increase there was no time in which to develop a leader equal to the situation. To add to the internecine strife the Mah-rattas, under an ambitious adventurer by the name of Shevajee, began to foment uneasiness and fighting in the Deccan. Almost simultaneously the warlike Sikhs appeared with sinister purpose in the western sections. As if these were not enough, Nadir Shah, the Persian tyrant, led his hosts down the needle's eye of Khyber Pass, and let them loose on the plains of the Indus. Again Delhi became the object of invasion,

and the Mogul monarch, a youth of twenty, named Mohammed Shah, dissolved his court and surrendered his capital without thought of opposition.

Then followed such scenes of rapine and plunder as far too often disgrace the pages of ancient history. More than half of the inhabitants were murdered; scarcely a woman escaped the indignities of



GIFTS ARRIVING AT PALAMI TEMPLE.

the conquerors; and it is estimated that treasures to the value of more than \$100,000,000 were seized and carried away.

This Persian plunderer sated with his harvest, the young Mogul monarch was left to take up, as best he might, the broken reins of his shattered empire. And Mohammed Shah had begun to recuperate his disabled army and replenish his depleted treasury, when he was called home to his fathers. His son then undertook to guide the ship of state. He soon found his craft sailing in stormy seas, and at the end of six years he was deposed. His successor was called upon to meet the invasion of the Afghan hosts under Ahmed Shah Abdalli, as has been described. If poor India was again ravished and her capital laid in

waste, this enemy did her one favor by crushing and almost annihilating the Mahrattas in one of the great battles of the world, in which half a million of men were engaged.

This victory barely won, Shah Abdalli, with his few survivors, returned to Afghan, leaving India and her Mogul government to take care of themselves. Already a new power was appearing destined to end this long series of strife and establish upon the ruins of revolutions and invasions a substantial form of government.

Before we proceed to describe this incoming power, so different from all the others, let us briefly trace the mingling of the trinity of races already on the field of action, the Hindus, the Moslems, the Moguls. In doing this we do not forget the numerous branches of the first, but for convenience sake take them as a whole. While there had always been an avowed purpose to keep the rival factions apart and distinct, yet unconsciously to all they had naturally drifted together. It could not be otherwise. So it is difficult to-day, was yesterday, will be to-morrow to distinguish superficially between the Hindu and the Mogul, or the Mogul and the Moslem. They themselves have become so confused, as it were, that a singular condition has arisen. This can best be described by quoting from Lady Wortley Montagu, when describing the relations between Christians and Moslems as found among the Macedonian Arnauts: "Not being skilled in controversy, they declare that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best, but to be certain of not rejecting the truth they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosque on Friday and to the church on Sunday, saying for their excuse that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true Prophet, but which that is they are not able to determine in this world."

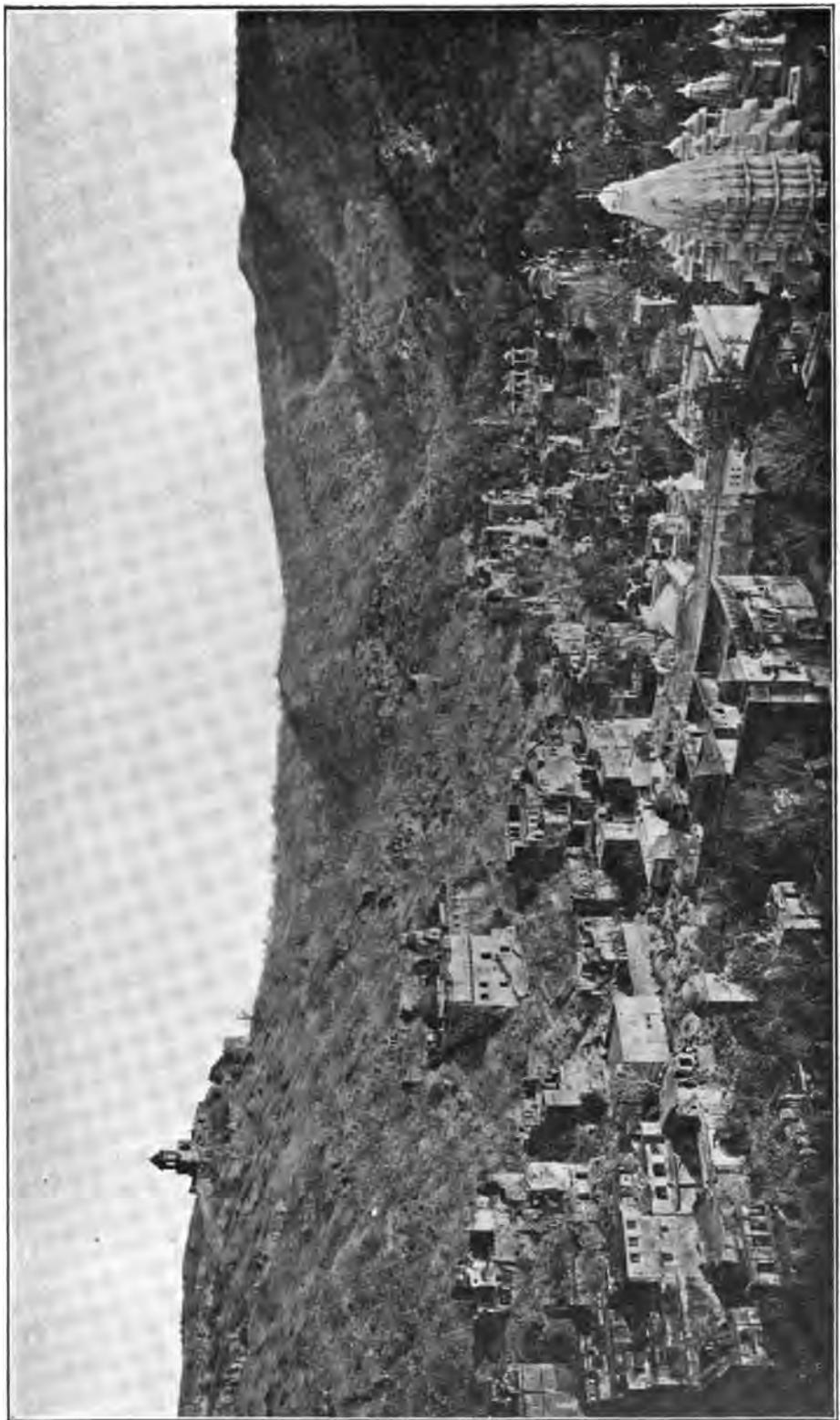
Another writer, relating his experience in eastern Punjab not many years since, says: "Upon entering a rest-house on the eastern plains in a Moslem village, I found the head-man refreshing an idol with a new coat of oil. Near by a Brahman reading from the text aloud. The couple were somewhat abashed at being caught in these occupations, and when I asked for an explanation the Moslem gravely responded that the *moollah* (priest) had recently paid them a visit, and shown considerable anger at seeing the idol and ordered that it be

buried forthwith. Not daring to offend him, they had buried the offending idol in the sand, and now that he had departed they had dug up the god, and to console him for the indignity they had given him, were making atonement."

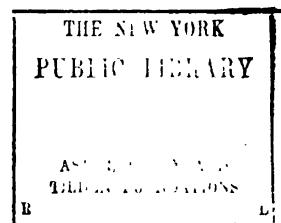
This condition seems less remarkable when we come to consider that no country in the East can show such a divergence of races as India. Here are blended with the native, himself the mixture of unnumbered tribes, every Asiatic race, west, north and east.

In summing up the character of a people, in justice to them and our judgment as well, we must take into consideration their environment. The upbuilding of any race or standard of civilization depends largely, if not wholly, upon its physical environment. It is natural that the native of the frozen north should picture heaven as a place of delightful warmth and tropical verdure, knowing, as he does, nothing of the ills of such a climate. The Jew, with his desire for wealth and rare jewels, loves to imagine heaven with streets inlaid of gold and buildings of precious stones. In the same spirit the Samoan dreams of ease and the soothing shade of palm trees, while the Amerind of America would continue his chase of the bounding deer in the happy hunting-ground. For this reason it was perfectly natural that the energetic Tartar, transplanted from the bleak plains of his native land to the enervating clime of India, should become in a measure a convert to the teachings of Buddha. That great apostle of the East taught his disciples to look for heaven here. If the Hindu accepted this teaching more literally than the master intended, lay not the blame to him. So these devotees came to dream dreams of unselfishness and devotion, and became ready to throw off the yoke of family cares that they might be freer in providing for this world's comfort. Ay, they went a step further and donned the beggar's rags to seek in humility escape from the care of their own bodies.

Buddha was born of the spirit of ritualism. The old creeds of the Brahmans had worn themselves out. The people had tired of old customs, of sacrifices they could not understand, yet dared not refuse. Out of this mysticism, this doubt, this object lesson that failed, sprang the hero of religious freedom. It was not his work to build upon the ruined temples of Nirvana the superstructure of a new religion, but



AN INTERESTING PANORAMA.



rather to select out of the old that which was best and purest, and with wonderful skill throw this spell over those who would become his followers. Loving and being loved, he looked hopefully into the future, but his mission was to prepare a dwelling-place for the soul rather than to find it. Sir Edwin Arnold catches the spirit in which he spake unto the multitudes in such tender sympathy as pictures him bearing about his neck the injured lamb, as the shepherd was wending his way with his flocks, and the twain amid the bleating sheep and followed by a crowd of curious people,

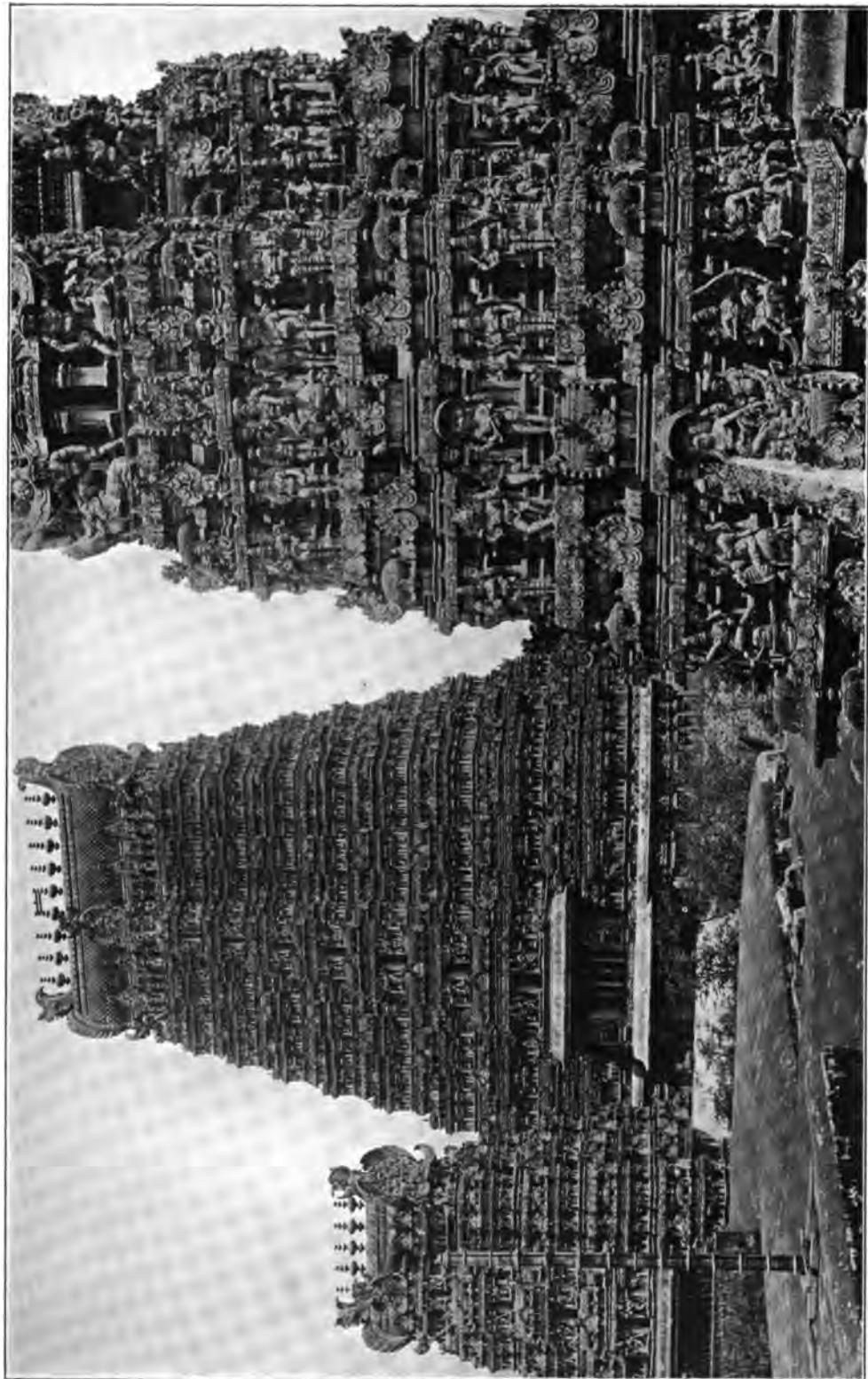
"Came unto the river-side,
 Where a woman, dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
 And lifted hands, saluted, bending low:
 'Lord! thou art he,' she said, 'who yesterday
 Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
 Where I lived lone and reared my child; but he
 Straying among the blossoms found a snake,
 Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
 And tease the quick forked tongue and opened mouth
 Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
 He turned so pale and still, I could not think
 Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
 Fall from his lips. And one said, "He is sick
 Of poison;" and another, "He will die."
 But I who could not lose my precious boy,
 Prayed of the physic, which might bring the light
 Back to his eyes; it was so very small
 That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
 It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
 Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
 "There is a holy man upon the hill—
 Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe—
 Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
 For that which ails thy son." Whereon I came
 Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
 And wept and drew the face cloth from my babe,
 Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
 And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
 With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
 Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
 "Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
 Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
 For they who seek physicians bring to them
 What is ordained. Therefore I pray thee, find
 Black mustard seed, a tola; only mark
 Thou take it not from any hand or house
 Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died
 It shall be well if thou canst find such seed."
 Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"

The Master smiled
 Exceeding tenderly. 'Yea! I spake thus,
 Dear Kisagotami! But didst thou find
 The seed?'

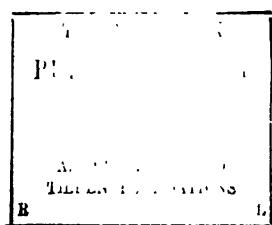
'I went, clasping to my breast
 The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut —
 Here in the jungle and towards the town —
 "I pray thee, give me mustard, of your grace,
 A tola — black;" and each who had it gave,
 For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
 But when I asked "In my friend's household here
 Hath any, peradventure, ever died —
 Husband or wife, or child, or slave?" they said:
 "O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead,
 The dead are very many, and the living few!"
 So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
 And prayed of others; but the others said,
 "Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!"
 "Here is the seed, but our good man is dead."
 "Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
 Between the rain-time and the harvesting!"
 Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
 Where there was mustard seed and none had died!
 Therefore I left my child — who would not suck
 Nor smile — beneath the wild vines by the stream,
 To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
 Where I might find this seed and find no death,
 If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
 As I do fear, and as they said to me.'

'My sister! thou hast found,' the Master said,
 'Searching for what none finds — that bitter balm
 I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day,
 To-day thou knowest the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
 The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
 Lo! I would pour my blood if I could stay
 Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
 Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
 O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice —
 As these dumb beasts are driven — men their lords.
 I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!'"

It is worthy of note that in giving to the world her Light, India was not alone in the work of redemption. Within the period ascribed by different authors to the birth and life of Buddha, every leading people awoke to the teachings which were to lead them up from darkness into the dawning of the new day. In Palestine Isaiah and his associates were teaching the masses to lift their eyes above the ceremonials



GOLDEN LILY TANK, MADURA.



and help establish the court of justice. In Babylon Daniel was preaching righteous living and duty to humanity. Zoroaster had laid the foundation for great reforms in Persia, while Confucius had written his wonderful code of philosophy for the Chinese to follow for centuries.

If, after a struggle of a thousand years, Buddhism failed to supplant Brahmanism, so had the latter failed to banish the Vedic philosophy,



BANYAN TREE OVERGROWING HINDU IDOL HOUSE.

while the former could claim, with ample proof, that it had engrafted certain of its qualities upon both. Islamism could not even aspire to that grain of comfort. Its doctrine, "There is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet," did not appeal to the Hindu mind imbued for centuries with Brahmanism, founded upon the Vedic teachers, illuminated with the soft light of Buddha. Having nothing to give, the Moguls asked for nothing.

Thus, in the offerings of this trinity of races, came no established unity of the principle of worship. There is not to-day and never has been a faith that embraces the entire Hindu population of India, to

say nothing of the Moslem and the Mogul. Into the inevitable confusion of religious teachings have entered many gods, satisfactorily explained by the plausible query: "Is it not right that heaven should be as populated as the earth?" Into these divisions and subdivisions almost without number have entered castes or classes without number. A recent student of the people has pertinently said: "A caste mark should be painted on the forehead of every self-respecting Hindu, and



SIVA'S HILL, PALAMI.

this may take the form of a dab of red paint, a circle or ellipse, a slender crescent, or a round dot of gold, and the foreheads of certain holy men are decorated with white stripes. The 'grand mark' of the Brahman, which elevates him above all lower castes, is the white thread passing over his right shoulder, and which is as much a mark of distinction as the rosette of some European order in contrast with the rank and file wearing a simple knot of ribbon, or the lower orders which have no distinguishing insignia."

One of the most renowned philosophers of the Brahman faith was Cankaracharya, who lived in the 8th century, founded several convents and disputed forcibly with the founders of Buddhism. He wrote a

commentary upon the Vedas, which has become a valuable work. In the 12th century a monkish brotherhood, opposed to Buddhism, formed in the Mahratta country a worship devoted to Siva, in which not only the three great gods but their wives are subjects of adoration. The three principal gods were Vishnu, Brahma, and Siva. About these a literature intended for the common people came into existence. This trinity is represented here as having one body but three heads. Vishnu and Brahma divide the honors as the creator; Vishnu is the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. Strictly speaking, however, the attributes and ranks of these three vary according to the conception of the worshiper, and he is allowed free scope in this respect. Vishnu may be thought of as the creator by one, as a prophet by another, while yet a third delights to consider him as his saviour. Not all look upon Siva as the demon of destruction. The Yoguns, or Fakirs, as the Occidental knows them, worship Siva as their good god. Of recent period the Brahmans have introduced a female trinity composed of the wives of the three gods mentioned. These deities are the wife of Brahma, Sarasvati, who is goddess of the arts; Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu, who is the patroness of the household, the donor of good health, wealth and happiness; while Siva's wife, Parvati, has some worshipers who ascribe to her the same powers as others vouchsafe the wife of Vishnu, though in Southern India, she is known as Kali, the terrible goddess of pestilence. Until the British stopped the practice human sacrifices were frequently offered to appease the wrath of this awful demon.

This is only an inkling of what has been and is rapidly passing away before the march of civilization. The Brahmans are facing an order of religion more lasting than any that has heretofore crossed their pathway. Buddhism, with all its offshoots; Islamism, with its many branches; and hundreds of others founded upon the old Vedic faith are all yielding, not as captives but as co-workers in Christianity. If the revelation is accepted but slowly, and the consummation of the grand union almost unobserved, it must be remembered that the old light was centuries in its coming.



OOTY LAKE, OOTACAMUND.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIA'S "SONS OF LIBERTY."

BEFORE we hasten to the subject of this chapter let us pause long enough to speak briefly of a sect or people who have played no insignificant part in the history of India, though even now they number scarcely 200,000 souls. They can date back the appearance of their ancestors in India only to 645 A. D., yet they were the followers of the gods that ruled Hindustan ere the threads of human existence had been spun for the warp of history; older even than the teachers of the Vedas. These people are the Parsees, modern followers of Zoroaster, once numerous in Persia, but numerous no longer.

Upon momentous occasions the Parsees still make invocations to their gods after their own peculiar rites. The fire-temple, where these devout followers of a belief they do not pretend to understand, or understanding cannot explain, stands near the western sea, with the broad plain stretching northward, the billowy sea southward; the mountains defining the background on the one hand, the horizon of sky and sea penciling with shadowy lines the opposite. Here the de-

vout Parsee offers his simple prayer to the Sun, the Fire, and to Mithra, the last an attendant deity once honored with a place beside the couple ruling sky and earth.

Upon completing their ceremonial tribute from the dais of the temple, clad in rich robes and bearing in their hands the staffs carried by them on these solemn rounds of religious duties, the Parsees descend singly and with measured tread until at the foot of the broad stone steps the waiting crowd of worshipers fall in with respectful attention, and follow in the silent march to the seashore. Every movement is significant of the deep and sincere respect of the devotees who offer no sacrifice, cast no idle word to the winds. Where the lips of the shimmering sea kiss softly the sandals on their feet, the priests send up their earnest plea to the Spirit of the Waters, even as they had only just now besought the Spirit of the Fire, both looked upon as purifiers of body and soul.

At the conclusion of their prayers, which are never overlong, the venerable priest of Zoroaster, himself looking like one of the gods of old, speaks soothing words of hope and future good, not forgetting to remind his followers of the good that has already fallen to their lot. Then the crowd quickly disperses; the Parsees as silently steal away, and inside of a few minutes the services are over, and nothing remains to speak of the recent homage paid to India's oldest sovereign of the soul.

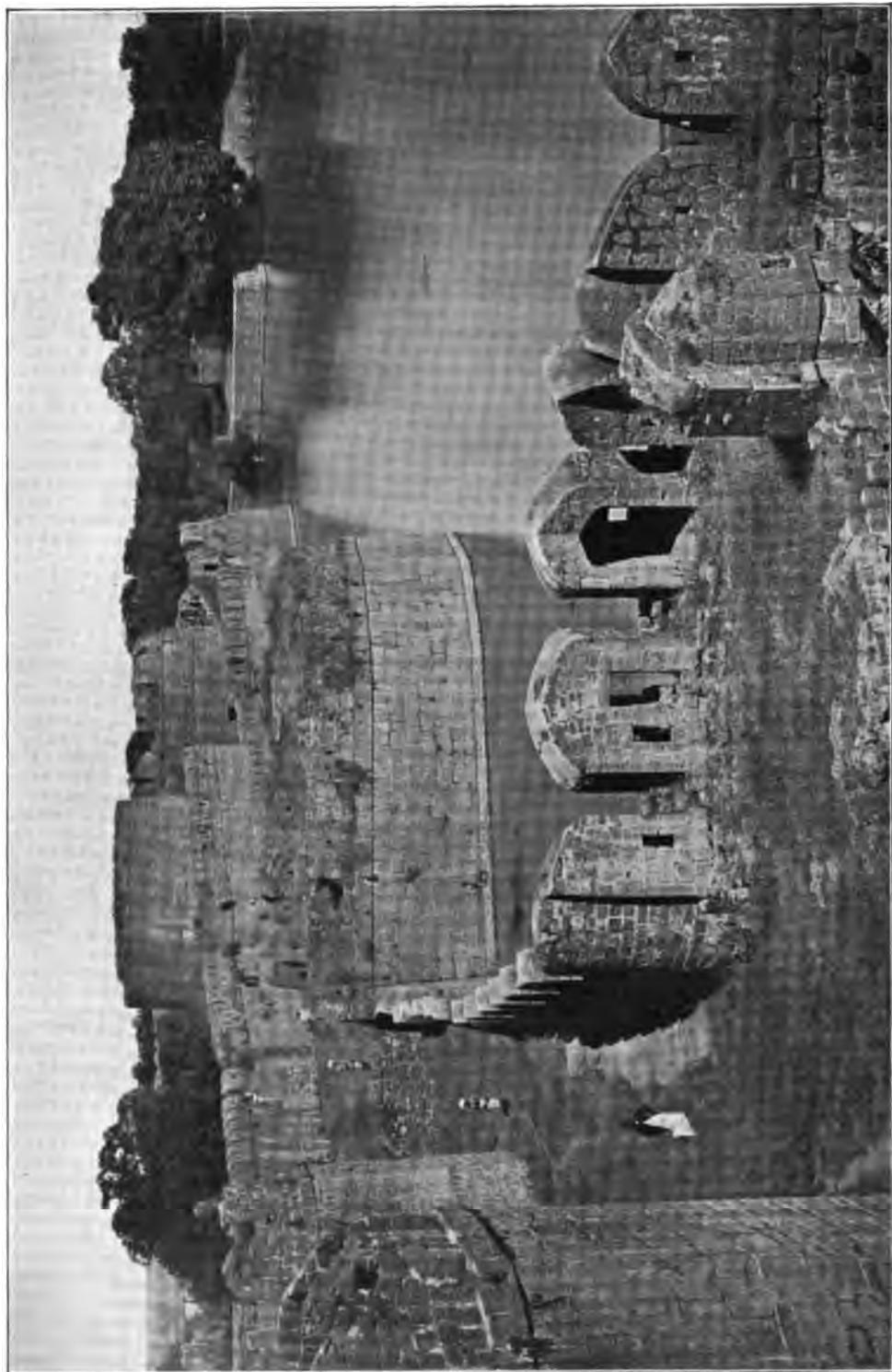
These simple people suffered bitterly at the hands of the Moslems. But since the British rule they have fared better, and are left unmolested. The sacred fire which Zoroaster was believed to have brought from heaven is kept continually burning in consecrated receptacles and tended by priests chanting hymns and burning incense. Of recent years these followers of an ancient faith have begun to adapt themselves to the customs and manners of the English. Many of their children are attending the public schools at Bombay and elsewhere. Commercial pursuits attract the men, and they are to be found among the leading merchants of India. It is probable that ere long these followers of Zoroaster will become faithful to the new light of Christianity.

Among the most devout followers of Brahmanism, and one of the most troublesome factors in India, were the Mahrattas, of whom we

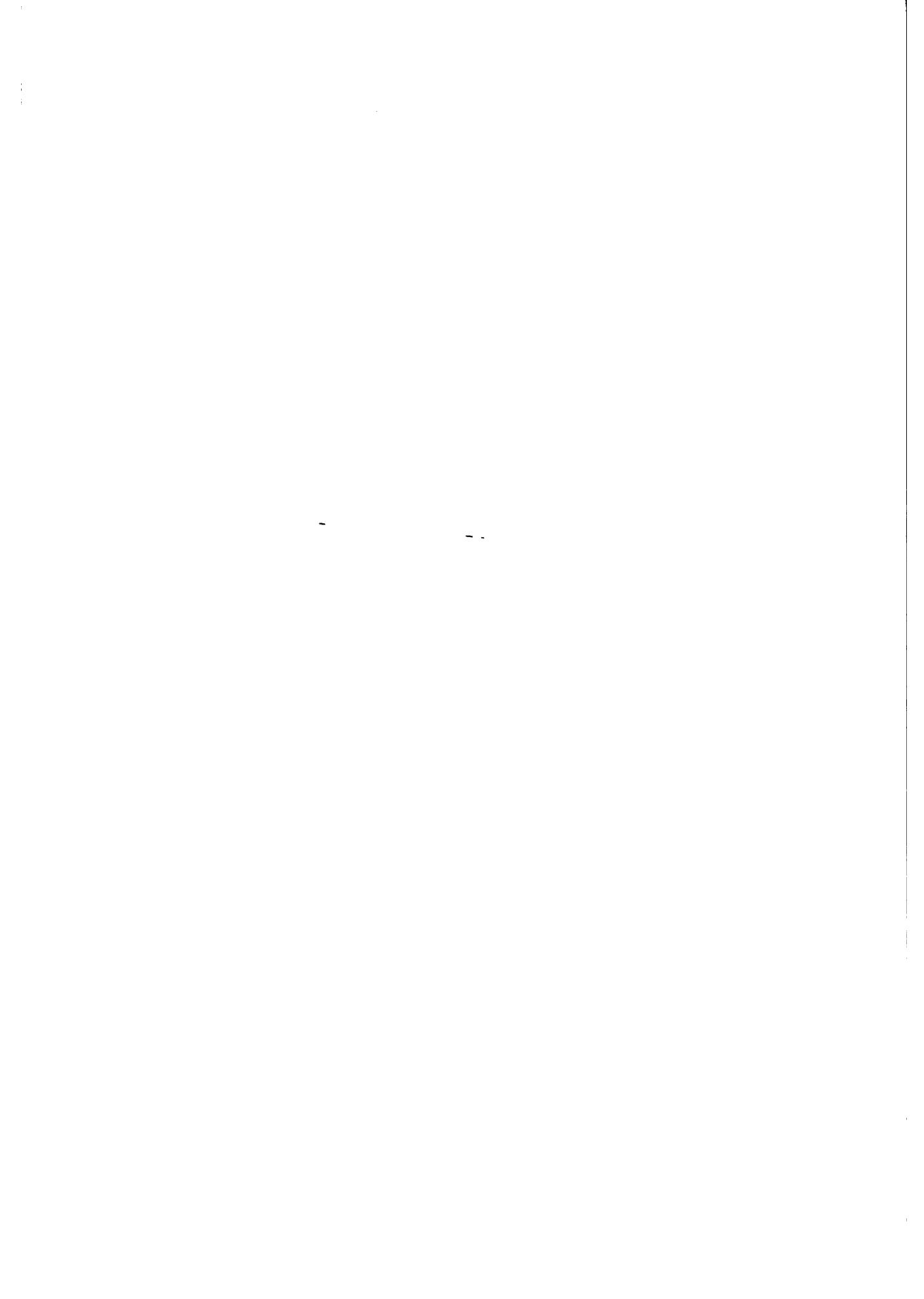
have made frequent mention. They were brought into prominence about 1650, when Sevajee gathered about him his army of mountainers and overthrew the existing kingdom, extending his power from Goa on the shore of the Arabian Sea to Guzerat. Following his triumph here, Sevajee overcame and united under his dominion several petty states. He died in 1680, and his son, Sambajee, added greatly to this domain of the Mahrattas, until he was seized and put to death by Aurungzebe in 1689. Still the confederation flourished and made itself feared by surrounding races, until in 1761 the Mahrattas marched against Delhi. At Paniput, as has been described, they met their downfall at the hands of the Afghans under the leadership of Ahmed Khan, though not until they had dealt the others a blow which made the few survivors glad to quit the country. In time they rallied again, with that dogged tenacity peculiar to them, and they were among the most tireless opponents of the British conquest of India. In 1819 the last chief became a fugitive and the Mahrattas have ceased to exist as a united force.

The Mahrattas have been ascribed to a Persian or Egyptian origin, but it is more likely that they are of Hindu stock. Natives of the mountainous regions of Satputra, they gradually advanced from that obscure corner until they had crossed the entire peninsula. They are of warlike disposition, not easily governed, but are great horsemen and given to athletic exercises. They are small of stature, ill-favored of feature, dark of skin, and little inclined to other pursuits than the rude cultivation of the soil.

Another racial element to be considered in the history of India is supplied by the Sikhs of the Punjab. Their name is derived from a Hindu word signifying "a disciple." They were originally a religious sect founded by a warrior named Nanak, who was born near Lahore, in 1469. He advocated the worship of God without form, a sort of combination of the Veda and Buddhism. As Nanak and his followers rejected both Brahmanism and Islamism, they drew upon themselves the enmity of a large portion of the people of India. Undaunted, they fought for their religion with each succeeding generation, until, 1606, a descendant of the founder was put to death by the Mussulman emperor. The son of this martyr led his adherents against the Moslems,



FORT AT SHOLAPUR, SHOWING DOUBLE WALL AND DITCH OF WATER.



but they were finally driven out of their province near Lahore and obliged to seek refuge in the mountains of the north, whither many of the weaker races of those stormy centuries were forced to flee.

In 1675 Guru Govind, their tenth theocratic chief, organized the Sikhs into a corporate body, promoted a code of laws, and added to their sacred books another containing the biographies of his nine ancestors. He abolished caste, placed his subjects upon an equal foot-



SUDRAS WITH VILLAGE MAGISTRATE IN CENTRE.

ing, and otherwise improved their conditions. He then took the field against the hated Moguls and made a brave attempt to throw off their tyrannical yoke. He was finally repulsed and killed by a traitor in his camp. His successor took up the unequal fight, but early in the 18th century they were as disastrously overcome as had been the Mahrattas.

This overthrow took place in 1716, and they cut but a slight figure on the stage of stormy action until 1764, when they had recovered sufficient valor and strength to drive the Afghans from the Punjab. Thirty years later, the son of this victor, Runjeet Singh, established

the "Kingdom of Lahore," and at the time of his death he was sovereign over all of the Sikh states as far east as the Sutlej.

In 1845 the British found themselves confronted by the warlike Sikhs in the Punjab. These latter had now no competent leader, and they suffered defeat in three successive battles, losing in the last, fought at Sobraon, February 10, 1846, over 10,000 men. A treaty followed, which lasted two years, when again Sikh and Briton were pitted against each other. So fiercely did the former meet the latter that at the battle of Chillianwallah, January 13, 1849, but for the misunderstanding on the part of one of the captains of the Sikh forces in handling a reserve force, the tide of battle would have turned in their favor. Another contest a month later, in which the Sikhs lost, terminated the war in favor of the British. The Sikhs then ceded to them the Punjab, reserving to themselves the nine small states of Sirhind, with the understanding that there should be peace between them. From that day these brave people became faithful troops to their conquerors, proving beyond doubt their faithfulness during the Sepoy Rebellion.

Despite these reverses and the loss of their ancient prestige, the Sikhs retain their characteristic features, and still hold to their religious ideas as stoutly as in the days of their lordship over the Kingdom of Lahore. Their religious centre is at Amritsir, which name means "the pool of immortality." This is situated thirty-six miles east of Lahore, the one-time capital, and was once the place of a mighty tank built in the remote past, where the multitudes were baptized according to the tenets of their belief. This pool was destroyed in 1581 by the Moguls, and the name it had borne was given to the town. In the centre of this great basin a religious temple has been built in commemoration of the last of the line of founders of the sect. The seat of strange customs and services in bygone days, Amritsir is one of the most picturesque cities in India, and has a population rising 125,000. It is included in the territory comprised by the treaty of 1898, which also encompassed that noted outpost leading to the rich granaries of Kost and Kurum valleys, Khyber Pass. This is among the richest sections of India and has a population of 4,000,000.

The Sikhs are descendants of some northern race, possibly the Scy-

thians, who entered India at a far-distant period. They are tall, of commanding presence, industrious, good agriculturists, as well as brave and skillful fighters when called upon to defend those rights and privileges they believe belong to them. They form the finest class of rural population in India. Their religion and their manner of government show an inherent love of liberty not to be equaled elsewhere.

Among the races in India who filled leading parts in the drama of



YANADHI HUTS AND PEOPLE, RAMAPATAM.

conquest, if not progress, during the long period of invasion, the proudest place belongs to the patriotic Rajputs. Claiming descent from the god Rama, conqueror of the Kingdom of Luna; and king of the "Race of the Sun," at the time of the Aryan colonization of Hindustan, they never bowed to the despotism of the Moslems, and defied all invaders in turn. Like the Sikhs they seem to have descended from the Scythians rather than any of the Hindu races. It is worthy of note that the original founders of Russia seem to have sprung from the same Scythian race. About the dawn of the Christian era the Rajputs apparently appeared in the valley of the upper Indus, where they

quietly settled down to tending their flocks, tilling the soil and accumulating wealth.

Early in the 7th century, however, they boldly pushed out from their corner and mingled in the struggle for the possession of further territory. While they do not seem to have entered into any pact of government, the several clans or families acted in concert and soon became masters of the country as far east as Delhi.

This territory became known as the Meywar kingdom, and in order to defend himself and people from the attacks of the Moslems, who threatened their safety, the chieftain of these brave soldiers, Chitrung Mori, selected the most impregnable spot he could find for the site of his capital. This choice of Chitrung Mori was on one of the isolated mountains of the Pathar group, which was admirably adapted to his warlike designs.

This place was a broken plateau about three miles in length by about half that in breadth, and was elevated from 250 to 300 feet above the foot of the mountain, the sides of which were almost perpendicular. Along the brink of this precipice the prince of the Rajputs constructed a line of breastworks, surmounted by high towers at intervals. While certain of his forces were at work upon these bulwarks of protection, others were performing tasks just as necessary by providing for the sustenance of the people in case of need. A vast storehouse was built, and a great reservoir made to be filled with water from the abundant springs that were available. A great grotto near the centre of the summit was enlarged, and fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, as the queen's palace. At its entrance two figures had been cut out of the solid rock, from each of which fountains of water played into the air and, touched by the sunlight, became beautiful rainbows.

There was only one entrance to this fortified town, and this was set at intervals with seven gates, any one of which, defended by brave troops, seemed able to withstand any enemy that might attempt to seize the place. Nothing was forgotten in making the situation invulnerable or in adding to the picturesque attractions of the Rajputs' new capital, named Chittore, "The Holy Town." The test applied to this amplified fortress was something of a surprise.



SCENE DURING RAINY SEASON IN RANGOON.

CHAPTER VII.

INDIAN CHIVALRY,

YEARS came and years went; Chitrung, the founder of Chittore, slept with his princely ancestors, and his sons and his sons' sons were laid beside him. Still the Holy Town was undisturbed, while the fame of its riches and glory extended far and wide. At the beginning of the 14th century the noble Bhimsi was its ruler, his power and glory eclipsed by the grace and beauty of his queen, Pudmanee, the most lovely woman in Hindustan.

Her fame reached the ear of the Moslem emperor, the powerful Aladudan, and he swore by the beard of the true Prophet that Chittore should not hold a fairer treasure than his own magnificent capital. So he marshaled his hosts and marched against the town upon the rock. News of his coming was borne to Bhimsi by swift couriers, and immediately the forces at the gates were doubled, and every defence was in readiness to meet the enemy.

Then, upon the appearance of the Moslem army, headed by its own emperor, began one of the most memorable sieges recorded. Finding

it impossible to dislodge the defenders of the Holy Town, the Moslems entered upon a twelve years' siege, with the determination to make it twenty, or until the embattled Rajputs should be forced to surrender. At the end of two years the besiegers hit upon the plan of raising upon the side of the mountain an artificial plateau, foot by foot, until it should be of sufficient height for their warriors to reach the summit so as to storm the inside of the citadel.

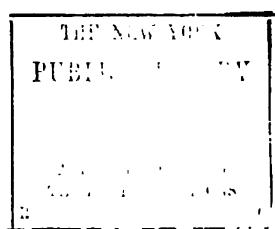
It was a daring undertaking and meant the cost of many lives. Stone upon stone and earth clod upon earth clod, was that small patch of plain lifted from the base of the mountain-side. Ten years were occupied in the building; ten years filled with the sacrifice of lives, the heroic deeds of women and men, such as the thrilling pages of India's history cannot surpass. One after another of the gallant princes of the Rajputs gave his life in the defence of the town. And where one prince fell a hundred brave men went down beside him.

At last, when it was seen that the end was near, with no hope of succor, the noble Bhimsi and his handful of followers thought only of the women, and above all the rest of the honor of the beautiful Pudmanee. The plan to accomplish this was equal to the bravery displayed throughout those twelve long years. Bhimsi ordered all the women to flee with the queen to the *Rani-Bindar*, or "Queen's Palace." These, accompanied by the children, went swiftly and gladly. Then all of the treasures of the town were placed with them, the valuable jewels, the diamonds, rare pearls and necklaces that the invading horde might covet. For safety, the human lives and treasures? Yes, for safety, honor, and fidelity. Next the subterranean apartments were filled with inflammable material, and the patriotic Bhimsi himself applied the torch to the combustible wood.

Then, as the flames caught and blazed up fiercely, as if rejoicing over their part in this "Sacrifice of Johur," when brave men resort to this desperate means to preserve the honor of their women, the Rajput prince ordered the gates to be flung open to the enemy. The Moslems rushed forward. Assured that those they loved and cherished were beyond the reach of their hated foes, the last of the defenders of Chittore, with Bhimsi at the lead, hurled themselves upon the incoming horde.



REMARKABLE CARVINGS IN LIVING ROCK.



The struggle was short, sharp and decisive, and when it was over only Moslems stood in the streets of the Holy Town. But they had paid a fearful price for their victory, if such it could be called where there was not a living being to greet them, or a jewel worth the plucking. With the last clash of arms an ominous silence settled upon the scene, and the exultation of the conqueror changed to rage when he found he had acquired, after his years of fighting, only a deserted city. The wealth his followers had looked forward to as their reward for their arduous work, the fair women that had graced the far-famed court of Chittore; ay, the beautiful queen for whom he had waged this war, all lay on their funeral pyre, over which the smoke curled in thin clouds as their shrouds. In his wrath the sultan caused the town to be razed to the ground, and he left it in ruins.

Not yet was the end of Chittore. If her citizens had gone out in a flame of glory, there were those left to restore the fallen fortunes of the Holy Town. So a century later, like the fabled phenix risen from the ashes, we find the city again triumphant and ablaze with splendors greater than before. The palace of Bhimsi and his beautiful queen, Pudmanee, was restored in all its beauty. The kingly ruler, not satisfied with restoring old monuments, builded one to commemorate his victories against the Moslems and the upbuilding of the town. This noted memorial became known as "The Tower of the Victory of Khoumhou."

For a time Chittore enjoyed its regained prosperity, and then the Moslems again appeared at the foot of its walls. The king of Guzerat led the assailants now, and a long siege was begun. While continuing an open assault, the Moslems began to undermine the town by blasting under the rock-turrets. The inhabitants refused all profers of capitulation, and continued to meet the attacks of the enemy as bravely as the heroes of old. Finally, after nearly all of the men had perished, the wives and daughters of the many dead and the few living, under the lead of the queenly Kurriaveti, stationed themselves on the outer wall, where the Moslems were even then preparing to fire the train that should send the rocky ramparts into splinters. When the fateful moment came more than a thousand brave women met their death. Again the Moslems won a barren victory at Chittore.

More speedily than before was the Holy Town rebuilt and repopulated. Only twenty years after the siege of the king of Guzerat, the triumphant Akbar demanded its surrender, and refused with scornful disdain by Oudey Singh at the head of his brave Rajputs, the Mogul conqueror besieged the rocky ramparts. This defence rises above all preceding attempts to hold the town. As fast as one of the Omras fell, a wife or daughter took his place, and fought until she shared his fate. One mother stoutly maintained a post near the last gateway, while beside her lay her husband, two sons and three daughters. And these were among a hundred examples of heroism that amazed the Moguls, who to this day describe in vivid terms the bravery of their desperate foe. But Chittore was doomed.

The last of the heroic princes wounded by the hand of Akbar himself, the dying Rajput ordered the consummation of the Johur. Without hesitation, singing songs of triumph and praise, eight queens, six princesses, and over a thousand other women threw themselves upon the funeral pyre. The Moguls entered, over the dead bodies of the last of the Rajputs, an empty city. Enraged at this defeat in the face of victory, Akbar destroyed or desecrated the noble monuments and left the place a mass of ruins.

Since that ill-favored day in 1557 Chittore has never been rebuilt. To-day it is a scene of desolation, proscribed by the Rajputs as a place of evil spirits, where none of them are allowed to go. Forests now skirt the base, the haunts of wild beasts, and he who ascends the ancient pathway finds only dishonored temples and monuments to speak of what was once the pride and glory of the Ranas. But out of this dark setting sprang the most beautiful city in India.

If Akbar, the Mogul emperor, had laid the capital of the Rajputs in desolation, he had not conquered or even humbled the spirit of the race. Among those who managed to escape that awful massacre, by actually hewing their way through the Mogul slayers, and escaping to the mountains, was Oudey Singh and a handful of faithful followers. And this Rana, gathering about him the scattered remnants of his people, builded Oudeypore, "The City of the Rising Sun," to commemorate his name and to show the Moguls that though they might slay they could not conquer. So Akbar, though he had been victorious

at Chittore, was unable to effect terms of peace with the Ranas. He did proclaim them as outlaws and deposed the reigning prince.

The vanity of this act was speedily shown. The successor of Oudey Singh, from his mountain retreat, holding at the most but a small district, branded as a fugitive and outlaw, soon emerged from his retirement, and dealt the first of a series of blows that worried the Mogul more than he cared to own. Army after army was sent to capture the



YANADHI HUTS, RAMAPATAM.

rebels, only to be met with a defence that did not admit of complete triumph. Finally this Prince Pertab, having rallied around him the fierce Bheels, the best fighters among the Hindus, made a stand at the famous Pass of Dhabbari. From this vantage ground he actually flung back the imperial army with a stunning blow, so that he had time to prepare for his enemy again before they could rally. While never winning a decisive victory at one time, yet in the course of this fearless warfare the doughty Rajputs won back one by one the states of Meywar, until they were in possession of all of their original territory. Then the terms of peace which Jehangir, Akbar's successor, was

pleased to make were really made according to the dictations of the Rajput prince on his throne at Oudeypore.

It is a wonderful city, this "City of the Rising Sun," the capital of the princely Ranas. The roadway winds up through dark ravines set with sombre pines and looking gloomy at midday, and you begin to think that it is to a region of darkness and not light that you are approaching, until suddenly there bursts upon the vision a scene of beauty that cannot be pictured save by the master's brush. The site of Oudeypore was selected on the summit of a considerable elevation, where

" Northwards soared
 The stainless ramps of huge Himala's wall
 Ranged in white ranks against the blue — untrod
 Infinite, wonderful — whose uplands vast,
 And lifted universe of crest and crag,
 Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
 Riven ravine and splintered precipice
 Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
 It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
 Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp laced
 With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds;
 Lower grew rose oaks and the great fir groves,
 Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
 Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
 Of circling eagles; under these the plain
 Gleamed like a praying carpet at the foot
 Of those divinest altars."

In closer embrace the capital is surrounded by lofty hills, the dark-green background lightened by the silvery gleam of Meywar Waters, a beautiful lake studded with islands whose natural attractions have been enhanced by beautiful palaces, temples and gardens of Oriental luxuriance. Now we cannot fail to realize the fitness of the entrance to this earthly paradise. Long, flower-embowered arches lead to dazzling palaces, and paths winding under overhanging oaks and wild olives, frequently expose to the admiring eye a magnificent temple builded to the memory of some illustrious ancestor. The climate is exhilarating, and everywhere are the evidences of the cleanliness, orderliness and independence of its forty thousand inhabitants.

Not less than their surroundings are the people of this noble city worthy of sight and study. With what seems ample proof they trace their ancestry through a royal lineage, thus making good the claim

that the Ranas are in truth " Sons of Kings." This genealogy has a double prestige, inasmuch as it runs back to two lines of rulers. A Rana prince in the first half of the 6th century married a daughter of Chosroes II., the last of the great Nushirvan monarchs, and whose reign completes the Golden Age of modern Persia in the history and poetry of the East. The first Nushirvan had extended his kingdom eastward to the Indus. It was this king who had his favorite residence



FERRY ACROSS BUCKINGHAM CANAL.

at Dastegard, east of the Tigris, which stood second only in its dazzling beauty and grandeur to the famous summer palace and pleasure grounds of Kublai Khan in Northern China. The second claim is based on the union of another prince of Oudeypore with a maiden of the imperial line of Roman emperors at Constantinople. Tod, in his work upon "The Native Princes," says "There is not another family in the world that possess a pedigree so correctly traced from fabulous times as that of the Ranas of Chittore and Oudeypore."

The descendant princes of these royal ancestors are every way worthy of their ancestry, and the trait that stands out even more promi-

nently than their royal origin is the purity of their race, which has been maintained at the cost of life and treasure. They have always held aloof from intermarriage with the imperial Mohammedan family. The only exception to this rule was when one of the princes consented to the marriage of his daughter, to avert a war with the Moguls, with Prince Selim, afterwards the Emperor Jehanghir. In judgment upon this broken faith the clan of Kachwas is to this day considered inferior to any other.

The fearless independence of the brave people is but poorly understood. They are looked upon by many foreigners as brigands and robbers, and until within a few years it was not considered safe to cross their country without a body guard. But notwithstanding the centuries of wrong and oppression they have suffered, to-day they meet the Occidental with courtly grace and a frankness that wins admiration. Still they persist in remaining free from foreign contamination. Neither Moslem, Mogul nor Anglo-Saxon have been able to break down this barrier. Perhaps it is best so, for it gives us to-day as it did in the days of long ago, "calm, silent, dignified 'Sons of Kings,' every one of whom, with his tall, well-developed form, expressive features and princely air, is a noble specimen of manhood. They wear their beards very long, divided into two points."

Their attire is both appropriate and picturesque. The men wear full trousers, or a long waist cloth fastened so as to resemble this garment, and a tight-fitting tunic girthed about with a girdle sparkling with jewels. Even in times of peace they present a warlike appearance, the nobles wearing their swords and daggers, while the belts of the commoners display rows of glistening knives. In times of actual warfare the wearers of these military accoutrements carry their famous shields made of rhinoceros hide, circular in shape, transparent and light, yet very serviceable in case of need. These means of defence when not in use are slung over the shoulder by a slender but strong cord of the same material.

The women are of good height, fine figure, graceful movement, and frequently beautiful of feature. Their costume consists of a long, plaited skirt, reaching below the knees, and a bright-colored, tight-fitting bodice encircling the waist, while secured at the top of the head

by a large bow-knot a thin, silken scarf falls gracefully over neck and shoulders. The flowing ends of this last piece of apparel sparkles with jewels, while the bodice and even the skirt display a profusion of bright ornaments that seem so fittingly a part of the Oriental dress. Modest and charming, the women are not compelled to remain in seclusion, but enjoy as much freedom as their Occidental sisters. They have a marked influence in the homes of these liberty-loving people.



PECULIAR METHOD OF CARRYING BABY, SOUTH INDIA.

Worn with the dignity of a crown, the men cover their heads with fantastic turbans, made of good material, not large in size but with edges turned up and tastefully folded.

The Bheels, who it will be remembered lent material assistance to the Rajputs at the time the latter recovered their possessions from the Moguls during the reign of Jehanghir, are the mountaineers of India. Their ancestors were one of the original tribes that occupied the fertile uplands since inhabited by the Ranas. The Bheels at an early period could boast of a high civilization, but unable to withstand the oppression of stronger races, they were gradually

driven back into the mountainous districts, where they have relapsed into barbarism. With the Jats, considered by some the handsomest race in India, the Mynas, Nadas, and the Mhairs, they now overrun the mountains of the central division of the country. The Bheels live in the Vindhya Mountains, in several clans or families ruled over by different petty chiefs. These rulers claim honorable lineage from Rajput fathers and mothers of their own tribes. They worship idols at rude temples, which are usually merely a heap of stones, covered with flagstone dyed red.

Dress with the Bheels is simply a disarranged mass of dark hair falling about their bronzed shoulders, and a cloth girded about their loins. The attire of the women is made slightly more complete by bracelets on the wrists and bangles about their ankles. Glorying to-day in deeds of outlawry, and robbery, and repaying with fearful interest any fancied wrong, they are the terror of the district they inhabit. Not without apparent cause they hate the Brahmans, who in turn treat them as wild beasts. Yet they delight in the traditions of the past which speak of them as lords over the rich plains of the upper Ganges as well as the hill-country.

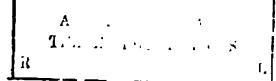
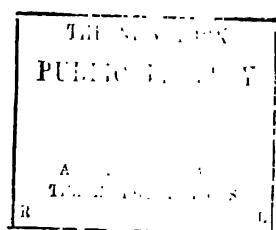
Something of this prestige was theirs when they lent their strong arm towards lifting the Rajputs out from their oppression. But they seemed to lack the moral courage to follow their better natures. It seems like the irony of fate that these two warlike races, between whom there is a mixed population of several thousands, should be on unfriendly terms.

With all their barbarous qualities the Bheels are not wholly without their good traits. The word of the lowliest is as good as his bow and arrow, which is saying not a little, as he is an unerring marksman. A favor once done a Bheel is never forgotten, and no caravan, however great the treasure it carries, need dread an attack if the word has been given that it shall pass in peace. The men are of medium height, well-formed and robust. They are strong of limb, fleet of foot, and noted tiger and panther hunters. The women are handsome, with fine figures, courteous and dignified in their manner, and some of them might be called beautiful.

As well as the Rajputs the Bheels are capable of appreciating hon-



TODDY MAN DRAWING TODDY



est treatment, and they have come to display marked friendship for the British. Under the conservative care of this government, it is quite certain that the day is not far away before the Bheels shall have recovered something of their former standing and importance in India. Their numbers probably reach two millions.



AN OIL MILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANIES.

THREE is, possibly, no chapter in the history of the world's progress of more absorbing interest than the one relating to the rise and fall of those great financial bodies which sought and controlled for a long period the trade of the East Indies. The history of India cannot be told without speaking of these powerful organizations.

The eyes of the mercantile West were turned towards the East Indies for many centuries. Dreams of fabulous wealth in that mysterious country lured Marco Polo across the great Asiatic continent into far Cathay, and his wonder stories awoke the city republics of Italy and the Iberian kingdoms to great possibilities lying there. This was the stimulus that stirred the bosom of Columbus to the discovery of the New World, and he died believing that he had simply found the shores of the wonderland of the East. All those who succeeded him, from Cortez to Champlain, dreamed the same dreams, followed the same vague journeys of illusion, delusion and discovery.

Among the financial powers of the world during the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries the Italian cities took high rank, and it was they who first undertook to establish an overland trade with the Indies. This communication was abruptly terminated, when the Turks conquered Constantinople and overran Egypt, towards the close of the 15th century. At this critical period Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese navigator, suddenly changed the trend of mercantile commerce by his discovery of a new route to the Far East via the Cape of Good Hope. Following his voyage in 1498, the alert Portuguese, alive to the situation, immediately established themselves in India, a foothold they retained for nearly a hundred years. In 1580 Spain took possession of Portugal, and since Spain was at odds with Great Britain, the latter kingdom could no longer trade with the Portuguese colonies. In this dilemma Great Britain resorted to the Dutch and secured a certain amount of traffic in that indirect manner. Finally the revolt of the Netherlands barring out the Dutch vessels from Portuguese ports, both England and Holland found themselves without avenues of trade with the rich countries to the East. Then the Dutch and British united and formed a direct commercial intercourse with India, this union granting a charter to the Portuguese in consideration of annual tribute by the last-named power. Again war broke the line of intercourse, when Great Britain, Holland, and Spain became involved. This was a serious blow to trade with India, and in 1640, Portugal, no longer able to pay tribute as stipulated, was obliged to abandon its commercial interests in the Orient.

In the meantime the Dutch East India Company was formed, with a capital of 6,500,000 guilders, obtaining a charter for twenty-one years. During this period their dividends amounted to over 30,000,000 guilders, and they obtained a renewal of their charter for another period of the same length. This company was a mighty monopoly. Besides its vast profits it had secured large properties in the colonies, builded fortifications, established a fleet of merchant ships to the number of over forty, most of which returned heavily laden with merchandise from the East. Batavia, situated on the Straits of Sunda, was founded to become the gateway to the Far East, and Malacca, the fallen capital of the Portuguese, was secured and rebuilt; commerce was opened

with Japan, and altogether the Dutch were ruling the maritime highways of the deep with a high hand.

But in the midst of prosperity, new factions were coming into competition, which were destined to outrival this powerful combination. The ever aggressive Briton, and the active Gaul, were hand in hand pushing their way into this rich field of trade. When again their charter expired, the Dutch found it difficult to raise the 1,600,000 guilders demanded as a subsidy, and for twenty-one years the company languished, while its government suffered again the price of war. But the peace of Westphalia brought as one of its fruits, the ability to the Dutch company to secure a renewal of the Indian charter until 1700, though this was bitterly opposed by its rivals. The company was at its zenith of glory during the third of a century following. Batavia was now mistress of the East, and everywhere in the East Indies the great Dutch company ruled triumphant.

The charter was renewed in 1701, again in 1741, and for the last time in 1776, now for thirty years, and on condition that 2,000,000 guilders be paid down, with an annual payment of 360,000 guilders. Dazzled perhaps by its own greatness, the company seemed to have become lost to reason. Everywhere the producers of the East were made to suffer. Seeking to rule the markets of the world, the company undertook to dictate what should be raised and what should not be cultivated. War with Great Britain naturally succeeded, and, finally, overburdened with debt, the company was forced to seek a loan from its own government. It took but a few years to undo the work of a hundred and more. The republic of Batavia fell in 1795, and the interests of the company were taken over by the government.

While this great body of merchants was in the lead, there were several smaller organizations. A French East India Company was established in 1660, lasting six years. A Danish East Indian Company founded in 1618; dissolved in 1634; re-established in 1670; again dissolved in 1729. Three years later the Danish Asiatic Company was formed, and flourished until towards the close of the century, when it weakened and finally went to pieces.

The organization which, above all others, has had the most to do with India, was the British East India Company. As early as the mid-

dle of the 16th century, under the reign of Edward VI, some of the merchants of London endeavored to open commercial intercourse with India, but without success. In 1599 a body of merchants of London succeeded in raising sufficient funds and in obtaining a charter from Queen Elizabeth, December 31, 1600, under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading with the East Indies." Its charter ran for fifteen years, with the proviso that it could be re-



A GROUP OF SUDRAS, PODILI.

pealed after two years, providing it should not be found beneficial to the public. The amount raised was equal to \$150,000, and the first expedition of five vessels sailed under Captain Lancaster, February 15, 1601.

This company proved moderately successful, and in 1612 Captain Beal secured certain privileges from the Indian court at Delhi, not the least of which was the sanction to establish a port of entry at Surat, which continued to be the English main station in India until Bombay succeeded as the principal port. Though more or less affected by wars

at home and abroad, this company, with some variations, was quite successful. British trade steadily advanced. Ports of entry increased. In 1669 Bombay was ceded to the company, and in 1676 a factory, as these places of defence as well as of privilege were called, was established on the Hoogly River in Bengal, which eventually led to the foundation of Calcutta and other ports in that vicinity.

But there was not clear sailing for these ships of commerce. A rival company sprang into existence. One line of royal rule opposed what another had done. Cromwell endeavored to establish free trade with India. In 1694 the House of Commons voted to allow trade to all England. A new company obtained a charter in consideration of £2,000,000, or almost \$10,000,000. At this time, important rights over the natives were vested in the company, and it carried on its transactions with increasing aggressions. The inevitable conquest began with the establishment of the seat of British power at Calcutta and surrounding country. Territorial enlargement was followed by the expulsion of the rajah of Tanjore in 1749, though he was restored to British favor a few years later. Several large and resourceful provinces were secured in 1757 by deposing the nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah.

Thus far the French had kept a jealous eye upon the encroachments of the British, but their defeat in 1761 left the way clear for the latter, who, if not rapid in improving the opportunity, were none the less sure and steady. In 1792, Lord Cornwallis, who had suffered defeat and humiliation at the hands of Washington in the American Revolution, added a star to his insignia by routing the reigning sovereign of Mysore, Tippu Sultan, or Sahib. The latter had been one of the most bitter and able enemies to British invasion, and he had followed up his early victories by proclaiming himself under two titles as conqueror of several provinces and the ruler of vast domains. It was claimed that he had carried off 70,000 Christians from the Nairs of Malabar, and compelled 100,000 Hindus to embrace the Mohammedan faith. Vain-glorious over his victories, Tippu proceeded to break faith with the British, following his first opposition to them in 1784, by invading the territory of the rajah of Travancore, then under English protection. This so aroused the British that they marched against Mysore, joined on their way by the Mahrattas and

the native troops of the Deccan, and the Mohammedan commander soon found himself so besieged in his capital, Seringapatam, that he was forced to seek such terms as he could best obtain. This cost him half his dominions and 33,000,000 rupees. Still unsatisfied, he was discovered to be in intrigue with the French, when again the English



MAKING OIL FROM PEANUTS.

declared war against him, and he was finally killed while defending himself at his capital.

The fall of Tippu Sultan proved a severe loss to the old régime of India. Subsequent wars brought complete subjugation to the British, until the company mastered nearly all of India and some adjacent places.

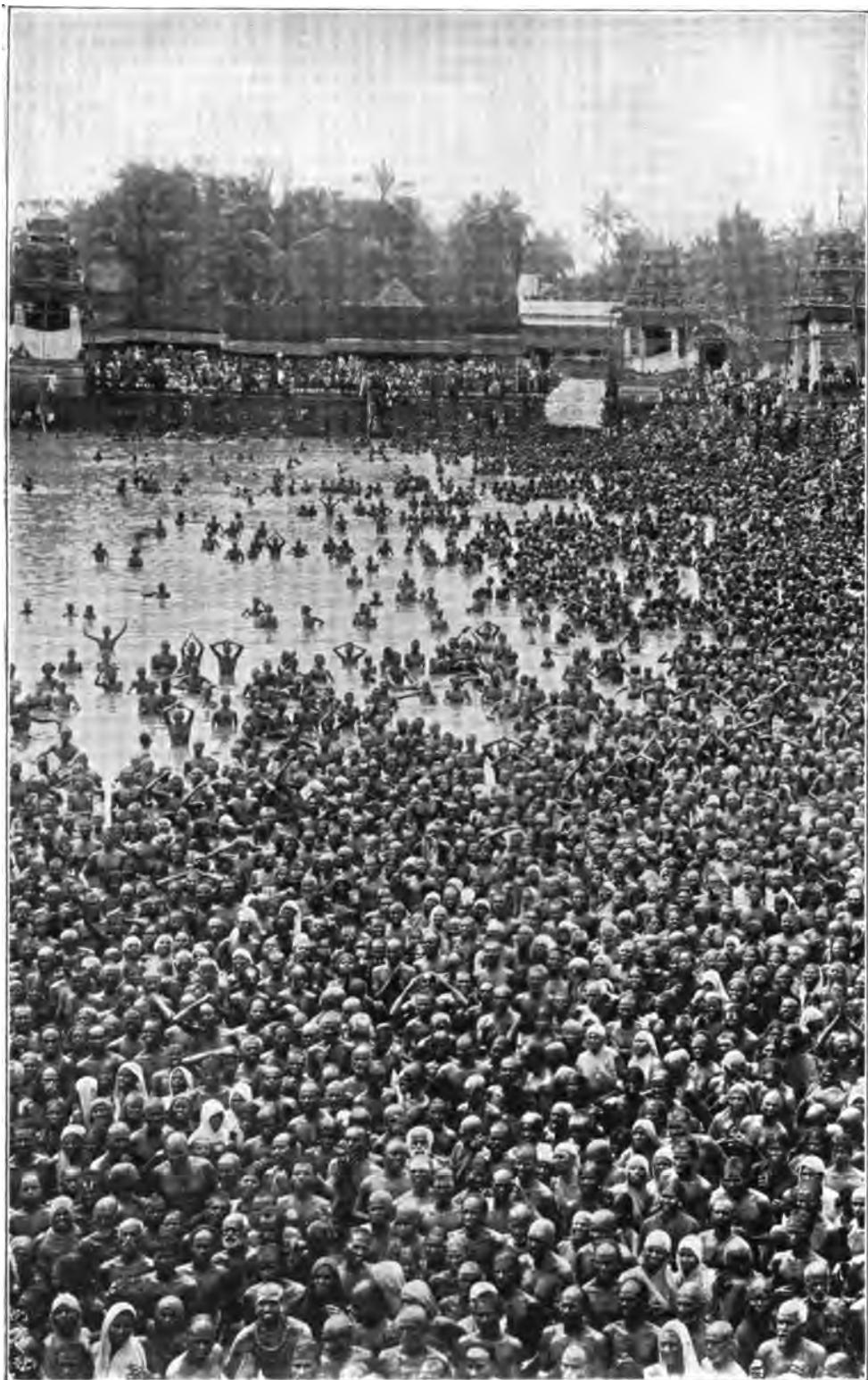
While these conquests were going on, the ships manned by these big companies sailed into troubrous seas. Trade, for one reason and another, fell off, and the rival companies were united in one, upon the condition that it loan the government £3,200,000 at 3 per cent., the charter not to be revoked until this sum was paid. The charter

was kept alive in one way or another during the years of conquest, but trade continued to lag, until the vast extension of territory and power threw confusion and corruption over the actions of those at the head of affairs. Despite the great resources of the acquired territory the company became involved in financial difficulties so that it was unable to meet its obligations to the government, and a board of control was appointed. Still new charters were granted in 1793 and 1814, the last for twenty years.

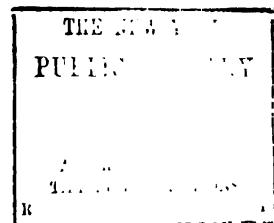
Before this period had expired, in 1833, British Parliament granted a new charter which stipulated that the company should cease to be a trading association, that all the property, from April 22, 1834, should be vested in the Crown, with a guarantee that the stock-holders should receive 10 1-2 per cent. on the stock, and that the board of control should continue. The assets of the company at this time were valued at £21,103,000, of which £2,000,000 were formed into a sinking fund, the proceeds of which, after 1874, should be used to buy out the stock-holders at the rate of 200 per cent. valuation. It required £8,423,000 to pay the company's indebtedness, while the balance of the resources went to make improvements in India.

A lively period now existed. Stock thus backed by government promised safe investment, and shares were frequently changing hands. In 1835 3,579 persons owned the stock, and a share-holder having stock to the value of £1,000 was entitled to a vote at the stock-holders' meetings. In 1852 there were 2,583 voters, of whom 272 were women, while there were several of the nobility, professions and army officers. No longer was the majority of stock-holders composed of merchants and brokers, as had been the case at the outset, and until the constitution had changed the character of the association.

Another radical change came in the management of the East Indian affairs when the revolt in India of 1857-58 occurred. August 5, 1858, an act for the better government of India declared that "all territories heretofore under the government of the East India Company are vested in the British queen, and all its powers are to be exercised in her name, one of the principal secretaries of state to have all the powers hitherto exercised by the company or the board of control. The military and naval forces of the East India Company are to be deemed the forces



RELIGIOUS FETE.



of the queen, and all persons holding any office, employment, or commission in India are transferred to the service of the Crown. All functions and powers of the courts of directors and proprietors are to cease, together with the salaries paid, and the board of control is likewise abolished."



RAILWAY STATION, MADURA.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CONQUEST.

IN sunshine and shadow, in the whirlwind of invasion and the tempest of internal strife, we have seen India overrun with armed hosts from far and near, until the conquering trains reach far into the past and would be longer if history were older. We have seen the Vedic philosophy overpowered by the Brahmanic doctrine, the cruel subtlety of the twain softened by the gentle teachings of Buddha, followed by the austere Mohammedan, the three to be trampled under foot by the arrogant Mogul. So, from the beginning, it has been the bone of contention between the races and religions, the two forces that have made the world an amphitheatre of war, and a battle-field out of every fair valley and sunny slope, from Dai Nippon in the Far East, westward to the last isle in the sunlit Pacific. With all this in the background, we have yet another conquest to describe before the story of India's wars is told, and the mantle of peace and progress at last settles over the Garden of Asia. This time the conquerors did not come by Khyber Pass, but from across the seas. While they came as seek-

ers after the natural resources of the land of treasures, their conquest was performed with more humane endeavor, though its narrative pulsates with fierce fighting, profuse shedding of blood, sanguine bravery and heroism. With this new system of warfare came a new religion, the light of the cross, destined to brighten the mysticism of the ancient temple.

As they did in almost every land, so the Portuguese led the way to India in the 16th century, securing possession of the leading seaports from the entrance into the Indian Ocean of the Indus to that of the Ganges. But their reign was not long — less than a hundred years — and to-day, Goa, their ancient capital, and a few minor places, are all that remain of the Portuguese empire in India.

They were followed by the Dutch, commercially powerful but not strong enough to gain political mastery. It was left for England to become the master of the situation. At first the British sought a footing at Surat, the ancient seaport of the Moslems, and the place from which they set forth on their pilgrimages to Mecca. This city is mentioned in the ancient Sanskrit poem as Ramayana. In those days it was estimated to have a population of half a million. The Portuguese sacked the town during their supremacy in India. Surat is a walled town on the left bank of the River Taptee, twenty miles from its mouth in the Gulf of Cambay. It has many attractions, and is noted for the Sanian hospital, founded by the Jains for the treatment of diseased animals. There is an English church here, several beautiful mosques and temples, and a Hindu school.

One of the things which led in the end to the British conquest of India was the employment by the English of native soldiers known as sepoys. These natives, belonging to the Bengal division of the British army, were high caste Hindus. The French had set the example of employing these troops. They were paid so much a month by the English, and trained according to the regular tactics of that army. It was claimed that the sepoys of the Bengal division were the finest soldiers in the army, tall and of magnificent presence. However, they were more stubborn and difficult to manage than the others.

As had happened in America and elsewhere, upon the breaking out of war between Great Britain and France in 1744, the spirit of hos-

tility quickly showed itself in India. Immediately the French and English here opened a hostile campaign, which was conducted with intense bitterness, but without effective result. The French leaders were Dupleix and Bussy, while the British were led by Lawrence and Clive.

While the trouble between the French and the British was apparently adjusted, yet in 1756 new hostilities broke out, and again general war was threatened. At this time a native subahdar or viceroy of Bengal, by the name of Surajah Dowlah, had come into power, who had an intense dislike for the latter. He seized upon this opportunity to open an attack on the British, and taking them by surprise, effected the capture of Calcutta and the English portion of the garrison of Fort William, June 20, 1756.

Out of this movement came that dreadful affair which stirred the entire Continent with its tale of suffering, and which forms one of the darkest pages in India's history. Careless of his prisoners' welfare, and lacking a suitable place of confinement for them, Surajah Dowlah entombed them in a small dungeon eighteen feet square in Fort William. The British garrison consisted of one hundred and forty-six men, under command of Captain Holwell. This number crowded into so small a place, at best only poorly ventilated, the condition of the poor fellows soon became fearful. At the same time a fire broke out in another part of the fort, giving the air an uncommon oppressiveness. Soon they began to suffer from thirst, and then three of their number succumbed to the overpowering denseness of the atmosphere.

The scene that followed beggars description. There were only two windows, and they opening on the same side, gave little chance for ventilation, and the apertures were rendered less helpful because of the iron bars that ran across them, while they opened out under the floor of a veranda extending the entire length of the room. In the delirium of suffering the doomed men struggled among themselves to gain a breath of air at the barred windows, pulling each other down, with the dead and dying under foot. In vain did Captain Holwell try to quiet the maddened wretches, to bid them bear their sufferings with as much fortitude as possible until morning. His well-meant words seemed to mock their terrible agony, and they scoffed at him for his pleadings — the dwindling numbers that were growing less and less

every hour. The first pale gleam of morning light, reflected from the walls across the way, shone upon the haggard countenances of only twenty-three! History records no night of greater horror. The ill-fated building is now used as a warehouse, while an obelisk fifty feet in height has been erected to the memory of the hapless victims.

The avenger of this outrage was at hand. Among the British officers who had been attracted to India was young Robert Clive, a man of un-



COCOANUT PALMS, MADURA DISTRICT.

certain temper but of unwavering bravery, and a master of military tactics. At the critical hour when it began to look as if the French would wrest British prestige from the sceptre of Great Britain, Clive, then only twenty-five, had come to the front and urged immediate and pronounced action. His advice finally accepted, he was given the command of two hundred British troops and three hundred sepoys, and all the hopes of England in India became centred on him. Dupleix, the French commander, had gained entire control over the Deccan, and the last stronghold of the British was being attacked by the French troops.

To offset this and distract the enemy, Clive decided upon capturing

Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the foremost of the French possessions. Though his army was small, by prompt movements he surprised the place and secured it almost without opposition. Still, anticipating that the foes would speedily rally, he prepared for a determined resistance. Nor did the young commander misjudge his enemy.

Within a week 10,000 French and native troops swarmed into Arcot and stormed the citadel. Against such an overwhelming number the fate of the British seemed foregone. But Clive's military vocabulary contained no such word as "surrender." For fifty days this intrepid leader with his doughty followers maintained a stubborn defence against the enemy. The government at Madras had tried in vain to succor the beleaguered garrison. But at last it was rumored that six hundred Mahrattas were on the way to aid the British. In this situation Chunda Sahib, in command of the allied besiegers, resolved to take advantage of a superstition among his men and capture the citadel by a grand attack. The day chosen for this assault was the anniversary of the death of Hosein, the son of Ali, when all Mussulmans believed that to die in battle was certain to transport them into paradise. A battle with the infidel was looked upon as a bridge to bear the slain Mussulman to the joys of paradise. Fired with this wild fanaticism, the allies of France sought the fight with a desperation bordering upon madness.

Clive saw the enemy approach, driving elephants before them, the foreheads of the ungainly brutes, pressed into war service, protected by iron plates, while their drivers urged them forward to batter down the gates. But the result was unexpected. A volley of leaden hail from the guns of Clive so disconcerted the elephants that the infuriated creatures turned hotly upon their drivers, and the besiegers were actually routed by their own forces. The retreat was disastrous, and after an hour's fighting the defenders of Arcot found themselves masters of the situation.

The government at Madras, exulting over Clive's victory, now sent him 200 British soldiers and 700 sepoyes. So far the young commander had lost but a few men, while over four hundred of the enemy had fallen in the last attack on Arcot alone. Clive now

entered upon such an active campaign that he became the most famous man in India. Victory followed victory, until his enemies were completely routed. But never strong physically, the arduous warfare and the climate quickly broke down his health, so when he felt it safe to do so, he returned to his native land to recover his wasted energies. In the midst of well-earned and much needed rest, intelligence came from India which caused him to hasten hither without delay. Surajah



MAIL TRAIN, MADURA.

Dowlah had improved the opportunity during his absence to re-awaken his followers, and before those in command dreamed of the return of the conflict, Calcutta was again captured.

The scenes that followed upon the arrival of Clive again in India have been described in many lights, both to the advantage and the disadvantage of Briton and native. In the severity of the contest it was Greek against Greek; fierce fighting and yet fiercer plotting; cunning plots outwitted by plots yet more cunning. As before, Clive was everywhere successful. One of the first victories was the restoration of Calcutta to the British control.

One of Surajah Dowlah's worst enemies was his own evil nature. Not satisfied with fighting his natural enemies, he defied his own followers by such treatment as aroused their rage and efforts to supplant him. Into the complications of the plots of his foes Clive was drawn, but he proved too crafty for even the wily Bengalese, who became an important factor in the conduct of affairs. Discontented and dissatisfied under the cruel treatment received from the nabob of Bengal, the crafty and ambitious Surajah Dowlah, his leading general, Muir Jaffier, plotted to get possession of Bengal. In his plans he appealed to Clive, promising to surrender to him at the critical moment a large number of his troops, upon the condition that he should be recognized as ruler of Bengal. To this Clive assented, and the arrangements went on through a friend of the latter and a native supposed to be in the employ of Muir Jaffier. This latter at the last moment decided to betray the scheme, and he went to Clive with a demand of three hundred thousand pounds, and that this sum should be stated in the treaty to be drawn up between Muir Jaffier and Clive. Watts, the latter's agent, hesitated, and said it would never do. Determined to circumvent the treacherous Bengalese if he had to resort to deceit himself, Clive drew up two treaties, one upon white paper making no specification of the bribe he was to pay Omichund, the traitor, and another on red paper, which contained the clause the other demanded. The wary plotter stipulated that the paper should be signed by Admiral Watson. Thinking the latter would not lend his aid to such a scheme, Clive forged his signature.

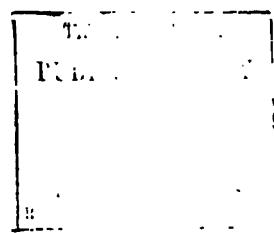
At this juncture Watts fled from Calcutta, while Clive prepared for active work. Within twenty-four hours he came upon the enemy near Plassey. Notwithstanding the odds with which he was contending he prepared for battle. His entire army consisted of barely 3,000 soldiers, less than one-third of whom were Englishmen. Surajah Dowlah had mustered 40,000 foot soldiers and 15,000 cavalrymen, the latter noted as skilled and reckless fighters. The arms of the infantry consisted of pikes, bows and arrows, firelocks and swords, with three pieces of artillery drawn upon the scene of action by oxen and elephants. Apparently the doughty Briton had met his match. The battle was opened by the natives, but their attack was met by such a well-delivered volley

Tree Ferns in Garden of the Shrubbery, Darjiling, India

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from the British cannon that they beat a hasty retreat. Clive immediately followed up this repulse, and when Muir Jaffier was expected to order his troops forward to the support of the advance line of Surajah Dowlah, he withdrew his forces.

The tide of battle had already been turned and Clive won an easy victory, losing only twenty-two men, while the loss of the other side was five hundred, together with all of their ordnance and equipage. Surajah Dowlah was forced to flee, but he was captured a few days later and ordered to be shot by his former officer, Muir Jaffier, who had been placed in his position by Clive. Among the others who came forward to receive their reward was Omichund. The latter, upon learning that he had been outwitted in his treachery, was first furious and then he retired broken-hearted over his defeat.

Clive's victory at Plassey was followed by others, until he was in a position to command the utmost respect and obedience of the Moguls. Muir Jaffier granted him an annual revenue of £28,000, and threw open to him the great treasure vaults at Moorshedbah and told him to help himself! Clive modestly took £250,000, something over a million of dollars, and when he was accused of accepting this and other sums, he defended himself stoutly, and after picturing in glowing terms the great riches pressed upon him and revealed to his astonished gaze, he exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand amazed at my own moderation."

In spite of the opposition of bitter enemies honors were given the hero of India at home, and he lived in grand style, devoting much of his time to the Indian question. But Clive in England could not control the situation in Bengal. The affairs of the East India Company were involved in hopeless confusion. No one arose who was able to command the situation and insure the safety of British government in India.



BRICK MAKING, MADURA.

CHAPTER X.

THE PASSAGE OF POWER.

IN this dilemma the eyes of friends and foes alike were turned upon one defiant presence in London as the Moses to lead them out of the wilderness. That man was he who had saved India to them from French aggression. His name speedily was on every tongue, Clive. As an inducement and to offset the opposition that had been given him heretofore, he was raised to the Irish peerage and made Baron of Plassey. He was to be Governor of India and commander-in-chief of the British army in the East. There is nothing to show that these allurements had any effect on the conqueror, though he must have been less than human not to have secretly exulted over this victory at home, greater in some respect than that gained in battle. At any rate Lord Clive accepted the duty, and on May 7, 1765, he found himself again in Calcutta, with the hot season close at hand.

It did not take him long to see that the reports which had reached London had not been exaggerated. India was again being shamelessly plundered by a victorious party. This time it was not a barbaric

horde that had looted its treasure-houses, desecrated its sacred sanctuaries, but those who claimed the distinction of being a Christian people. Not only office-holders but private individuals had discovered the opportunity to acquire immense riches quickly and at little risk to safety and to honor! It had become the passion of power to ravage and not to protect the hapless people. There was no office without its price; no service without its bribe; no duty that did not demand its reward. A moral blight more devastating to the public good than any invasion of Tartar, Persian or Afghan host had fallen on the Indian administration.

Governor Clive understood that he had a fiercer war to wage than had been his conflict with the allied forces of French and Hindus. The officials naturally resented his intrusion, as they considered it. It not only meant a check upon their nefarious scheme, but it reflected upon their honor. Men in high positions threatened to resign if they were interfered with. Clive in civil power was as firm as when at the head of his armed forces he wrested Calcutta from its foes. He struck with no uncertain aim at the root of the evil. The acceptance of bribes from the natives was forbidden; it was actually stopped. Private trade was also prohibited. If officials resigned, he found others willing to accept the trust under the new order of government. He raised the salary of many of the officers, and thus removed what had been before something of a pretence for private gains. In brief, within two years he brought order out of chaos; gave to the government the confidence that comes from honest effort.

For this work, his monument, he asked nothing, but went back to England poorer than when he had left it, and filled a suicide's grave in 1774. Of him it has been most fittingly said: "Clive went to India when India was fifteen thousand miles away. He changed the East India Company from a band of plundering pedlars, into the beginnings of a beneficial government. He won for England the greatest dependency she has ever had or ever will have. He became to the Indian a white governor as powerful, more just than any ruler in their history. The shadow of his greatness lends security to every white man, woman and child, and likewise to every brown man, woman and child in India. He forged a friend's name, he lied to an accomplice,

he accepted wealth from those he conquered, he died by his own hand. He is very dull, or very daring, who assumes the right to hold the scales of justice for God, in pronouncing a final verdict upon this man."

Governor Clive was succeeded in 1772 by Warren Hastings, better fitted perhaps to become his successor than any other man in Great Britain. Small in stature, frail in health, the new ruler of India gave little promise physically of carrying out the purpose of his predecessor. For that matter Clive himself, whimsical, of uncertain temper, weak in body, had not presaged his victories by personal appearance. For thirteen years Hastings held the reins of government, and he ruled with an iron hand. There is no doubt about that. A native prince deposed here, a dynasty overthrown there, native treachery met by English cunning, ignorance outwitted by intelligent action, tardy fulfillment of justice outdistanced by swift retribution,—all may have been necessary. Who is the judge? A good scholar, he encouraged his countrymen to master the Indian languages and to become familiar with the history of their adopted country. He founded colleges for the instruction of English to the native youths, and established geographical and geological researches. An astute politician, with the courage of his convictions, he dared to do what he thought was for England's glory, and nothing deterred him from the path he marked for himself to follow. If the task was exacting, he proved himself equal to its performance.

Finally, after thirteen years of official duty here, having come to see India quiet, under the firm hand of British government, he resigned his office and returned to his native land. But like Clive before him, he found that his course of action had aroused bitter opposition, that faithfulness to one's trust is no safeguard against envy and malice. His opponents in Parliament, led by the powerful Edmund Burke, brought about his impeachment, claiming that he had needlessly oppressed the natives, desolated sections of the country, brought on wars, and performed acts discreditable to the British name. Then followed one of the most memorable trials on record—a civil contest which dragged through nearly ten years, the paramount question: Was a civilized power justified in resorting to unusual methods in adminis-

tering government over an alien people? Warren Hastings, rising in the estimation of public opinion as the suit progressed, was vindicated. He had been popular in India, and had shown that he was innocent of misappropriating public funds by the fact that he had returned from India a comparatively poor man.

The story that follows is the story of modern India; it tells of a series of conflicts with native forces, a constant addition of territory,



NATIVE HOUSES ON THE MOUNTAIN, MADURA.

constant strengthening and extension of government, the setting of the boundary posts, and above all else the growth of mutual understanding between the governors and the governed. Hastings was succeeded as Governor General in 1785 by Sir James McPherson, and the latter by Lord Cornwallis in 1786. An old trouble with the Mahrattas was re-opened and partially adjusted. Then occurred, running through the rule of two sovereigns and thirty years of warfare, the trouble with the inhabitants of Mysore, resulting in the death of Tippu Sahib and acquisition of territory in that quarter May 4, 1799. And now the Mahrattas appear again upon the scene, and in 1803 broke

out what proved to be the most stubborn struggle in the history of the British conquest of India, terminating in the overthrow of that race of fighters and another annexation of territory. In this contest Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, won signal distinction. In 1814 a short but sharp war with the Goorkas resulted in the acquisition of the State of Nepal. Within four years a firmer hold upon the people of Central and Southern India was secured by defeating a band of mountain marauders called Pindarrys, who had sprung to the assistance of some straggling bands of Mahrattas in a last desperate effort to recover what they had lost. In 1824-25 a war with the Burmese resulted in another accession of territory on the eastern frontier. In 1839 the onward march of the British for the first time received a serious check, which led to the withdrawal of their army from Afghanistan. The next war was with the Sikhs, who made a determined stand for four years, but in 1849 laid down their arms and their claim to the Punjab district. Scinde had been acquired in 1843, and in 1852 a second war with the Burmese resulted in the possession by the British of the rich province of Pegu. Then, in 1856, the rulers of the kingdom of Oude, through internal strife and ill-considered government, paved the way to British possession without bloodshed. So far the British had not suffered serious loss in these many revolutionary contests. One fact stands out prominent in this series of conquests; ay, two facts, that are patent to the most casual student of Indian history: there was never a united effort on the part of the entire population to resist the incoming power; nor did the British ever precipitate a war with any of the states or sovereignties until provoked to action by revolt. If there was fierce fighting with the Sikhs in the Punjab, the hundreds of other races in India were completely oblivious of it. Less than a hundred miles away the peasant cultivated his fields, unaware of any disturbance at his very door. And nowhere else in the country was there an awakening to the situation. This truth ought to be borne in mind when one thinks of the condition in India. If war devastates the valley of the Indus; famine, the plains of the north; floods, the valley of the Ganges; pestilence, the lowlands of Bengal, other sections of the empire are happily ignorant of the suffering of humanity within a few hundred miles, and the daily round

of life goes on uninterrupted by such a calamity. Were this not so the sequel to the scenes that follow might have been different.

The year 1857 marked the centennial of the decisive battle of Plassey fought by Lord Clive against Surajah Dowlah. Hindu astrologers had predicted that on this anniversary the rule of the British East India Company would cease. To and including this period it should be remembered that the East India Company held dominion over the



MARKET IN THE NILGIRI HILLS, 8000 FEET ABOVE SEA - LEVEL.

united fragments of the country. It was natural the three predominating elements in India, the Hindu, Moslem and Mogul, should look with distrust upon this great foreign power over them. The immediate cause of the sepoy outbreak at this time, the most noted of the revolutions in the British Empire, is of itself a striking proof of the volcanic forces coming under British subjection. In an effort to improve their armament the British authorities decided to arm their native troops with the Enfield rifle, which carried a new kind of cartridge greased with the fat of pigs and cows to adapt it to the rifle barrel. As it was the practice to bite or tear open the end of these cartridges with the teeth, the natives were quickly in an uproar. The Moslem had been taught that to touch the fat of the pig was to defile him, and

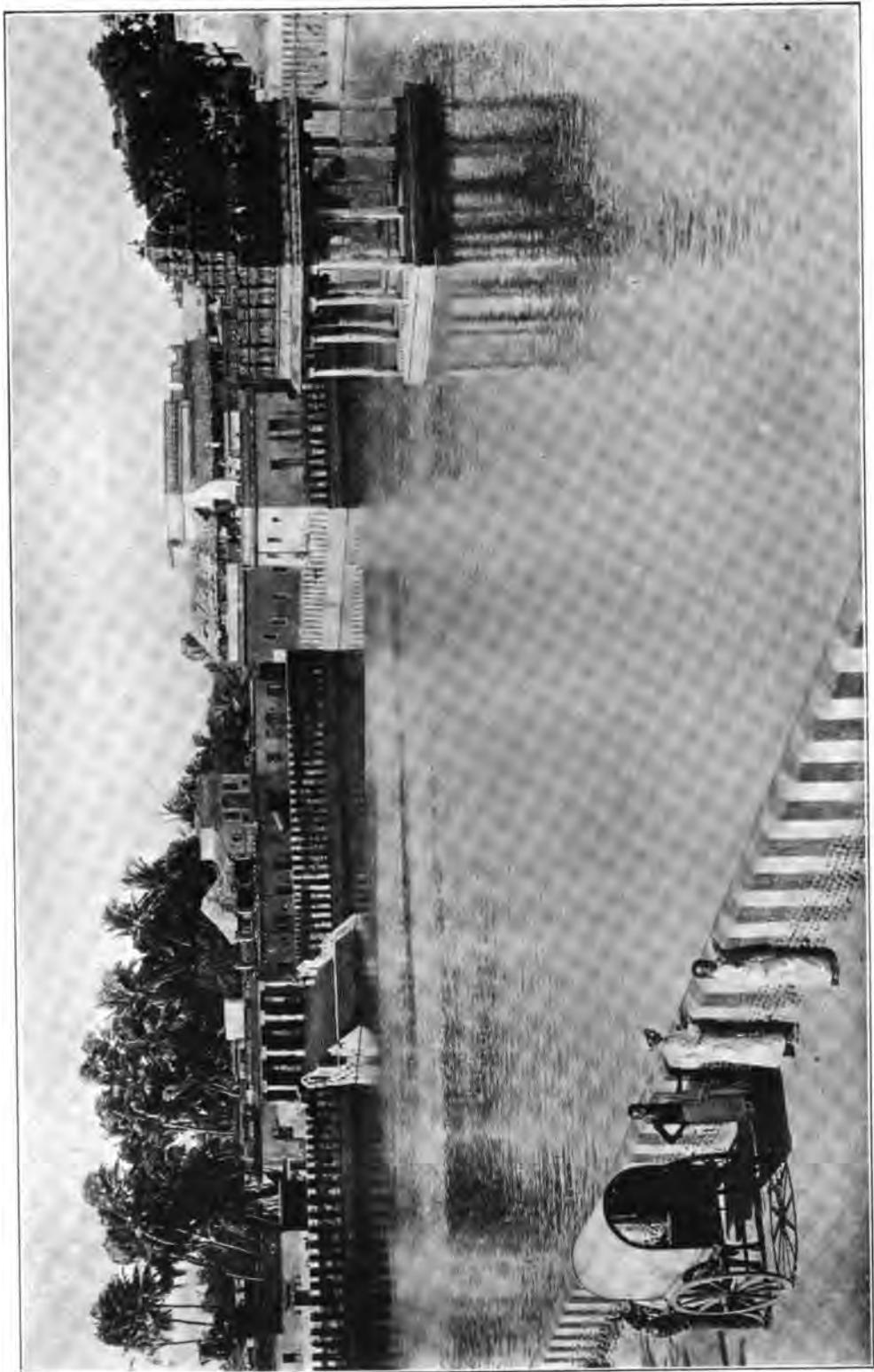
the Hindu held equal feelings against touching the fat of the cow. The hue and cry was immediately raised that the British were about to deal a direct blow to caste and creed.

Seeing their mistake, the military authorities restored the old cartridges, but the sepoys were ripe for mutiny and the scenes that followed would read like extravagant fiction in the history of almost any other country. The first blow was dealt at Barrackpore, March 29, 1857, and then followed the horrible massacre at Delhi, where was repeated a specimen of the horror of the days of the Mogul invasion. In truth the restoration of the Mogul dynasty was proclaimed, and the aged emperor took up his battered sceptre. The British succeeded in recovering the city, which was looked upon as the most important centre of power in India, only after one of the hottest sieges conducted during the war. The entrance of the triumphant troops through the Kashmir Gate was paid for at the price of the life of the brave Sir John Nicholson, whose memory is perpetuated by a noble monument.

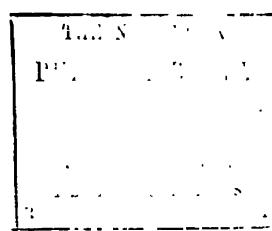
Unfortunately the British army had been weakened by the withdrawal of several of the leading commanders to lend their assistance in the Crimean War, and the British government displayed the same clumsy delay in preparation that they showed in the Far East, when China was dismantled by the Taiping Rebellion; in the Sudan; in South Africa; the same criminal negligence of eternal vigilance that they will sometime, somehow display again in India.

On June 4 the sacred city of Benares was in revolt, and the following day the sepoys of Cawnpore rose and, placing themselves under the command of the rajah of Bittoh, seized the boats on the canal laden with shot and shell, and laid siege to the city. The military force at Cawnpore, anticipating this uprising, had made such defensive preparations as it could, but the soldiers numbered barely 300, while there were twice that number of women, children and old men seeking their protection. The siege lasted twenty-two days, when the besieged, greatly reduced in numbers and nearly famished, were obliged to accept what they considered fair terms of capitulation.

Taken upon the boats for transportation ostensibly to Allahabad, the prisoners were fired upon from a masked battery. In a desperate



GOLDEN LILY TANK.



attempt to escape, three or four succeeded; the rest, those who were not killed outright, were dragged ashore. There the surviving men were murdered, but the women and children were unmercifully spared for a worse fate. On July 15 word was received that General Havelock was coming to rescue, when the hapless women and children were ordered to be massacred and their mutilated bodies thrown into a well.

At Lucknow, in the province of Oude, the situation was even worse. There the uprising had extended outside of the sepoy troops, and the entire population joined in the overthrow of the British. The British garrison here numbered about 1,700, and were under the command of Sir Henry Lawrence. The sepoys mutinied May 30, and July 1, 10,000 of the natives opened a siege of the city, which lasted about three months. During the time Commander Lawrence was killed, and the Europeans suffered from the ravages of fevers, small-pox and cholera to an extent which carried terror to the stoutest heart. It was not until September 25 that Generals Havelock and Outram fought their way with relief. Even then the siege was not raised until late in November, and Lucknow had added another chapter to the horrors of the awful war.

The most serious loss the British suffered was in the Bengal upper division. With the lack of sufficient troops and the revolt breaking out at most unexpected places, it was slow and difficult work to overpower the enemy. In the midst of this discouraging situation another massacre of two hundred women and children, who had escaped the previous slaughter, took place at Cawnpore. The brave Havelock, after relieving Cawnpore and marching to the assistance of Lucknow, with General Neill, who was killed there, finally succumbed to the fatigue of war and climate November 24.

Ten days before this sad occurrence Sir Colin Campbell had arrived in India with re-inforcements from England. From this time on the British forces were assisted by certain native troops who remained faithful to them. Among these were the Mahrattas, some of the Sikhs, and Goorkas under a Nepalese chieftain named Jung Bahadur. But it was not until February 1, 1859, that peace was effected. Gradually the entire population was disarmed, about a million and a half of arms

of all kinds being surrendered. Of the number of Europeans massacred and sacrificed there is no precise record; of the horror and suffering there can be no measure given. To the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta were now added the terrors of Death Ridge at Delhi, the well of the dead at Cawnpore, and the cellar of the cholera stricken victims at Lucknow. The stern justice dealt out by the British to the



BULLOCK COACH, KANIGIRI.

rebels in many cases equaled the terrible outrages committed against helpless women and children. There are memorials to mark the scene of the former, such as we have seen at the Black Hole, Calcutta; there is a fine octagon building marking the scene of the well at Cawnpore, inclosing a tomb. Honest John Nicholson has a fitting monument at Delhi to tell where he met a soldier's fate in bravely leading his troops to the relief of the city. There is another memorial at Lucknow marking that city's sad day. But, with the exception of John Nicholson's monument, not excepting the statues to the "good white empress," these have been sadly defaced by impious hands.

The old saying "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" proved true in this case. The mutiny had awakened the home government to the fact that it was time affairs in India were administered directly by the power of the Crown. Lord Canning, who had held the office of viceroy through the mutiny, resigned in 1862, and was succeeded by Lord Engin.

History is filled too much with the prose of battle; too little with the poetry of peace. In striking contrast to the scenes of the Sepoy Mutiny, which were thrice bloodier than we have cared to picture them, was the visit of the Prince of Wales over the same territory in 1875 and 1876. The same races, the same people, in many cases the same persons who had figured in the great rebellion less than twenty years before, extended the glad hand of good fellowship, and everywhere he went he was joyously entertained. If you ask how this could be, we have only to point to some such outcome in nearly every war that has been fought. As quickly as the clover springs up to conceal the scars of the blood-drenched battle-field and fill the air with its sweet-ness does the human mind forget the rancor where many prevail. No doubt the Indian had come to know his master better, and upon closer acquaintanceship had found him not wholly indifferent to his welfare.

Still it was only a few years since that the English brought upon themselves what for a time threatened to be a serious revolt by destroying an old Hindu temple in Benares. The site was required for the erection of improved water works. The rage of the native races was so great that the safety of every European resident was jeopardized. The Buddhists joined with the Hindus in their opposition and a strong military force had to be rallied immediately. Even then, when workmen began to raze the building, the people sprang to arms and wholesale arrests had to be made before they could be stopped. Had the affair happened thirty years before the whole empire would have been in an uproar.

The years 1878 to 1880 were marked with great uneasiness in India on account of the Russian movements towards what was thought by the British power to mean ultimate possession of the Cabul passes so that they might hold the key to the Indian Empire. This time the English acted with clear-sighted promptness, and if sinister designs

had been planned they were frustrated. The result of the action was the establishment of Khyber Pass as an Anglo-Indian outpost; the Khurmur and Khost valleys to become Indian granaries. The main gateway above Candahar was to be fortified and garrisoned. Thus England safeguarded her Indian possessions against further invasions from that direction.

In 1879 a civil service was created, by which the natives were granted



GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ROOM.

the privilege of participating in the government of their country. From this time public improvements were made with ever-increasing rapidity. Educational matters also came in for supervision and extended improvement. In November, 1885, an army of 15,000 men marched up the Irawadi, bent upon the conquest of Burma. Certain rights of the British in the teak forests had been violated and afforded the pretext for this invasion. It ended as might have been foreseen, in the annexation of Burma to the British Indian Empire. As is usually the case where a poorly united people are shifted from one rule to another, internecine troubles followed and it was two years before the strong hand of the conqueror restored peace.

The year 1887, the Jubilee of the British people, showed the first genuine and general manifestation of loyalty of the Indian races to the Anglo-Saxon rule. The great good feeling that everywhere showed itself among the English seized upon the native populace, and at the grand ceremonials held by the dominant party Indian chiefs and their followers attended, assuring their hosts of their sincere fealty to the government. Public feasts for the poor were given and more than 25,000 prisoners were allowed their freedom. Rare displays of fireworks and illumination occurred in different sections of the empire, so that India shared to no slight extent in the glory and the praise of Old England. Altogether it was the brightest year India had ever known. By many it was hailed as a harbinger of her future greatness and prosperity.

The administration of Lord Lansdowne, beginning the following year and closing in 1893, marked many improvements in the condition of the common people, though in some respects these innovations were stoutly resisted at the time of their enforcement. According to ancient custom it was not infrequent for a female child to be married in infancy, and marriage was the rule at a very early period in life.¹ This pernicious custom was broken, to be followed later by the repeal of another unjust law which forbade the widow to re-marry. Not infrequently she had been sacrificed on the funeral pyre of her dead husband. This, too, was forbidden. The practice of spending great sums at marriages and funerals, the sums paid out often impoverishing the contracting parties in the first case, the surviving relatives in the last, was also ordered to be abolished. Glad, perhaps, to find a reasonable excuse to escape this burden, the princes and chiefs of the native states lent their assistance towards removing this evil. So at last the two

¹ Speaking of the practice of early marriages, a native writer, Saint Nihal Singh, says, "Statistics show the number of female children married under four years of age to be more than 200,000, of those married between five and nine to be over 2,000,000, and those married under fourteen to be 8,000,000; and the enforced widowhood of these girls is the greatest curse of India. But while educated native men are working for the emancipation of the women, unfortunately, they are persistently hindered in their efforts by the opposition offered to their programme of progress by their unlettered, reactionary womenfolk; their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, even their widowed female relatives, are bitterly opposed to this radical reform, and their combined power perpetuates the practice.

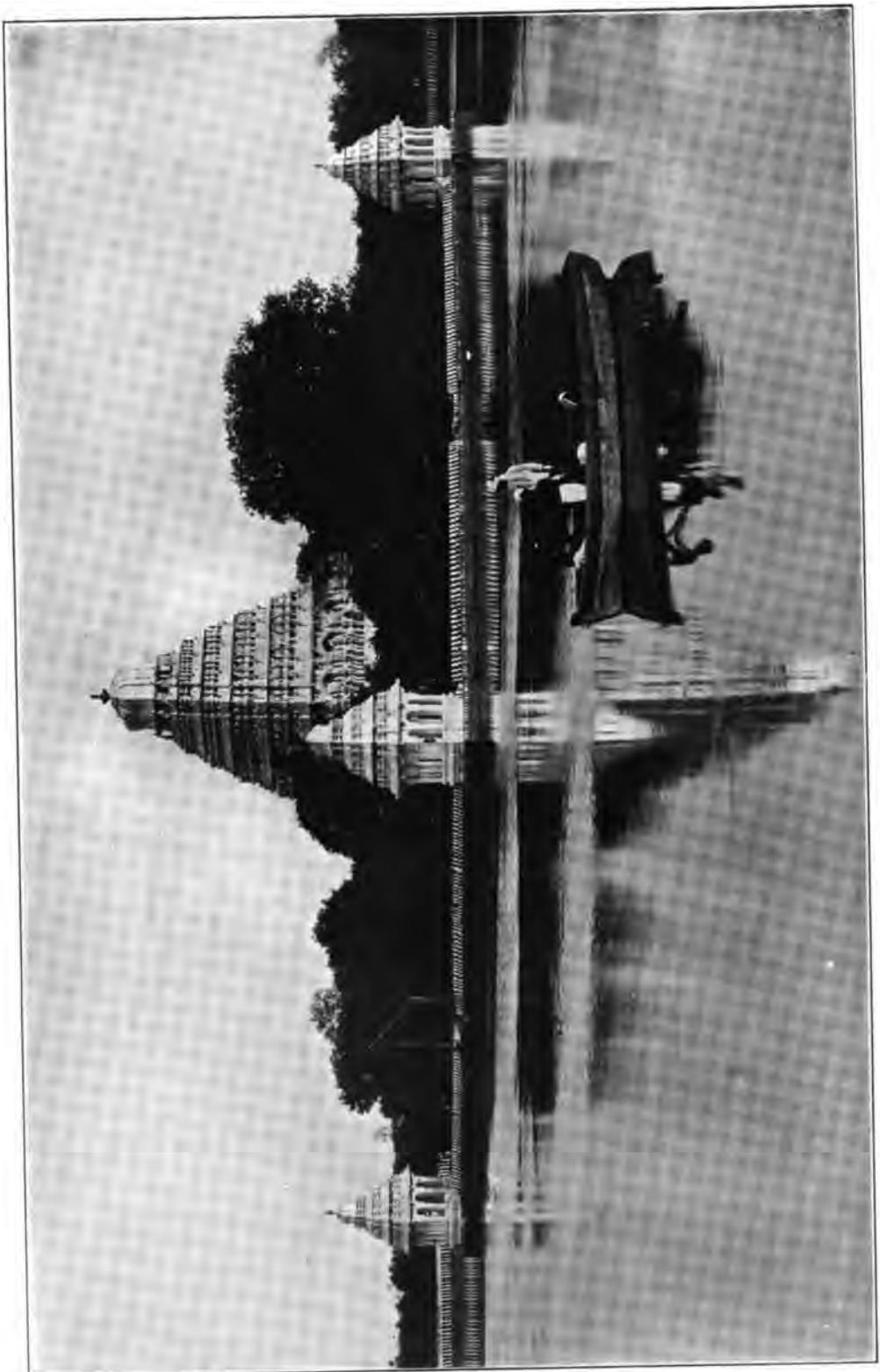
"The last census showed that 997 Mohammedan and 995 Hindu women per 1,000 were illiterate in the year of our Lord 1900. What is still worse is the fact that at present less than one per cent. of Indian girls of school-going age are being educated." — AUTHOR.

powers began to join forces in the onward march towards the union of the many races for the common good of all.

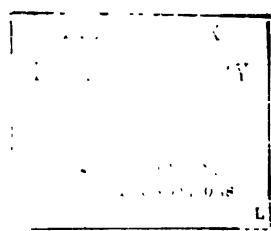
In 1890 further trouble arose on the Burmese frontier, and a small military force was sent hither, quickly quieting the disturbance. The same expedition combined the peaceful pursuit of laying out a railway route with fighting rebellious subjects. They were successful in both operations.

During 1891 a crisis appeared in the affairs of a tyrannical ruler over one of the small states in Southern India. Grown bold with his merciless exercise of power, this khan caused the English prime minister to be put to death on the most trivial ground imaginable. Sir James Brown, the British consul at Kelat, where this infamous act took place, was immediately instructed to depose the despotic ruler, Mir Mahmud Khan. It was done. Upon investigation, this contemptible khan was found to have murdered under the pretence of legal authority over three thousand men and women.

. By this time it must be seen that the marking of the boundary lines and the fitting of the yoke of power so it shall not bear unduly hard on any neck, is a long, interesting story now well into its second century of progress. If the Briton moves slowly, perhaps it is better so. It is impossible to teach a people new ideas; a new religion, new principles of government in one century or two, where they have been accustomed to radically different ways and methods for thousands of years. This is not easy under any circumstances, but where you have many languages in which the new force must be drilled the task is vastly greater. Along with each tongue, too, is a distinct set of idols to tear down; entirely different prejudices to overcome. Here it may be the overthrow of the long-prevailing custom of *sati*, widow sacrifice; there the unequal administration of justice upon the high caste Brahman and the low caste; the removal of the disability of the widow to re-marry; to make the Brahman understand that he will lose nothing politically by the incoming power; to make all realize that the taxes and land revenues must be met regularly and not at irregular intervals; that there is no intention to tear down or undermine the temples of ancient worship and rear in their places the cross; and ever the breaking down of the barriers of caste.



TEPPAKULAM, MADURA.



Forming a striking parallel with the statement of the ignorance of the women of India is the fact that of 55,000,000 Mohammedan men less than ten per cent. know English, while about 75 per cent. understand Hindustani; of the 162,000,000 Hindu men only three per cent. can read English, and only twenty per cent. can read or write in their own language.



VIEW OF ROYAL LAKE FROM DALHOUSIE PARK, RANGOON.

CHAPTER XI.

RESOURCE AND REALITY.

THE government of the Indian Empire is that established by the Government of India Act of 1858, which stipulates that all of the territories previously under the East India Company are vested in his Majesty, all its powers exercised in his name; all revenues, tributes and payments collected and disbursed under his authority, but for the government of India alone. The administration of affairs is entrusted to a Secretary of State for India, assisted by a Council of not less than ten nor over fourteen members, appointed for a term of seven years by the head of the board. At least nine members of the Council must have served or resided ten years in India, and not have left the country more than five years prior to their appointment. Under this regulation the empire is certain to have men in control who are familiar with the situation of its finances and resources. This Secretary and his Council regulate the expense of the government.

The supreme executive authority in India is vested in the Governor-

General in Council, and is often styled the "Government of India." This Governor-General or Viceroy is appointed by the Crown for a term of five years. For convenience in government the empire is divided into nine provinces, as follows: Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Eastern Bengal and Assam, United Provinces of Agra and Oude, the Punjab, Burma, Central Provinces and North West Province. Besides these larger divisions there are four smaller ones, consisting of Coorg, Ajmer-Merwara, British Beluchistan and the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, each under a commissioner.

In every province there are two departments, one dealing with Land Records, the other with Agriculture, both of which collect and distribute agricultural statistics, manage experiment farms, introduce new agricultural implements, try new staples, organize schools and colleges for teaching the science of agriculture. There is an Imperial Department of Agriculture, with an Inspector-General and staff of experienced officers. There is also a Veterinary Department for the improvement of stock.

Though a part of the British Empire, with 1,766,642 square miles of territory, nearly one-half of this vast domain, or to be exact 700,000 square miles, is still under control of native princes and chiefs. Of the 300,000,000 population, 66,000,000 are under native rulers. The most important sovereignty is that of Hyderabad, with a population of 11,000,000. The revenues from these dependencies range from about \$12,000,000 down to a few hundred dollars.

The scope and importance of these native princes, rajas, and chiefs are varied, but not more widely differing than their personal characteristics. While there are those who lay claim, plausibly, to a divine origin, and who conduct themselves in a manner worthy at least of royal descent, there are those who make no pretence to being higher than the sons of warriors who seized by force the little parcel of country, that they have managed to hold. Thus some are educated, intelligent, chivalrous, entirely worthy of the position they fill with courtly grace; others are grossly ignorant, non-progressive, lacking even the manly qualities that belong to common life.

Of course the paternal hand is ever extended over these tribal chiefs and rajas; they cannot issue edicts of war nor sign ratifications of

peace; cannot extend their military power beyond certain limits; nor levy revenues upon their people outside of fixed sums; yet, so long as they keep within reasonable bounds, they are not dictated to. On the other hand, no European is allowed to appear at any of their courts without special permission.

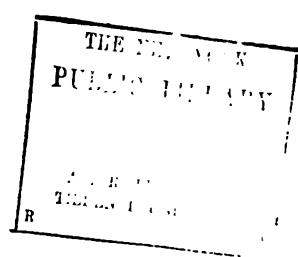
The sumptuous hospitality of one of these native princes cannot be better described than in the words of a recent tourist. After speaking of the modest requirements that seemed sufficient to meet his demands, he continues: "But these are trifles to your Oriental host. He takes you from the station in a carriage with two turbaned servants on the box, and two standing on the foot-board behind; he puts a whole house at your disposal with a steward and a staff of servants; you have but to order your carriage or a saddle-horse when they are wanted; and one of your host's own officers or secretaries is at your beck and call as guide and interpreter. He does not take you to the play, but he sends his whole troop of musicians and singers and dancing girls to give you an entertainment in your own drawing-room; he orders his athletes and wrestlers, and there were a score or more of them, to perform for you alone; temples, palaces, schools, hospitals are open and ready for you to inspect; his army is called for you to review; his cheetahs and an army of beaters are there to give you a day's hunting of the deer; his elephants, his wonderful white bullocks, his stable of horses, all these are at your disposal. If you are interested in any or all of these things, he is the more delighted to have you for his guest, and the more willing to show you everything, and the more eager that you should prolong your visit. What puzzles him and those about him, is that you should have fixed dates for other visits, that you should consider time as a factor, permit time to tyrannize over your inclinations."

It can be readily seen that it requires no small amount of tact and good government to keep within peaceful restriction so many and so varied semi-independent principalities, the governing powers of no two of which, in their own estimation, have anything in common. To increase this difficulty, courteous to an extreme, affable to a marked degree, ever anxious to please whom they choose, to snub whom they wish, these same princes and rajas are among the most sensitive persons in the world. A fancied question of their motives, a neglect of



NATIVE MUSICIANS.

W. E. B. S.



formal courtesy, may at any time be translated to mean a thrust at their nobility, an offence to their pride, a blow at their religion, and their bitter enmity is gained!

As a rule, let it be said to their credit, the resident British commissioners, judges, law-givers, politicians, if you will, have shown a remarkable aptitude for this difficult task. Thus the work of unification has been going on quietly, steadily, slowly, year by year, until it seems



HINDU CHILDREN PICKING COTTON.

safe to predict that the crisis has passed, and that not long hence India will have been cemented into a grand unit, when it shall take its place among the leading nations of the earth, rich in its traditional heritage, strong in its natural strength, powerful in its vast energy to do and dare.

The most important source of income is from the land. The chief crops are rice, 75,000,000 acres; wheat, 20,000,000 acres; other cereals, 92,000,000 acres; sugar cane, 3,000,000 acres; tea, 515,000 acres; cotton, 15,000,000 acres; oil seeds, 12,000,000 acres; indigo, 400,000 acres; tobacco, 975 acres. There are also extensive coffee plantations, and

among other fibres besides cotton, jute is raised to a considerable extent.

In British territory the cultivation of the poppy is allowed only in parts of the provinces of Bengal and the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. A few thousand acres of this opium plant are grown in the Punjab for local consumption. This pernicious plant, however, is raised to considerable extent in the native states, though its sale has to be made through the government and by auction in monthly sales at Patna and Ghazipur for export to China. This poppy is really of an inferior quality to that raised in China, and has been no little source of dissatisfaction between the countries, the Chinese claiming that were it not for India they could stamp out the opium habit, which is such a curse to their race.

The revenue to the government is fixed according to an assessment on estates or holdings, and in some localities this value was made permanent over one hundred years ago. In other localities it is arranged periodically at intervals of twelve to thirty years. Where the taxes are permanently arranged the revenue represents about one-fifth of the rental, or about one-twenty-fourth of the gross value of the product. In tracts where the settlements are not permanent the revenue rates are higher, almost one-half of the estimated rental and one-tenth of the value of the product.

While figures do not make the page inviting, yet frequently they afford interesting reading. They lend relief to the stories of the ancient invasions, the horrors of massacre, the suffering of famine, the terrors of pestilence, the deadly dangers from deluge, when they become the milestones of progress. India is already bound north to south, east to west, the land of the Bengalese to the plains of the Mahratta, with over 30,000 miles of railway; if not the best service in the world, still improving year by year; girded by 100,000 miles of telegraph wire; one acre in every seven in the entire country watered by irrigating systems whose canals cover 17,000,000 acres more or less; postmen and post carriages that deliver 700,000,000 letters every year; all this done out of a gross revenue of £75,272,000, only one-third of which is raised by direct taxation.

While this has been done, together with the advance in the adminis-

tration of justice, the public safety protected and upheld until the proportion of crime is smaller than in many of the so-called civilized countries, the export and import trade in half a century has risen from £40,000,000 to £200,000,000 annually. The public debt, not including the proportion protected by values of the system of canals, the railways and other public works, is only a little rising £28,000,000.

The manufacturing interest in India has already reached an impor-



MADURA MISSION. BOYS AT INDUSTRIAL WORK.

tant position and is gaining year by year. At present there are about 250 cotton mills in operation, giving an average daily employment to 250,000 persons. Over fifty jute mills give employment to 200,000 people. Besides several minor manufactories, there are five woolen mills and nine paper mills. Against these numbers occupied as operatives in the manufactories are 191,000,000 engaged in agriculture; in cattle-raising, almost 4,000,000.

The statistics of India cannot be other than open to error. While these calculations are based on the most recent returns, some of them are more than twenty years old, and imperfectly computed then. But

the main facts are of recent collection. The total population has been given as 300,000,000 people. The total area approaches 2,000,000 square miles. There is a slight excess of males in numbers. The average a square mile is a little above 200 persons. More than half of the males are unmarried; nearly half of the females. About 15,000,000 males are able to read and write, and 1,000,000 females, referring of course to the natives. This leaves a vast number with not even the rudimentary principles of an education.

Schools are being established as rapidly as may be, and there are five universities: one at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad and the Punjab, with several affiliated colleges. Still education makes but slow progress. Papers are published in 22 languages, there being nearly 8,000 newspapers and periodicals. About ten thousand books are printed a year, of which three-fourths are in the Indian languages.

By far the largest number of people speaking any one language are the Hindus to the number of 87,000,000, and the people of Bengal, to the number 44,000,000.

The religions are divided nearly as follows: The Hindus (Brahmanism), 207,147,026; Sikhs, 2,195,339; Jains, 1,334,148; Buddhists, 9,476,759; Parsees, 94,190; Mohammedans, 62,458,077; Christians, 2,923,241; Animistics, 8,584,148; Jews, 18,288; other sects, 129,900. Of the Christians, the Roman Catholics number nearly one-half.

The population of some of the leading cities runs closely to the following figures: Calcutta at the head, with 1,026,987 to her credit; Bombay, 821,764; Madras, 509,000; Hyderabad, 448,466; Lucknow, 264,049; Rangoon, 234,881; Benares, 209,331; Delhi, 208,575; Lahore, 202,964; Cawnpore, 197,170.

The military forces of India are divided into two divisions, the Northern Army and the Southern Army. The former comprises the Peshawar, Pindi, Lahore, Meerut, and Lucknow, with three independent frontier brigades of Kohat, Bannu, and the Derajat. The Southern Army contains the troops of Quetta, Mhow, Puna, Secunderabad, those of Burma, and the small garrison of Aden. The former corps number 41,466 British soldiers, and 87,316 natives. The latter forces have 33,802 British, and 70,738 natives.

In connection with this brief summary of statistical facts concerning

India a few comparisons may prove interesting. The inhabitants of India, China, Japan, the Straits Settlements and East Indian Islands, as nearly as may be estimated, number almost 1,000,000,000 of people, or more than half of the entire population of the globe. Of this great number India affords about one-third, and together with China's 400,000,000, three-fourths. India, as has been said, has a density of population reaching 200 persons to the square mile; China, 100;



KAREN MISSION SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.

Japan, 317; Europe, with an area of 3,627,000 square miles, has a population rising above 107 to the square mile. The British Isles have an average of 468 to the square mile, while England alone, the god-mother of India, numbers her inhabitants as 615 to the square mile; the United States, not considering the Philippines or any outlying provinces, has barely 30 persons to a square mile. The most densely populated state in the Union, Rhode Island, has over 400 inhabitants to the square mile.

Her exports slightly in advance of her imports, though her population is nearly double that of Europe per square mile, India is still able to support a larger number under improved methods of cultivation

and more economical management. It is safe to predict that these two are certain to move forward, side by side, until India shall be a power to be felt in the conduct of affairs in the Orient. With her extensive sea-coast, her inland barrier of mountains, her systems of rivers, her far-reaching plains of varied productiveness and her manufacturing facilities, India is situated to command the future of Asia, or at least have a powerful influence in shaping its policy. Under these conditions England can well afford to be lenient with India, though it is only a firm hand that can control her many races. Without India the United Kingdom of Great Britain would be little more than its high-sounding name. With it she is in truth "Mistress of the Seas and Earth."

By this it is not intended to mean that England, or even America, in the Philippines, need hope or expect to make an Occidental of the Oriental. It is better not to try. The two are as dissimilar as the zones. America may guard Panama, maintain an outpost at Hawaii, and govern as she may the Philippines; or England may hold her Gibraltar, guard her Suez, and raise the British standard over India, the Orient is Oriental still. The true avenue is along the commercial path, and there America should awaken to her opportunities.

The imports most needed at present in India are cotton goods, iron and steel, agricultural implements, household ware, and carriages of various kinds. Then, of course, there are the ever recurring articles needed to support life, meats and dairy products, with their accompaniments, drugs and medicine. The capacity to produce these articles is increasing year by year at home. Coal, iron and salt are the leading exports. Gold has been found only in small quantities, in the Himalaya districts, where also silver, copper and lead exist to an unknown extent. There are valuable tin mines in Burma, and petroleum has been discovered in Pegu and in the Punjab. Formerly gems to a great extent were found, the diamond, ruby, topaz, beryl and garnet being conspicuous, the most of the Indian diamonds, once so famous, are now found in the central and southern provinces.



BOYS HARVESTING RICE, PASUMALAI.

CHAPTER XII.

FLORA, FAUNA, AND FAMINE.

THE above terms may seem a singular combination of words to form the caption for a chapter. But a slight consideration reveals to us the fact that the second and the third are dependent upon the first. Tell me the nature of the forests of a country and I will reply by naming to you the wild denizens that people its primitive domains. Again, tell me if it has great tracts of wilderness or no forest at all, and I will inform you if it is wet or dry. If it has mountains then I know it has rivers.

In the era of Hindu greatness, when the tribes lived in their respective villages, which were grouped around the rice-fields, before the serious invasions of the northern hordes, these hamlets were separated one from another by tracts of forest jungle, known as the *Maha Vana* or Great Wood. These vast jungles stretched probably over the entire level land from the base of the Himalaya to the southern limit of the valley of "The Great River," the Ganges.

Along the borders of these dense woodlands the cattle owned by the people grazed and fattened. The jungles afforded safe retreat for the outlaws of society, who managed to live by their raids upon the half-wild herds of the inhabitants of the little republics made up by the self-governing villages. Very mild-mannered outcasts were those refugees of the forests, as no more blackening crime was held to their discredit than the pilfering of an occasional fat bullock to appease the gnawing of hunger that wild men must feel as well as their civilized brothers.

This plain of the Ganges taken with the territory of Central India constituted ancient Hindustan. It is a fertile country, and for many centuries has teemed with a dense population. Almost every square mile of this country has been bathed in human blood, and has more history of suffering and sacrifice, of pomp and poverty than almost any other region under the sun. This was the Eden of India, the Garden of Asia. The temples of worship and the courts of justice were alike the groves that were such distinctive features of those small republics. There in open assembly, possibly with a bamboo roof to protect them from the elements but never with walls, the civil and religious ceremonies were conducted always with decorum, usually with satisfaction to all concerned.

The character of the flora, as in other countries, varied according to the altitude of the land. In the mountainous districts of the north of India the vegetation is similar to that of Europe. The pine and its coniferous kindred flourish in stately beauty. British Burma affords a soil and atmosphere favorable to its growth, but no species of this majestic tree is found within the peninsula of India. Below the dominion of the pine grows in abundance the *ficus elastica*, one of the finest specimens of the caoutchouc family. These India Rubber trees are found in almost inexhaustible numbers beyond the valley of the Ganges, and are sources of great profit. These trees—and they usually grow singly or in groups of two or three—are easily distinguished from others by their stately trunks and magnificent crests. One frequently has a circumference of seventy-five feet, and lifts its green crown to the height of a hundred feet, while its wide-spreading branches shelter a circumference of over six hundred feet.

Closely allied to this species is the *ficus religiosa*, or banyan tree, one of the most famous trees in history. These are not as lofty as the rubber tree or even the pine, but are noted for the space they frequently cover. Sending down to the earth vertical shoots, these catch upon the soil, and rapidly reversing their form of growth, become pillars of support to the ever-increasing foliage overhead. Not infrequently these dependent branches become equal in size or larger than the original trunk. Adding to themselves in this manner, one of the trees becomes a grove covering as many as fifteen acres of ground. A noted banyan tree growing on the banks of the Nerbudda in the days of the Mogul raids sheltered at one time 7,000 of Baber's soldiers. The mounds where Hindu widows have performed *suttee* and near temples are places where these trees grow abundantly. They bear a small fruit of the nature of the fig, but not of good flavor. The leaves are large and of a bright green, smooth and brilliant as they grow older. These were used by the Brahmans as dishes from which to partake of their food.

Below the belt of the rubber tree, which extends far east into Assam, the bamboo is lord of the forest, and it affords a valuable export for the natives, who send millions of them down the Ganges to markets in all parts of the world. In the Northwest Province the deodar, a species of the cedar, is abundant and furnishes a large number of the railway ties used in India. The cedar of Goa is the most famous of the cedars of India. This is the handsomest of all the cedars. In Mysore are plantations of sandalwood, and the ironwood flourishes in Aracan. The palm family is represented in the betelnut and the cocoanut.

Few if any countries can show a greater variety or abundance of wild creatures than India. One reason for this has been the earnest appeals of their religious teachers to spare the brute creation. Both Brahma and Buddha taught this, and the dangerous denizens of the jungle profited by this humane doctrine. Several species of the deer and two of the four-horned antelopes abound in the northern foothills. In the southland various kinds of monkeys, with long tails, the best known of which is the Hindu's sacred animal, are scattered throughout the wooded districts. Throughout the peninsula the buffalo runs

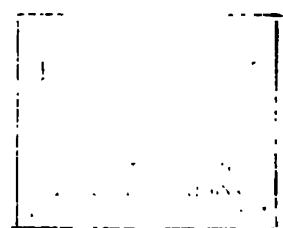
wild, or allows the Hindu to domesticate him for use. The other useful animals are the ass, horse, yak and goat. Foxes, squirrels, hares and porcupines are numerous, as well as bears and wild boars. Camels are not natives but have been introduced.

Among the most common and hideous of the inhabitants of the jungle are the striped hyena and the jackal. Two species of the rhinoceros, each with a single horn, roam at will the forests, smaller in the Bengal lowlands, of larger stature under the shadows of the Himalayas. The noblest of the quadrupeds of the animal kingdom, the mighty elephant, lords it over the land, an object of respect alike to man and brute. Among the ten species of the feline tribe are numerous leopards, cheetahs, panthers and lions. The last-named have short manes and are very ferocious. Last but more dreaded than all the others were the royal or Bengal tigers, probably the most destructive to human life of all the four-footed enemies of man. They not infrequently reached the length of ten to twelve feet and the height of four feet. The average was not much below these figures. We say *were*, because the rifle of the Englishman has made such havoc among these prowling denizens of the jungle that they are now comparatively scarce. But when the natives had only their traps and spears, or bows with poisoned arrows, they were numerous and a fearful menace against the peace and safety of man and his domesticated kine. The tiger could carry off an ox with ease and a man in its clutch was as nothing to impede its flight. Sleeping through the day, it began its nocturnal warfare soon after sunset, and woe to man or creature that crossed its path. Its lissom sides and back of a bright orange yellow, with face, throat and under parts nearly white, the upper parts striped with bands of a darker hue, gliding silently, stealthily, boldly through the shadows of the forest, its eyes scintillating like twin stars in the night, it was a beautiful but terrible beast.

More to be dreaded than the tiger are some of the poisonous reptiles that infest the dense underwood. The most deadly of these are the noted cobra de capello, the hooded tree snake and the hamadryad. One hundred and fifty kinds of snakes infest the jungles of Central and Southern India, more than half of which are poisonous. Added to these are the crocodiles that haunt the rivers, formerly in great numbers.



MUNACHEE TEMPLE, MADURA.



Something of the dread that must be felt for these creatures may be realized in the fact that during the year 1869 14,569 persons died from snake bites in India.

India was the homeland of most of our domesticated fowls, where they abound in their wild state, with quails, partridges, pheasants, peacocks, cuckoos, pigeons, parrots, kingfishers and others. Many of the feathered creatures are of beautiful plumage, including the four last-



FAMINE CHILDREN FED ON "PRICKLY PEARS."

given in the list. The crows, to be found in all climes, are numerous, while eagles, hawks, falcons and vultures are among the birds of prey. Cranes, herons and storks abound in its waters. The rivers afford an abundance of fish, which is a staple article of food in many localities.

But the India we have described is largely the India of the past. No more does "the wood guard the tiger as the tiger doth guard the wood." The purpose of the tiger's existence seemed to have been to protect the great natural reservoirs of the country, the Maha-

Vana, or Great Wood. As long as this "king of brutes" held his sovereignty, so long was there rain in abundance, and if the fall was not great in any one season, then the reserve supply held by the primeval forest served to water the land until again the god of plenty should water his growing crops.

There were roads hewn through these forests banding village to village, and these the people trod in daylight with comparative safety, or by night with flaming torch. But woe to the foolhardy one who dared to penetrate the untrodden wilderness alone and unlighted by the friendly firebrand. A bolder, if not a more foolhardy person than he, came with his weapon of civilization, the axe. Before this the luxuriant growth fell, the roadway broadened into fields, and the torch was used, not to lighten the pathway, but to fire the tiger's lair. To-day the tiger prowls abroad by day nor night; neither does that great canopy of greenwood shield the bare, brown country stretching southward from the Ganges, where the good god Indra has forsaken man and beast, while gaunt famine stalks year by year, "as much at home as is Siva in a graveyard." Where once the Nerbudda flowed in majestic flood, swelling as it swept on its noble errand to the sea, starving cattle lie down to a lingering death upon the parched clay of its former bed.

In justice to the god and the woodman it should be said that there were deserts in India before the days of the despoiler of the vegetable kingdom, not the least remarkable of them being the Great Thor, east of the valley of the Indus, where the nearest approach to life were the billows of sand wafted on the wings of the west wind.

There were droughts, too, in India, the records of which are traced into remote ages, when we are told that it was misplaced confidence to trust the gods over-much. Hence systems of irrigation were instituted at a period beyond any date that can be fixed even by the Rig Veda. One king is reminded not to place all of his faith for a good harvest in the gods. Reservoirs were built and canals dug to water certain sections of the country during a period of drought. Naturally famines followed these droughts, and often entire villages were destroyed. So were there floods, during which overflows of the streams much property was destroyed, and frequently loss of life ensued.

Special mention has been made of this fact to show the lack of

support for the charge that, while droughts existed to a limited extent in the past, *famine is due to British government!*

As preposterous as this idea may seem, indirectly it expresses some truth. Under the native system of collecting taxes or revenue the levy was made when the crops were good. If, on account of drought or for any other cause, the farmer did not receive living returns, he was exempted from paying any dues to the village government. In this way



FISHING FOR MINNOWS.

he was better able to begin his season's work the succeeding year. Under British management, though the taxes may not aggregate more in a certain number of years, the allotted amount must come annually. Thus, if the season should be unfavorable for the crops, the payment among these improvident people might cripple them. In frequent cases they would not have seed enough to build the foundation for another crop, or at the most for only a partial crop. Then, should the season again be unfavorable, famine would result.

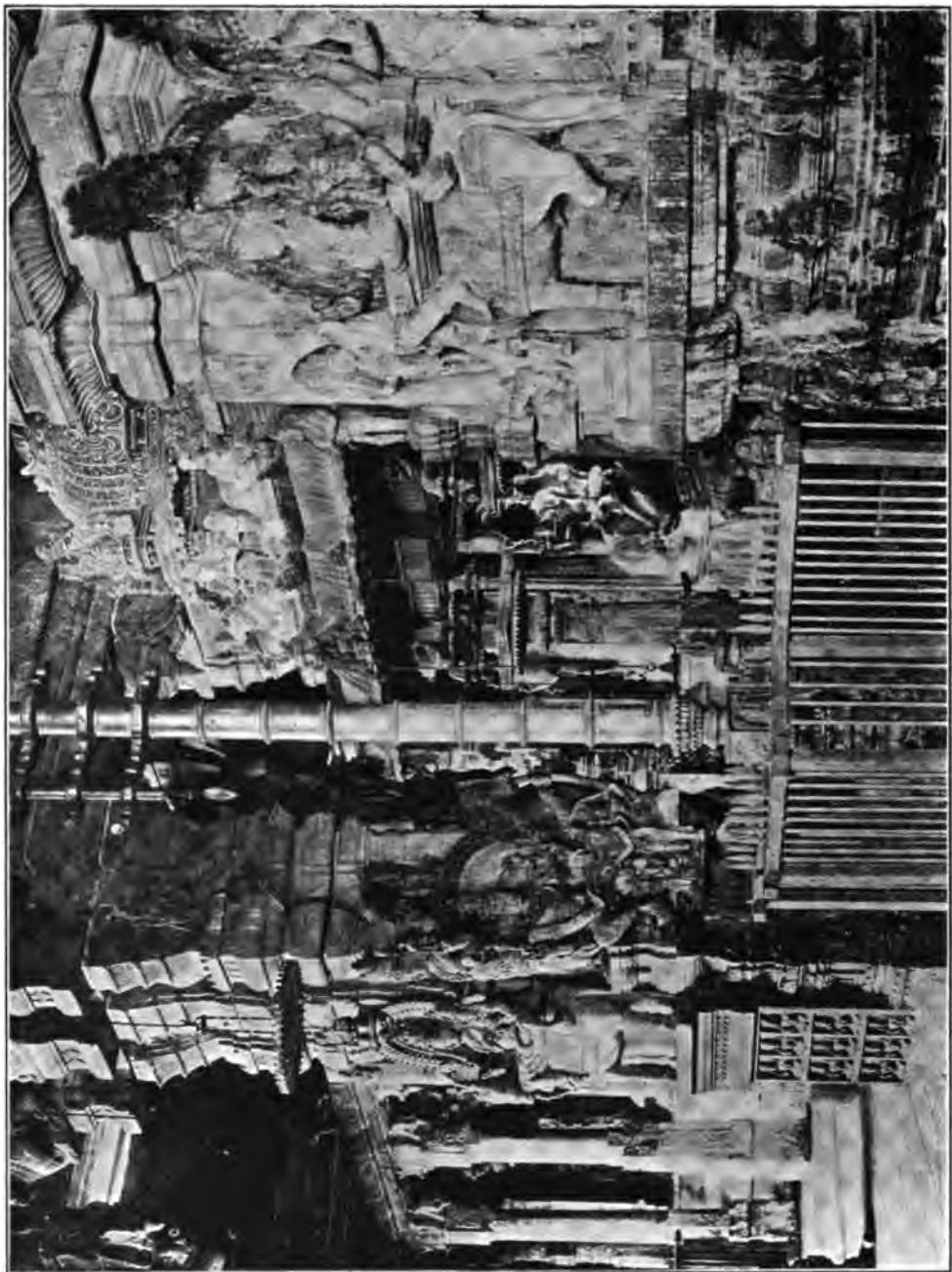
From a historical view-point we find that famines have existed for a long period. The most disastrous that is mentioned occurred in 1396, and has been designated as "the dreadful famine." It is said to have

lasted twelve years. If this is true or not, its effects were shown in the land revenues for thirty years, and "whole districts were depopulated." In 1629-30 famine and pestilence together threw their gloom over the land. Other famines have occurred in different sections of the country. A famine in 1770 and another in 1784 occurred when taxation was excessive, and yet a third in 1803, known as the "Famine of Bombay," was partly due to a raid by the Mahrattas at seed time. There was a severe famine in North India in 1860, and six years later took place the noted Orissa famine, when many lives were lost, by starvation and by the floods that followed so rapidly the drought. In 1876 we have to record another prevailing lack of food supplies in North India, which resulted in the loss of 1,250,000 lives. In 1889 and again in 1892 famines prevailed and the people suffered greatly.

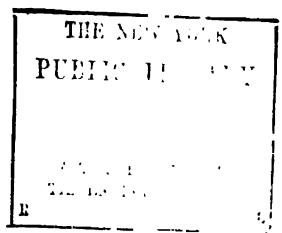
It must not be forgotten that the tillers of this Garden of Asia have been cropping the soil for unnumbered years, and putting back very slight if any return of fertilization. Their very religion has worked against the performance of this duty, as they must not place to any extent upon the land the excrements of those animals that were held to be sacred. But light is slowly breaking, and with improved railway facilities, which enable the government to send supplies more quickly to those districts where famine reigns, it is doubtful if the country suffers again with so many disastrous years from lack of food.

The government is also making extensive enlargements in its systems of irrigation. The largest reservoir in the world and one of the greatest undertakings of man is the artificial lake at Rajputana, which covers twenty-one square miles, and is known as "The Great Tank of Dhebar." Its far-reaching system of canals waters the vast plains to the south for hundreds of miles.

Let us brighten these gloom-haunted scenes with a glimpse of Paradise, the famous Vale of Cashmere, where famine has never thrust its forbidding presence. Kashmir, as the natives call it, lies in the heart of that lofty province overlooked by the Himalayas, and watered by the River Jehlum, which winds down its entire length of over a hundred miles to contribute its offering to the Indus. The valley is about seventy miles in breadth, and before the birth of history, when the earth was young, and the races of men lived near to Nature, this was a favor-



GOLDEN FLAG STAFF, MADURA.



ite retreat for the birds and animals of plain and mountain and the wandering tribes of men.

In the course of time the forests have nearly all vanished; the wild goat, the clumsy bear, the bounding ibex, the light-footed antelope, and the musk-deer have fled; even the races of men that tented here have departed; but the Jhelum still follows its circuitous course leisurely, as if loth to leave its loved one, while the fame of Kashmir is worldwide rather than local. Mohammedan writers have praised its natural charms without qualification. And, whether seen in "its fresh green foliage of spring, its many-hued autumnal tints, with its glistening snow-capped mountains, its quiet glassy river meandering through shady groves," or along great meadows carpeted with their tapestry of green, no one has arisen bold enough to limit the description of its glories. Sweet Tom Moore, more perhaps than any English author, caught the halo of its transcendental loveliness; and he was led to exclaim:

" Sunny is the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Ay, bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray.

" And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seem'd as though from all the bowers,
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here.
The Lake, too, like a Paradise breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky!

" Then the sounds from the Lake, — the low whispering in boats,
As they shot through the moonlight; — the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
Through the groves that round the islands, as if all the shores
Like those of Cathay, utter'd music and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

" O, best of delights as it everywhere is
To be near the loved one — what a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music may glide
O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that One by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of Cashmere!"



DALHOUSIE PARK, RANGOON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRATH OF THE GODDESS KALI.

TAKEN literally, it is small wonder if the terrible goddess of the destruction of human life, Kali, is worshiped with a frenzied devotion. War and famine may be abroad, but their work is as nothing compared to the harvest of woe and despair reaped by the White Goddess. And the oldest, as the traditions run, and most dreaded of her offspring, is cholera and its kindred diseases or manifestations of death. Hippocrates describes briefly this awful visitation, which at that remote period found its way westward as far as Greece. Other writers mention forms of plague originating in India, which has been called the birthplace of such pestilences. "The Black Death" of the 14th century left its fearful impression upon the population of Asia and Europe, before its career was ended. All of the earlier intercourse between European lands had been seriously affected by these scourges of India.

Dr. J. C. Peters, who made a close study of the subject, traced out a
1800

series of twelve-year periodical visits of the cholera, beginning with 1756 and continuing through one hundred and twenty years. No doubt this order might be traced still further into the past; probably to the beginning of the twelve-year festivals held by the followers of the Moslem faith. These epidemics were invariably carried by the pilgrims going and coming on their pious pilgrimages. The routes over which the disease spread in each case have been clearly defined, and always the impetus and direction were given by the simple-hearted heretic bent on doing good in his own way. The description of one visitation, that of 1896, is sufficient to illustrate the accompanying horrors of all others.

The natives could not bear the thought of segregation. Its idea of separation brought a new terror into their hearts, a new fright into their souls. Tormented already with the fear of their cruel gods, the moment they were stricken with the symptoms of the dread disease, they would abandon everything to escape from the fever-smitten city. In their blind despair even their dead — the loved-one of yesterday — was forgotten. If a companion was stricken as they fled, his body was left by the roadside, deserted in the street crowded with the maddened wretches. Yet those who sought escape in flight, forgot that the plague had wings that carried it more swiftly than feet could fly.

Among those who did not try to run away from death, the scene was even more horrible, when one of some trembling family was seized with the awful malady. In some mysterious way tidings of the seizure would fly to the queen's watchers, and immediately the government servants would come to bear the sufferer away to the hospital. To the simple-hearted native there was nothing of mercy in this. He knew only too well that few if any ever came back. At the outbreak of grief neighbors quickly joined the bereaved family, until the air rang with the wails of woe and lamentations. Were the victim a woman, the mourning was loud and deep; were it a man, the husband and father, the brother or lover, who can measure the agony of the Oriental heart! Surely not the Occidental witness. He may have grief in his heart, but it fails in its expression when compared to the utter abandonment of these poor creatures following the doomed one borne away by the bearers, protected by a small body of police. The women followed nearest, with uplifted hands clasped over their heads and tears stream-

ing down their faces. Then came the men, if not as frantic as the women, yet giving utterance to mournful cries and wails. Behind the able-bodied young men followed the old and decrepit, and then the children in their ignorance and lack of appreciation of the signification of the horrible scene being enacted.

Soon these last would linger by the wayside, and begin to build houses of sand, typical indeed of the human tabernacle. Then the



SMALL PAGODAS AT BASE OF SHIVE DAGON.

police, with more or less compassion in their hearts for the unfortunate mourners, would seek to send them back to their homes. Failing, often, to accomplish their humane purpose by kind treatment, they were forced to resort to more violent measures in order to separate the well from the sick. Then the outburst would become the most ungovernable. It was not uncommon to see a woman faint, and strong men have been known to reel and drop as limp as a string in the middle of the street.

No stranger or more impressive spectacle could be imagined. No funeral could equal it. In truth, was it not a funeral—a funeral of the living? Beyond doubt it would frequently be one's only funeral,

for who was there who cared for the dead? Scarcely would the breath of life have left the body, ere that poor thing of clay would be rushed to the pit or pyre. It mattered not how quickly. In the presence of death men become callous, and if that death comes swift and mysterious he acts with corresponding wildness and haste. Amid such frightful surroundings, with minds distraught and reaching out for any possible avenue of escape, the idea occurred to some of those high in authority to make a public supplication for divine aid in staying the hand of this fell destroyer, and it was resolved that a great meeting should be held to offer up petitions to that end.

"On January 2nd a vast crowd of Mohammedans foregathered for the event. As no building in Bombay could hold them they met in the open. That scene was one, too, not to be forgotten. It was the end of the winter's day. Beyond the yellow margin of the Esplanade, where the blue grackles quarreled in the grimy trees, stretched the bay-water dancing brightly, while far in the distance the Highlands rose purple under the low sun. Except for the birds it was still. The noise of the city had almost ceased. The multitude had come together silently as if awed. They had been collecting all day. They gathered, dark-faced and sombre, in families and white-robed bands, slowly arranging themselves. But soon they were too numerous for distinction; only they kept, as they knelt, compactly side by side, a sort of serried order. The service was begun by the principal Kazi, who first singly invoked God to avert the arrows of his pestilence. Afterwards the whole assemblage united in prayer, at the beginning with sounds low and monotonous, but then louder and so in more varied tones, till when the mania of fervor had roused them fully, the excitement shrilled their voices and the prayer became a cry and then a yell like an imprecation. One would scream and then stop, and then another would scream, or a dozen would shriek together; and all the time they prayed, they prostrated themselves. So their bodies rose and fell in long rows like waves; while in regular movement each forehead would be bowed to the dust and then uplifted, the head thrown back, the arms extended to Heaven, the dark features contorted with the intensity of their supplications. Raised a little above them on boxes and stools draped for this purpose, stood here and there the priests leading the appeal of

the great host, as it bowed and rose, swaying rhythmically to the music of the chanted prayers."

This striking ceremony was continued for over an hour, and until the sinking sun sent its golden rays horizontally across the shimmering waters of the bay. Then each priest, with outstretched hand, extolled them for their piety, and assured them that Allah would not forget the supplications of his children. Thus the crowd slowly dispersed,



THE THOUSAND PILLARED TEMPLE, HANAMAKONDA.

eating of the cakes and dates provided for their bodily sustenance, and showing by the changed looks on their countenances that they had been comforted by the hopes held out to them. In a little while, as the shadows of approaching night darkened the picturesque scene, one and all vanished.

Scenes like this were frequent elsewhere. Nor would the supplications of this gathering end with a single petition. To-morrow, it might be, such of those as had been spared from the awful scourge during the short interval between, would reappear here, pray, supplicate, bow and gesticulate, listen to the soothing words of the priests, eat of the tribute brought and depart for the brief while hopeful and thankful. As ter-

rible as it is when we face death understandingly, it is untold times more frightful when those who look into its ghastly presence know not what it means and cannot tell whence it comes.

Among the lower and even middle classes, the ignorant and the partially educated, it was currently believed that the real cause of the visitation of the awful destroyer was due to an insult offered her Majesty, the Most Gracious Queen, whom the masses really loved and respected. The following singular incident explains the meaning of this belief, not alone shared by the ignorant:

Many years ago, when the British rule was beginning to be felt as a benefaction to India, a Gaekwar of Baroda, an intelligent man, enlightened beyond his associates, placed a noble statue of the Queen Empress on the road to Apollo Bunder. In Hindu teachings the ruling power is the visible personification of the divine. This belief applies just as forcibly to foreign as it does to native rulers. Thus the statue of the queen immediately came to be worshiped as the divine ruler of the country, and frequent pilgrimages were made to that place, the idol, which it had now become, feared by the superstitious, loved by the more intelligent class.

With this feeling among the natives, judge of the horror of all upon the morning of October 17, 1895, when it was found that during the night some one had performed such an outrage against divine favor as shocked the boldest and terrified the more timid. The statue had been daubed with a coating of tar, and worse still, as offering one of the greatest indignities that could be given, a cordon of native slippers, worn and soiled as if removed from filthy feet, had been hung around the neck!

Forgetful of the stern fact that the plague had been already gaining a hold upon the doomed city, regardless of all other causes, real or imaginary, from that hour it was believed to be due to this indignity paid to the queen. No matter if certain of them hated that ruler, if they abjured her teachings, the infamous act was unpardonable. Thus, no deed of kindness performed by the officials, no humane efforts of the doctors but was thought by the natives to mean revenge for the wrong done Her Majesty.

As a final resort, amid protracted fasting, prayers and feasting, the

first and third coming in almost ludicrous juxtaposition, a petition signed by long lists of priests was sent to the Governor of Bombay. It was an interesting document, displaying as it did the singular state of feeling existing at the time:

AN HUMBLE APPEAL TO HIS EXCELLENCE THE RIGHT
HONORABLE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

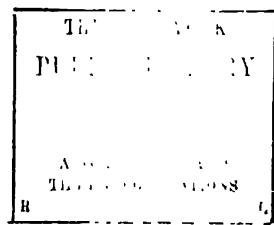
“ To his Excellency the Right Honorable Governor and President in Council, Governor of Bombay.

“ May it please your Excellency,— The humble petition to alleviate human sufferings for the benefit of the public goodness and welfare of the people of Bombay and its vicinities.

“ Most humbly declare that at present a disastrous and destructive disease, known by the name of Bubonic Plague, is spreading and prevailing in Bombay, and hundreds of the people are dying through its effects every month. It is supposed that the cause of the above disease and plague is the rueful and abominable act of some one miscreant by doing mischief to the auspicious statue of her most Gracious Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress the Kaiser-i-Hind by blackening and besmearing it out of and in spite and malice purposely to hurt and wound the natural feelings of the loyal British subjects, to insult and tarnish the glory of her Majesty’s auspicious name and reign, and has also made a sacrilegious act, and blasphemed the Almighty God with irreverence, and by doing this act of high offence and infamy the said abominable wretch has drawn on himself the general imprecations of the loyal subjects of the just and benign British Rule. It is therefore most earnestly beseeched to his Excellency that his Excellency will be pleased and kind enough to order expressly, all and every nation and subjects of all and every caste and creed, including Europeans, Parsees, Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews and Hebrews, and all other nations residing under the British sway, and all the other subjects of every nations, to suspend and recede from all their worldly affairs and business, and to desist from it, for a day or a few days, as long as his Excellency will think fit, and order them all to fervently pray in their



CAVES CUT IN SOLID ROCK.



public places of worship and prayer, such as in churches, agiarees, mandirs, mosques, and synagogues, and in every other holy place, and keep these few days as Sabbaths, and invoke and supplicate the Almighty God to get it stopped and extirpate the disastrous plague from its roots, through the supernatural influence, and to preserve and spare the British subjects from untimely dying and draw out from the jaws of death, and by the Divine Will and supplication the general health, peace, and prospects of the people will be restored, and by it the lives of the people will be saved and rescued by the divine influence. By doing this act of public charity it will be deemed a divine benediction bestowed on the poor British subjects, and all the loyal subjects will heartily wish the prosperity of the British reign and will always as in duty bound ever pray for the long life of their merciful ruler the Gracious Her Majesty. Amen."

It will be observed that this appeal was couched in terms to satisfy the followers of any of the professed creeds. The petition came from the better class. Among the lower classes, even where they professed to accept the newer faith, upon an occasion like this they reverted to the old gods. The last despairing rite performed by the inhabitants was to girdle the town with a circle of milk obtained from the human breast.

India, with her sister tropical countries, has begun to awaken to the fact that the lack of sanitation is the root of the evil. In the plague year of 1895, the streets of Bombay were a horrible sight in spite of the attempts that had been made to clean them. During the long tropical day the torrid sun shone with feverish heat; the nights, with their chilling atmosphere, making of India a tomb for the living, were fully as unbearable. The vegetation, strewn with a grayish dust, bore only a deathly appearance; the trees covered with this dust looked gaunt and ghostly in their spectral silence. Small wonder if the human beholder, too, depressed by all he saw looked pallid and hopeless.

The supplicants of the appeal given may not have known it, or knowing it comprehended not its true significance, yet the preposterous petition was answered. The order had come from England to exercise greater vigilance and more stringent measures towards stamp-

ing out the dread disease. Better sanitary conditions became the watch-word. The governor, Lord Sandhurst, made odious his name at once to the great majority of the people, but endeared it to all posterity, by his fearless and clear-sighted policy.

“Citizens of Bombay,” he said in his first manifesto, “we have nothing to fear from this plague, if we are true to the laws of good health. Bombay has a thousand huts unfit to be dwelling-places except



TRAVANCORE BREAKWATER.

for such an evil as has found us. Destroy these. No matter if it seems a loss; it will be a wise investment in the end. Kill the terrible enemy by leveling to the dust its breeding places. Pull down every death-trap in the city, and in their places erect buildings that shall safeguard the health. Clean the streets of all foul and unsightly objects; widen them where they are narrow, and straighten them where they are crooked. When this shall have been done, then indeed will our beloved city be freed of her scourge, and again become, as she was of yore, Bombay the Beautiful.”

This bold declaration restored hope and activity to the stricken city.

Her able-bodied citizens went to work with a hearty good-will. Still it seemed hopeless to stem the awful march of disease aided by human ignorance and obstinacy. Not only was there a city to be cared for but a great empire, broken into hundreds of minor sovereignties. The most obstinate of the Mohammedans were the Sunnis of Bombay, who fancied they saw in this movement an attempt to tear down their old religious codes and gods. Accordingly indignation meetings were held, where the most bitter protests were uttered against what was believed by these fanatics to be a blow to destroy their personal and most sacred rights.

In the face of this uprising the time approached for the observance of the Holi Festival, which was given annually in the full moon of March in commemoration of the return of spring. Fearing a wider and more dangerous outbreak from this source, which was given over to the wildest and freest scope of religious expressions, the governor forbade the ceremony. It was a daring order and aroused the most intense anger. Nor was this the end. At this season came the usual Haj pilgrimage, when the thousands visited the tomb of Mohammed at Mecca. Realizing from past experiences that the flocking together of the people at this time meant further and more disastrous spreading of the plague, the governor prohibited the annual visit.

The wrath of the Sunni Mohammedans now broke into an uproar, and they sent a bold declaration to the British ruler saying in effect, if not in so many words, that *they would go*. In vain the governor tried to explain that it was for their good; in vain he appealed to reason. Upon the receipt of the second communication of defiance, he repeated his refusal, and ordered the troops to be in readiness for immediate action if needed. The expected revolt followed. But the rebellious subjects quickly found that their most intelligent members, those who had the most influence, had been won over to the common sense idea of the British. Thus the revolution collapsed even quicker than it had been organized, and only the sullen murmur of the unreconciled opposition was heard.

Meanwhile the work of improving the sanitation of the city was being pushed as rapidly as possible. Hundreds of hovels were placarded with the three ominous letters, U H H, painted in conspicuous

places. These characters meant most truthfully: "Unfit for Human Habitation." They meant, too, the "Source of the Plague." The natives driven out of these unclean abodes had to be temporarily sheltered on the plains just outside the city gates.

Already the death list was growing shorter, and the people began to breathe easier. The fear of death lessened, the talk of gods became less frequent. Still it was noticeable that many carried with them the idols



A HINDU SANNYASI LYING ON A THIN CORD AS A PENANCE. PASSERS-BY THROW ALMS ON THE CLOTH UNDERNEATH HIM.

that had proved helpless or unfaithful to them in their distress. It is hard to put away old idols. Before June came the plague had been checked in the city. The danger that remained was the probability that it might be reawakened by returning refugees, who had fled to the country. These, upon learning that Bombay had become almost free of the scourge, rushed back with as much precipitation as they had left. They showed, too, the same utter disregard of consequences as when they had scattered the pestilence broadcast over the land.

For a time the officials maintained a careful inspection over these

Elephants in Great Durbar, India

From copyrighted stereograph by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.





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home-comers, until they became too numerous. The government having really accomplished the work it had set out to perform, the rules became more lax. So the "Great Death" came back to Bombay. The people accepted it with the resignation of fatalists, believing themselves helpless until it should run its race to the finish. Fortunately there were medical men now upon the scene who proved themselves able to cope with the disease, if not fully, in a measure which showed that had they been there in the early stages they might have averted a general epidemic. At its height it was claimed that ninety-nine out of every hundred attacked succumbed.

The scenes in Bombay were but duplicates of those taking place at Nassick, Karachi, Puna, Lahore, and elsewhere. There the pestilence was known as "Quick Death." The coolie at his post of labor, the postman on his round of duty, the policeman on his beat, the bearer of the dead—each fell in turn. No man knew who was the next to follow. There was an endless train of funerals, to the grave or the pyre, and the bearers of the corpses ran on their ghastly errand, not daring to stop, sometimes becoming corpses themselves while on their way to the house of the dead. During January a funeral a minute took place at one cemetery alone, while the pyres of the dead burned day and night.

No pen can portray its awful horror; no imagination is vivid enough to realize its soul-shaking terror. Business everywhere was suddenly suspended. The bookseller on the Kalbadevi Road had put up his shutters, for nobody wanted books. The door of the grocery was closed, and the store was filled with the foul odors of decaying provisions, for nobody came to buy. The coolie and the carter, the barber and the washerman, each had given up his calling, for nobody thought of his personal appearance. The mills were idle, for nobody came to work. The shops of the merchants were tombs of silence on a deserted street. The silver-smith, the gold-beater, the diamond cutter laid aside their tools, for nobody thought of treasures. The bazaars echoed no more to the laughter of voices, where nobody came and nobody went.

The Times of India, in commenting upon the causes leading to the visit of the plague, called the attention of its readers to the fact that

man had prepared a place for the disease to enter and that certain atmospheric conditions had given it birth. For ten years the death rate of the city had been steadily increasing. In 1886 this had been but twenty-four in a thousand inhabitants. From this low figure the mortality rose to forty in a thousand, and continued to rise until the year of the awful scourge, 1896. During the summer of that year the rains



AN EAR OPERATION. CUTTING AND REJOINING LOBE THAT HAS
BEEN STRETCHED BY HEAVY EARRINGS.

had been excessive for three months, followed by a drought in September, and uncommonly hot weather in October. The poor drainage of the country about the city thus left the filth unevenly distributed and often exposed. These conditions naturally created a perfect environment for disease. The officials of the city had been forewarned of the approaching danger, but had been heedless or helpless of averting the peril. The plague began its work towards the close of August,

and though not gaining so rapid a foothold as in Karachi, before November it was scattering death and desolation on every hand.

Always the natives ascribe some trivial reason for the origin of these epidemics that have not only swept India with waves of desolation but sometimes swung around the world. The bubonic plague of the 19th century was believed to have been incurred by the change of the old metal anklets worn by the women, for the dark-green bangles of stained glass. It was claimed that cow's milk had been used in the manufacture of the last. This had awakened the anger of the goddess Kali. One fact stands out prominent. The disease started or got its first hold among the occupants of the hovels and places of filth. Somewhat strangely, the first victims were usually the young, from five to twenty-five.

Foremost among Kali's dreaded offspring was cholera. Regarding the Spirits of Kali, the fogs that hang over the marshes and lowlands, where disease and death lurk hand in hand, the following metrical version of their coming weaves about the tragic a halo of beauty:

" In the evening, through the silence,
When the breezes soft are still,
Then the spirit hosts of Kali
Come a-creeping up the hill."

These spirit hosts of Kali, these dreaded mists, have indeed spread sorrow and desolation over the land. But the day is dawning when the "White Goddess," overcome by the methods of the sanitary engineer, will have no terrors, and her phantom trains winging their flight from bay to mountain will be all that the poet pictures them.

Upon one occasion, President Taft, in commenting upon the results of the Spanish-American war, said truthfully that it was a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as it had carried the idea of proper sanitary effort to the four quarters of the world, and such dread scourges as the plague, cholera and kindred diseases that have their origin in filth and undrained soils were no longer to be feared. We have seen the good results of this work under American practice in the West Indies, and the Philippines, and to a certain degree in China. Now India is profiting by these examples.



RUINS OF THE THOUSAND PILLARED TEMPLE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MANY CAPITALS.

INDIA has more capitals, and more sites of vanished courts, than any country on the face of the earth. No trip of greater interest can be imagined than a tour of these. And never does the storied pleasure languish. At Chittore we gaze meditatively upon the ruins that the overgrowing forests seek to conceal, as if they were too sacred for modern gaze. We listen to the thrilling and heroic tales of our guide and interpreter, to say to ourselves: "There is nothing to equal this."

Then, transported from the scenes of the days of Indian chivalry to the beautiful walled city, Oudepore, that succeeded Chittore, the fortress on the rock, we forget this, and seem to stand amid the life of a thousand years since. Instantaneously, and without an effort, we find ourselves living, as it were, among its founders. The central figure of this picture of olden palaces, hanging gardens, ancient temples, and time-fringed memories, steps out as Oudey Singh, a lineal descendant

of the last of the Rajputs who made that brave stand at the Quebec of India. He is a commanding figure, and we cannot help admiring and reverencing him for his conception of what belongs to his stately dignity. If he feels his loneliness, and must be forever brooding over the future of his race, he displays no concern; but calmly silent, with becoming nobility, he moves in his particular circle, one of the grandest figures among the rulers of the world.

While we hesitate to intrude upon his august presence, he calls us to his side, with a graceful sweep of his jeweled hand. And standing by him, from the castellated windows of his palace, we look down upon the broad parade grounds in front to review, as his fathers had, the procession of bullocks, in their elaborate uniforms, elephants in gorgeous array, and ungainly camels following, while in the pools geese disport themselves, or protected by the shade of wild olives, chickens, pigeons and other feathered creatures rest contented.

In striking contrast to this city of living attraction, is that ancient capital Behar, once one of the most famous cities in Asia, now dwindled into an insignificant town with a few dirty bazaars and uninviting dwellings.

Situated upon the right bank of the Jumna River, which moves here with "calm repose" down to the greater stream, the Ganges, ancient Agra, rebuilded upon its former ruins, presents a cheerful contrast to Behar. With its clean-swept streets, its lively atmosphere and the monuments of three races, Agra is a beautiful city. Everywhere we go we are reminded of imperial power and Oriental luxury. Here are mingled the memorials of three triumphal marches across the stage of action. First came the Hindus, who still venerate the town as the scene of the incarnation of Vishnu; second, the entrance upon the scene of the glory and the pomp of the great Mogul dynasty, where Akbar held his renowned courts followed by the still grander reign of his grandson, Shah Jehan; third, the advent of European civilization, bringing the proud old city within easy touch of Bengal, the Deccan, and the Punjab by the network of railways that now cross the country in almost every direction. Ancient Agra was founded by a Jat prince, but did not reach any prominence until Akbar took possession in 1556, to make it his capital.



PALACE ARCHES, MADURA.

Akbar, to perpetuate his name, rechristened it, and he tore down the Pathan ramparts, to erect on their site the great citadel, with mosques, palaces of marble and glittering ornaments. Jehanghir also occupied the city when he came to rule, and here Nourmahal held her dazzling courts. The Conqueror of the World, himself conquered by the disease that came as a result of his riotous and turbulent career, his son, Shah Jehan, showered upon Agra yet more splendid glory, while his empress, the good and beautiful Mumtazi Mahal, added still further to the renown of the Mogul capital. In the midst of its brilliant honors, the young life of the fair empress was suddenly cut short, and in his sorrow Shah Jehan erected the noblest building ever raised to the memory of woman or man. This was the mausoleum Taj, where both he and his beautiful wife have reposed in peace. The city having no further charm for him after the death of the empress, Shah Jehan removed his capital to Delhi.

In her desertion Agra suffered bitterly. First the Jats recovered and pillaged the town. Then the Mahrattas trampled under feet the little spirit left. Finally, 1803, the British obtained possession, and the city has recovered something of its former beauty if not military glory. The fortress erected by Akbar in the southern section, when he was in the zenith of his power, though an imposing building of red sandstone, proved unequal to the methods of modern warfare, when General Lake attacked the town. There are many beautiful English residences in this part of the city. Akbar's " Palace of Justice," where Mogul ideas of civil and martial justice were dealt out with a swiftness not wholly in accord with modern forms, is to-day the arsenal of the British.

Another city glorified by Akbar was Lahore, originally founded at the beginning of the 4th century. In 1622 Jehanghir opened his court here, and a court graced by the peerless Nourmahal could not become other than famous. Lahore was at its zenith, when Tom Moore laid the opening scenes of " Lalla Rookh " there, " where death appeared to share equal honors with Heaven."

To-day the city shows evidence of its frequent change of masters, in the eras when it was greater than now. There is a quaint medley of architecture, where Northern ideas attempt to assimilate with Oriental dreams of luxury. Many of the houses have flat roofs and lattice win-

dows. On its streets one meets many races of people and listens to many languages. Amid it all comes back the memories of those troublous years, when a beautiful woman could not quiet the merciless ambitions of her husband's sons in their struggle to gain power. This good queen did not rest on a bed of roses, and when Jehanghir was suddenly called upon to lay aside the sceptre of power, she felt it wise to retire to the seclusion of private life, allowing one of the Great



DRILL IN THE PLAYGROUND.

Mogul's sons who was not her favorite to assume the reins of government. The part of woman in India's history is a heroic story. It is filled with deeds of sacrifice and devotion unto death. Here love and tragedy have met, not once but thousands of times, and usually has woman proved her fidelity to truth and honor, to bravery and heroism.

Allahabad, meaning "God's Place," was so named by the Mohammedans upon coming into possession of the town. The Hindus before them looked upon it as the holiest of all cities, and knew it as Prayaga. Great numbers of pilgrims visited it annually to bathe in the waters of the Ganges and the Jumna, where the latter renders its tribute from

the northern mountains. Many interesting shrines are found here, and the ruins of ancient castles, which have been converted into modern fortresses for the British military depot for Upper India.

During the Sepoy Rebellion in 1857 it was again the scene of riot and bloodshed, when one of the native regiments rose and undertook to massacre the Europeans. Several of the officers fell victims to mad-dened rebels, but the Europeans managed to defend themselves in an old ruined fort until relief came. The town, however, was nearly destroyed, and the native section has never been restored to anything like its original prestige. It is situated on the line of the East Indian Railway, and is about 75 miles northwest of Benares.

One of the most interesting events that take place in Allahabad is the annual Feast of Lanterns, when the native population is more than trebled, and the surface of the two rivers is fairly covered with the little boats of the grateful multitudes. This pagan thanksgiving is a relic of the oldtime Fire and Sun worship, a thank-offering to the Sun-god for his gift in ripening the grain and fruit. Its conception was beautiful, as many of the barbaric customs are, and the display is worth a long journey to witness. The feast usually falls on the first new moon in the month of November, and the ceremonies extend through three days. Nowhere is the festival to be seen more impressively than at Allahabad.

The thank-offerings are made by launching little boats upon the river, each tiny craft glimmering brightly from the lights of torch, candle, or lantern. Of course the most attractive of these miniature vessels are those of the families of nobles. These are made of every conceivable pattern, the majority fashioned after some mythical creature, dragon, serpent, bird, etc., and cut out of different woods, the favorites being eaglewood, sandalwood and the graceful bamboo. Each boat is furnished with three lights, dedicated as the "Lamp of Life," "Lamp of Love," and "Lamp of Good Fortune." Each person who can afford it, is supposed to have a lamp for each of the three days' festival.

The poor have only one boat, and this made out of the stem of the plantain or banana plant. The soft, herbaceous trunk of the latter makes it peculiarly adapted to this purpose, and long, graceful canoes

are cunningly devised by the ingenious builders. Or if one is more ambitious, he may cut and fashion his simple craft into a vessel with a bamboo mast. A more simple boat may be made of a plantain or banian leaf, but this seems to be especially designed for lovers, as it contains but a single light, the Lamp of Love.

These slight craft are launched at the end of each day, as the darkness closes over the merry scene. If a worshiper has only one, then



VILLAGE LAUNDRY, MADURA DISTRICT.

the most auspicious hour is selected to make the venture, and it is a venture of no slight risk to those simple-minded navigators. Should the boat be launched at a favorable moment, and ride the ripples of the softly-flowing river safely, then joy and happiness will surely come to the owner. From the time of sending the slight canoe upon its hazardous voyage, — and the smaller the boat the greater its danger, — the owner watches its movements with keen apprehension. If harm befall the little vessel set afloat without a hand at the tiller or a skipper in command, woe and lamentation follow. With the loss of the lamp every hope for life, love or prosperity must be banished, until through constant prayer another year shall bring the festival of the lanterns, when once more the builder may brave the fates.

A single incident serves to illustrate many another that has taken place since the goddess of the harvest instituted her worship. As usual the festival had been ushered in long before sunset by the beating of drums, the ringing of bells, the blowing of shrill pipes and timbals of sacred shells, the medley of music, not unmusical by any means, awakening the country far and near. The people had already begun to gather about the temples and along the shores of the rivers. Some of the latter class were bathing in the water to make themselves clean before bowing to the idol they worshiped. Others were patiently waiting their turn. Above the sounds of the musicians rang a tumult of voices from men, women and children.

Scarcely had the rays of the setting sun died out on the glittering domes of the temples, than roofs, towers and palms shone with a great number of tiny lamps and torches. The river banks fairly scintillated with the illuminations, while floating houses looked like great lamps set afloat. Everywhere was joy and brightness and thanksgiving. The gods had been kind the past season, so the harvests had been bountiful.

Very beautiful the women looked in their gay attire of bright colors, their dark hair enlivened with the white blossoms of the jessamine, or if fancy chose with some bright-hued flower. Their arms and necks were loaded with bright jewelry, which flashed back the beams of lights illuminating their pathways. The men were also attired in their richest Oriental garments, which gave them a picturesque appearance, and lent vivacity as well as life to the scene. Trains of priests in white, flowing robes, carrying their idols, which they continually fanned, moved leisurely under the blaze of the brilliant lights. Behind them came dancing girls, twirling and performing grotesque dances as they advanced, their coming heralded by a band of musicians and bare-headed singers singing songs in honor of their gods and this hour. Approaching with more majestic tread were trains of elephants, decked out in gorgeous trappings, their trunks painted some gaudy color appropriate to the occasion.

And while all these gathered, and many more, paying by turn their devotion to the gods, noting with pleasure the illuminations and gaiety of the place, the activity gradually concentrated on the banks of the

two rivers, whose waters mingle here and flow tranquilly on to the sea as one. A calm had fallen on the streets of the city.

From this hour the celebration took on all the confusion and noisy demonstrations of an American Fourth of July. Crackers were exploded under the very feet of men and women; shots were fired in close proximity; in the distance the boom of cannon awoke the night and temporarily drowned the hum of voices. The Jumna and the Ganges were soon fairly ablaze with lights borne downward by the numerous boats, large and small, bearers of hope and disappointment.

Unmindful of the more brilliant display of larger craft, hundreds of the poorer class were hovering about the banks, sending out their own tiny leaf boats, and watching them with eager gaze and prayers to their newly painted idols, which they pressed closely to their bosoms as they watched and waited.

Among these humbler people was a young Hindu maid, very beautiful, as if beauty was a fitting target for the arrows of sorrow. With the others she launched a slight leaf lamp, praying that it might make its voyage in safety. Its fate meant everything to her. She loved a youth above her humble station. He had sworn fidelity to her, but only that day it had been whispered in her ear that he was unfaithful. His parents had objected to a marriage with one so far below him in the social circle. So she sent out her Love Lamp with a trembling hand, and tears in her eyes, as she murmured softly:

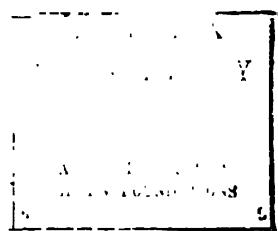
“ Dear god, unto whom the faithful pray, forget not poor me. Keep my boat safely, if he loves me. If he loves me not, let my lamp be — ”

Ere she had finished her supplication, as if in answer to it, a gust of wind struck her slender boat, and it was swiftly overturned before her gaze. She saw and understood. And then, while her friends and companions looked on with awe, she plunged headlong into the current and was borne out of their sight. There was weeping and lamentation in that humble home the next day, when her poor, lifeless body was recovered. The wisest knew it was the will of the fates, and being of the poorest class, her body was cremated and the ashes thrown to the four winds of heaven. How many others have hoped and lost on the simple leaf lamp there is no record to tell. Perhaps it is better so.

Among the leading cities of India, prominent at the earliest stage

AN EXAMPLE OF INDIAN ART AS SHOWN IN STONE CARVINGS.





of written history is Benares, known to the ancients as *Baranasi*. The last name came from the combination of two streams, Barana and the A'si, already mentioned. The city then included the land between these rivers, and its area was supposed to be about 85 square miles. The capital then of an independent kingdom, it was a flourishing place. At that time it was the ecclesiastical capital of India, and its court was given over largely to the discussion of religious and philosophical questions.

If a city of note in ancient days, it has not lost its prestige in modern times, for it is still the metropolis of the large district known as the Northwest Province. Though over four hundred miles inland its altitude is barely three hundred feet above the sea. The banks of the Ganges here rise somewhat abruptly from the water's edge, so the streets have to be reached by flights of stone steps called *ghauts*. One of the attractive features of the river is its bridge of boats.

Seen from the sacred river, which is from one-third to one-half of a mile in width, according as the stream is at high or low water, Benares, with its gorgeous display of towers, minarets and spires rising above massive mosques and palaces presents a striking appearance of Oriental beauty and grandeur. If this illusion is dispelled upon reaching the city, that, too, is an Oriental trait. The streets are narrow, crooked, often dark, and lined with rows of houses that are neither attractive nor substantial, being frequently nothing better than cabins with mud walls and roofs of tile. The stroller along these sinister pathways, for they are little more, finds at intervals his progress blocked by a troop of monkeys, or it may be by that fiercer animal, the Indian bull. If he is not a stranger he does not mind such trifles as these, for the first belong to the Doorgha Kond, that famous temple of sacred monkeys, while the larger brute is one of the holy Brahman bulls, allowed to wander at will the streets of the sacred city, the Mecca of India.

If the waters of the Ganges look darker here than elsewhere, it may be because it is holier, and the Ganges is the most sacred of rivers. Its floods are considered of such wonderful curative powers, for both the spiritual and physical being, that great quantities are taken away and carried to remote corners of Hindustan. Its efficacy is so certain

that to die in Benares is looked upon as a happy ending to this earthly career. So thousands come here, the ill and the well, each year to bathe in its holy waters and worship at its hallowed shrines. These are almost without number, the most prominent of which is the golden temple erected to the god Siva, the reigning deity of Benares.

Where once stood an old Hindu temple, Aurungzebe, in the 17th century, built his mosque with its twenty-eight minarets rising 230 feet



VIEW OF QUEENS' GARDEN, RANGOON.

above the river. This monument of one of the most successful and most unhappy of the Moslem emperors, has many attractive points, but fails to impress the Occidental as possessing beauty. Benares has two dates of ascendancy into prominence and power. The first of these the faithful Hindu believes to have been simultaneous with the creation of the world; the second the devout Moslem will tell you was when Aurungzebe laid the foundation of Mohammedanism in India towards the close of the 17th century. Buddhism, Islamism and, first and last, Brahmanism have held their sway here. Its thousand temples are proof that it is a Hindu city at the present time.

Standing piously by the rolling Godavari, second only in its sanc-

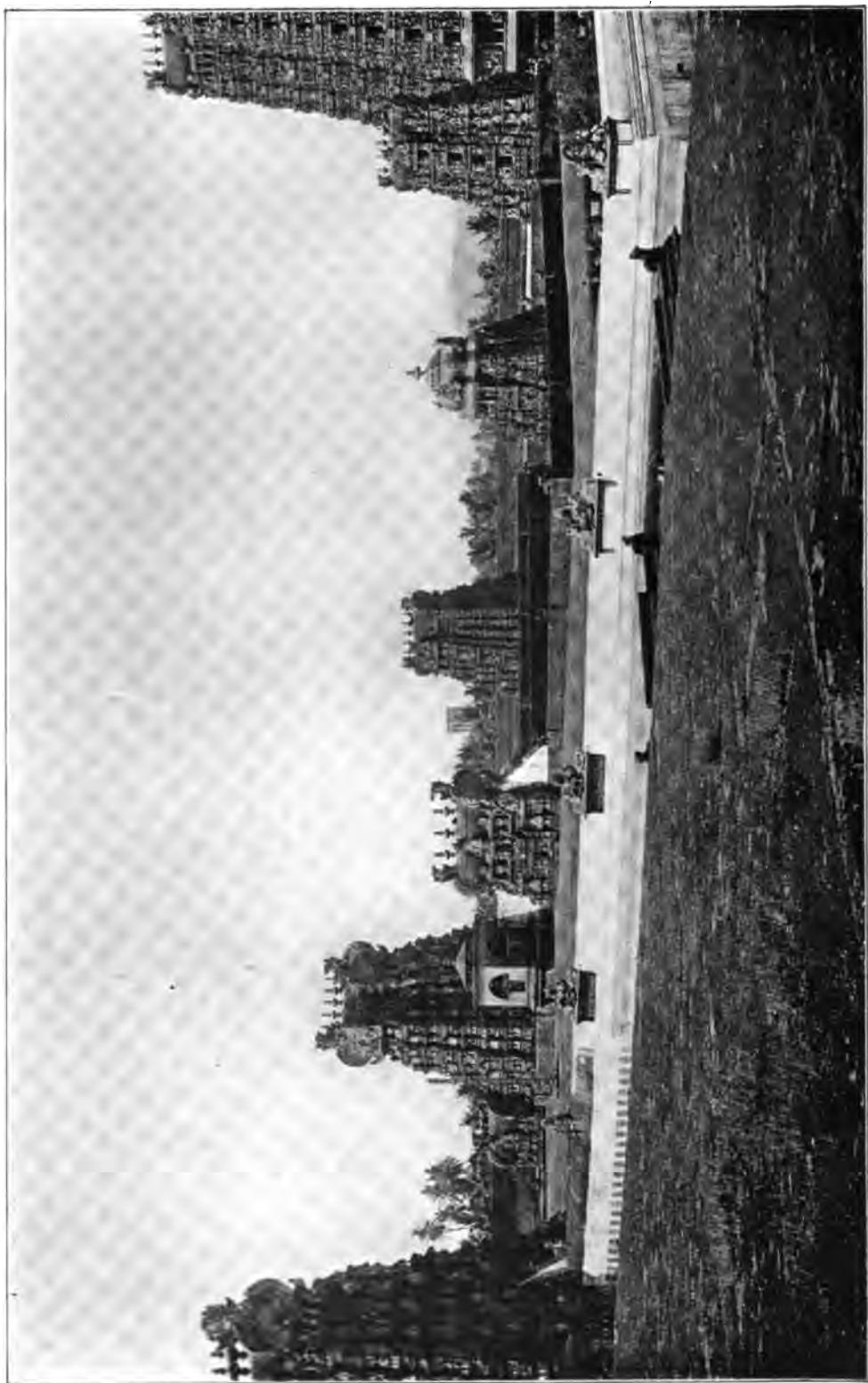
tiny to the Ganges, is Nassick, the city of priests, where none other may dare invade the privacy of its holy atmosphere. Nearly fifteen hundred Brahman priests with their households are established here, to represent the families of Hindu nobles at the shrines of their religion. The river is overlooked by temples dedicated to the deity of India, while thousands of men, women and children come to bathe in the holy waters of the Godavari. In no part of India is the stranger more forcibly impressed with the influence of this religion over the millions of people who bow to its teachers.

One beautiful characteristic is prominent everywhere that Brahmanism is taught. That is love and protection for those creatures that cannot speak for themselves. To the Hindu all life is sacred, and it is not uncommon to find temples reared and consecrated to animals. Only slightly removed from Nassick is a hospital for the treatment of injured or sick creatures. Hither pets of all descriptions, cats, dogs, rabbits, monkeys and birds, or creatures caught wild, are taken to be treated for their disability until they recover or are removed by death. Surely this humane trait should save the religion from entire condemnation by the Occident however little he may accept of its other doctrines.

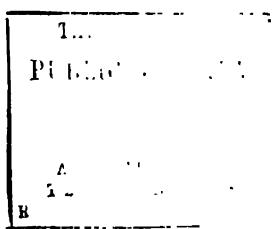
The parched day is closing, and the westering sun glimmers on the distant sea, as we return to Bombay, the western gateway to India. Sunsets in that land are not altogether beautiful, as the poet would have us think. The red that follows the natural glow of the sun is quickly succeeded by a deep tinge of crimson, which swiftly fades into a sickly pallor, and that, too, is gone in a trice. Only in the Punjab district does one witness a really beautiful sunset or sunrise, where the change is slower and more marked; where a bright yellow gradually assumes the tint of the rose, and the latter takes on a deepening crimson until that dies out, leaving the sky softly touched with rose tints.

Situated upon an island by that name, Bombay commands the entrance to the bay protected by a group of islands, so it forms one of the finest and most striking situations in the Far East. The land rises gradually from the shore and its summit is covered with dense growths of teak and satinwood. The name seems to have been derived from

Momba, the title of the Mother Goddess of that district. The oldtime temple to her honor that stood on the Esplanade was razed sometime since, and the one that stands to-day includes other Aryan deities, such as Citaladevi and Khokaladevi. But she is still worshiped as the Great Goddess of Bombay.



MODERN TEMPLE IN MADURA.





POND ON COMPOUND, RAMAPATAM.

CHAPTER XV.

SIMLA, DARJILING, INDIAN FARMS, AND THE DECCAN.

A WAY to the headwaters of the River Ganges, in the heart of the Siwalik Hills, is one of the strangest and most picturesque capitals in the world — a city that is bustle and confusion half the year; deserted and lonely the other six months. On the map it is designated merely as Simla, a small country town, but during its active periods it is the court from which issue orders that affect the welfare of one-sixth of the human race.

Situated 7,000 feet above the torrid plains, Simla is the retreat whither the viceroy and his family, and officials of lesser importance from Calcutta and other seaport towns, as far as possible, flee when the parching wave of summer sweeps over the seacoast, and by the last of May the scene is ablaze with official glory. Hither, too, flock the social and fashionable to mingle in gay festivities that rival those of

some popular Swiss city to which it is not wholly unlike in its physical aspects, isolated as it is upon one of the mountain tops, with dark borders of ilex forests encircling its base, blue hills forming its distant background, and above these the whitened horizon of the "Snowy Mountains." Upon its greensward banded by belts of fir, pine and cedar, have been held those highly popular field meetings which have made Simla famous as a summer resort; yet again, although the scene of careless pleasure, tempting the mind to banish care and forget affairs of state, the most arduous duties are here daily conducted. Red-liveried messengers are running to and fro all the day and well into the night. Tons of letters and despatches come and go daily.

With the coming of cold weather the population begins to scatter, and almost without warning Simla is deserted. Then the snows sift down upon its lonely streets and, as if in compassion for its loneliness, winter covers it with his mantle until the sun of May is again ready to resurrect it for another season of gayety and fashionable life.

Where the sacred river bursts its bright blue flood through the narrow gorge of Siwalik and leaves the mountains behind in its mad race to reach the sunlight and the plains, stands the holy city of Hardwar, noted for its fairs and baths. The town proper consists of a single street running parallel with the river, and there are not more of these avenues because there is barely room for this one to find its sinuous way, but other streets climb the steep hillside like stairways leading to an upper story. During the summer months this is the Mecca of thousands of pilgrims seeking to trade at its fairs, to bathe in its pure waters, and gather of the knowledge of its temples of religion, until it is said "every custom, language, race, from Persia to Siam, from Ceylon to Siberia, meet and mingle here." So many come that it is impossible to find roofs to shelter them, and the mountainside becomes dotted with the white tents of the army of comers and goers. This spot, too, has a delightful climate, even when the hot sun is roasting and burning the plains.

Like Simla, it has a magnificent view of the mighty Himalayas. But we have not gone far enough east to behold the mountains in the greatness of their magnificence until we reach the valley of the Ranjit River, into which that turgid stream plunges with mane of foam rudely dis-

turbing its repose by its tumultuous tumbling of waters. From here Mount Everest, the highest peak of the mountain range, lifts its snowy crest in full view. But more impressive even than this monarch is Kanchanjanga, grander in appearance because brought into bold relief by its closer proximity.

He who ascends the broad side of this stupendous mountain range, leaving the plain with its palms and plantain, climbs through groves



TENNIS AS PLAYED IN INDIA BY NATIVES.

of bamboo, orange and fig, until he reaches an altitude that supports a vegetation of the temperate zone. On the verging borders of the two climes magnificent ferns, rising to the size of trees, and rhododendrons forty feet in height, overtop him, while groves of magnolia shower upon the scene clouds of white flowers that make the forests look as if they had taken on the robes of mid-winter in summertime.

Above this line of demarcation the cherry, chestnut, willow and oak delight the gaze of the Occidental, while strawberries, raspberries and blackberries grow in the openings where the soil is too thin to support a larger growth. Rugged gorges seam the broken landscape, fit beds for rushing torrents that fling high snowy masses of foam tinted with every hue of the rainbow. The rims of these ravines are fringed for

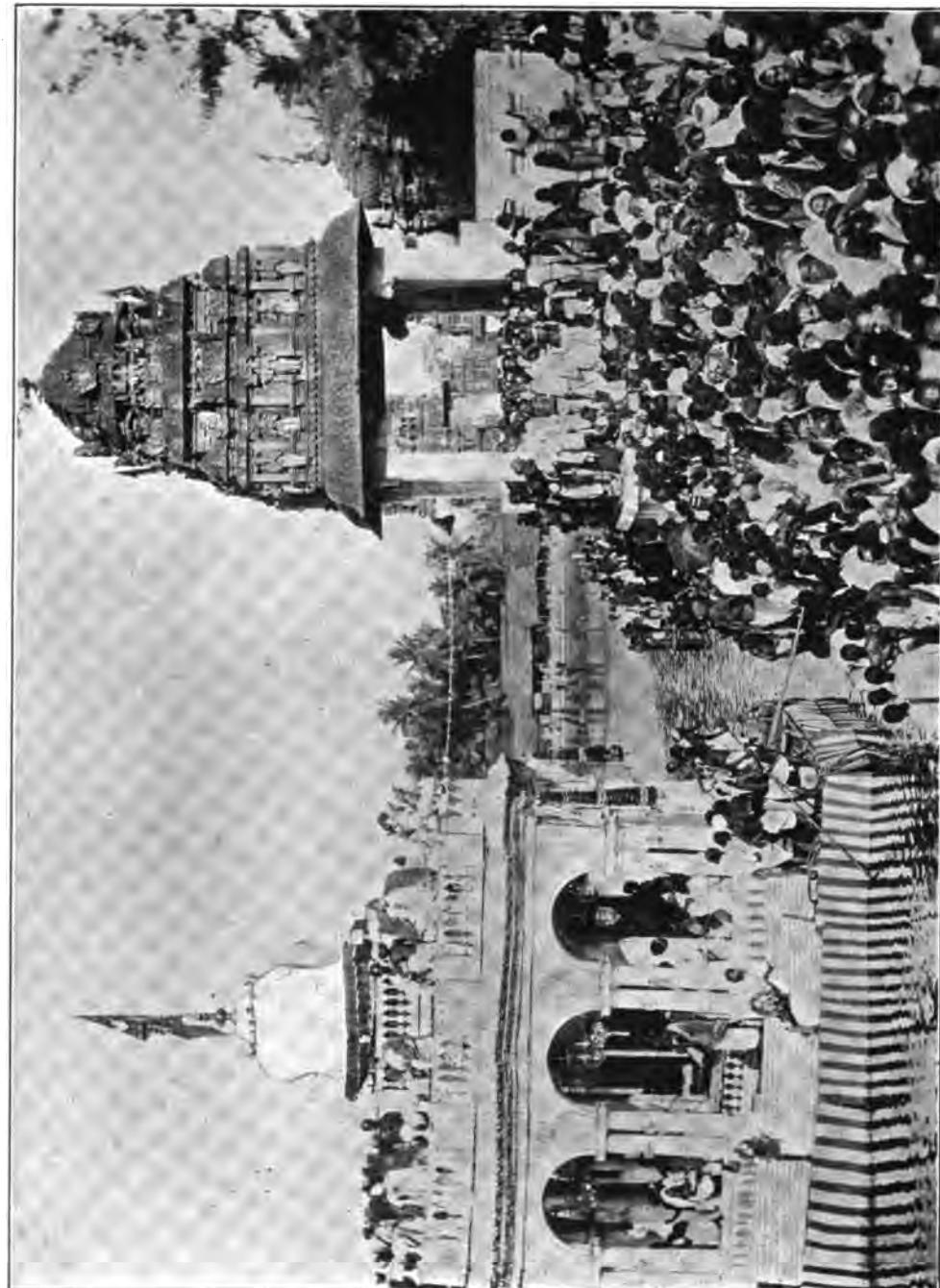
miles at a stretch with wild flowers of bright hues, over which busy bees and light-winged butterflies hover with constant motion, their wings made transparent by the sunlight.

From this point the forests are broken into fragments, and the evergreens predominate, consisting of fir, pine and junipers, with a scattering of larches. As the space covered by the forests grows less, the area of greensward increases proportionately, until that, too, is succeeded by the great snow-field, with its vast white waste reaching upward to the region of clouds. As if to gladden the sight of the final stretch of vegetation the last belt is strewn with poppies, edelweiss and gentians, Nature's final attempt to adorn the earth with raiment of beautiful color.

Going downward and eastward from this paradise of Northern India, we reach one of the dreaded districts of fever-haunted Terai. This broad basin is the receptacle for a thousand mountain torrents that flood the country until it is converted into a vast swamp for a portion of the year. The tropical sun beating down upon it with fervent heat, a malaria-laden vapor rises above the plain, freighted with disease and death, so that it becomes one of the most unhealthy districts in the country.

It is, however, one of the most productive regions, yielding a vast crop of tea. Great tea gardens covering an area of many square miles form the most interesting feature of the section of country lying at the base of the mountains. Few Europeans live in this district, just enough to manage the tea crop, which is cultivated by coolies, both men and women, who are the only people who can withstand the ravages of malaria, and even they die in great numbers every season.

Above this unhealthy belt lies the famous town Darjiling, reached by a railroad which is a triumph of engineering skill. Like many of the other Indian towns built along the foot or on the lower rise of the mountains, Darjiling is hemmed in by deep gorges and towering cliffs, along the edge of which the road winds like a serpent, while soaring heights frown down upon it at every turn of the iron rails. The sharp rise made by the mountain at this point, and the difficulty of the engineering feat performed by man will be appreciated when it is understood that the starting point of this road, though it is three hundred



FLOATING CAR FESTIVAL.

miles from Calcutta, is scarcely four hundred feet above the sea level and in the thirty-seven miles to Darjiling it climbs seven thousand feet. From this elevated town one gets a fine view of the surrounding country and the mountain background.

Darjiling is a cosmopolitan town, where many races meet and mingle. Among the most conspicuous are the Tiberans, with their praying wheels, which they turn as they repeat the Buddhist prayers, and the praying flags, written over with their supplications to Buddha, and the strips of cotton cloth fluttering in the breeze from the tops of tall poles. This is the great centre of traffic for the surrounding tribes of Hindus and other races. It is noted as being the headquarters of the tea district, and it looks down directly upon great plantations covered with tea plants, monotonous in their uniformity of shape and regularity of planting.

Beyond the great tea plain of Darjiling we enter upon a vast stretch of level country where the presence of a European is scarcely known. Of all the regions of India, this is perhaps the least contaminated with civilized ideas — at least Occidental methods of getting a living. Yet this very country is the real source of India's wealth. Here, unacquainted with the life of the great cities of the Ganges valley, the simple Hindu moves in the tracks of his ancestors, unconcerned save that he may have sufficient water to nourish his crops, and this is indeed a serious business to him. Various methods of irrigation are employed by the peasant dependent upon the nature of the crop and its proximity to well or river. If it is maize, the opium-yielding poppy, wheat or barley and a water supply is near, he carries the water himself in buckets or, enlisting the service of his neighbors, he forms a long line and the buckets of water are drawn and passed from man to man and by a second cordon returned empty to the starting point. If he has a field of growing rice which needs to be flooded, a yoke of oxen is pressed into service. First a pulley is fixed nearly over the well and through this is run a strong rope attached to a big water skin, while the other end of the line is fastened to the harness on the oxen. The skin is dropped into the water, the obedient oxen are urged forward, and as they advance the receptacle rises from the depths dripping with the desired fluid. It is then carried to one of the chan-

nels dug for the purpose, where a man stands waiting to turn the contents into the proper course, so it may flow away to the desired part of the field. The oxen are driven back to the starting point, the water skin is dropped again into the well; again it is filled and as before the oxen bring it to the required spot. So, over and over, this monotonous task is performed from rise to set of sun. For ages patient toilers have flooded in this primitive manner vast tracts of barren country,



TEA GARDENS, NILGIRI HILLS.

so that they have been made to yield two and frequently three crops in a year.

This vast tropical plain is dotted with the dreary villages of the Indian peasantry, generally indicated as far as the eye can reach by clusters of palms and bamboos. The view is relieved by brilliantly colored patches made up of everything that grows where moisture is found, acres of wheat and barley burnished with gold in their ripening days; poppies with blossoms of snow white; mustard with yellow tips, and long rows of rice plants banding the scene with cordons of green, while a dozen other crops in all stages of growth tell in language more striking than speech of the fertility of the soil. Where water is

not available to refresh the parched earth, the plain is a barren, sterile waste, rocks and sand the only carpet to cover the nakedness of nature.

Only recently has the finger of Occidental life and progress pointed hitherward, and only in the present have oldtime methods begun to be influenced by the new. Little care these simple people if in the West lie great cities teeming with crowds of human beings. Heedless of the awakening power already setting towards them, they toil pa-



EARTHEN POTS FROM POTTERY TO MARKET.

tiently on their endless round, producing over and over again the real wealth of India.

India is fortunate, or unfortunate as you may think, in having two Hyderabads. The first of these, already described, is in the north land, the capital of Sinde. Its rival, more noted and powerful, yet younger, is the largest city in the great country known as the Deccan. It has been an important centre of population for at least two centuries, and has the distinction of having been faithful to the English during the trying period of the Sepoy Rebellion, offsetting, in a measure, the results of the revolt in the north. It is the capital of the largest state that retains anything like a native government over its inhabitants, constantly watched by the British troops. The native population is

between 50,000 and 60,000. The state pays an annual tribute to the British government, and affairs run along outwardly very smoothly.

Despite its peaceful appearance, at certain periods it is suddenly, and without warning, made very unsafe for a British or American person to wander at will alone. This is due not so much to the native dislike of foreigners, but to frequent quarrels between the rival factions composing its population, the Hindus and Mohammedans, as well as many other races mixed in with the predominating people. More than anywhere else in India are we here impressed with a realization of the lasting conquest of the great religious clan of Moslems. As centuries have been spent by the strongest of religious leaders to lift the oppression laid upon Constantinople by its Arabian conquerors, so will it be yet many years hence before the wisest and strongest clear the clouds of Islam from the foremost cities of India. So this religious spirit continues to interfere with the peace of Hyderabad. Founded by a Mohammedan among a people hostile to that faith, this is perfectly natural. The city is still surrounded by a wall, and entered by any one of thirteen gates.

India has many beautiful monuments of art, which until recently have not been properly safeguarded from the vandal hands of different conquerors. During its turbulent periods it has been no uncommon sight to see the horses of invading hosts stabled in noble palaces or, worse yet, memorial tombs, and frequently beautiful audience halls have become the barracks of soldiery. The most costly pieces of furniture were robbed of their ornaments, and whatever glittered and shone with wealth, even to the linings of the marble bath-tubs, were ruthlessly defaced and the available treasures carried off, even as Nadir Shah bore away as one of the trophies of his wholesale plundering the peacock throne of one of India's proudest sovereigns.

Wise enough to realize that such monuments as they desired to perpetuate their memory must be built by themselves, different conquerors took serious pleasure in rearing their own mausoleums, placing them in some vast pleasure-ground laid out with park-like regularity and often looking like a city by itself. Little if any real solemnity that naturally belongs to the association of the dead accompanies these stately sepulchres. The proud Akbar proved his love of the sunshine

and the freedom of the air by building his tomb under the blue vault of the Indian sky, with its magnificent walls surrounded by a marble court. A marble column, said to have been gilded with gold, still stands with its empty socket, from which once flashed down upon the beautiful scene the dazzling Koh-i-nor diamond.

Some of these desecrated works long since left to the ravages of time present striking, if melancholy, examples of the skill and genius



THRESHING FLOOR.

of their builders. Among the finest specimens of those days is the white marble tomb of Selim Chisti at Futtipur Sikri, with its massive gateway towering at the entrance to the mosque one hundred and fifty feet into the air. It has been well said that "such miracles of delicate art tracery and such fantastically twisted brackets were surely never before wrought in unyielding marble, and as the sculptured cells in the temple of Mount Abu represent the highest attainment of Hindu art in this direction, so the tomb of Selim Chisti is an example of what the ingenious Mussulman architects may accomplish within the range of purely geometrical design, circumscribed as they are by the limitations of their creed."

Hyderabad presents little that is of architectural merit, and this is to be found wholly in the mosques and the palaces of the nobles. It is accounted for by the fact that the city was founded in riotous days, when safety rather than beauty was the guiding thought in its building. Its greatest attraction to-day lies in the market places, where through business intercourse the people are breaking down the barriers of racial prejudice faster than in any other way. But still we see more armed people on the streets and less of peaceful appearance than in any other civilized city we have visited. As we have already said, the mixed nature of the inhabitants is largely responsible for this warlike situation. Standing at the Char Minar, which in English means simply the Four Minarets, forming the heart of the city, at almost any hour of the day we can see passing and repassing the representatives of nearly every warlike race of Asia, with a sprinkling of Europeans and occasionally an American. Now there comes the Parsee, with the scowl of commercial study upon his swarthy visage, and by his side the Sikh looking fiercely right and left. Closely behind this ill-omened pair come the swarthy Persian, and yet darker Afghan, the Georgian and the Burmese. Approaching with more deliberate step, as if he felt the dignity of his presence, draws nearer the Rohilla, swinging over his shoulder his peculiar firearm with its prodigious muzzle, which seems his inseparable companion in peace as well as in war. These are followed by the dark-browed natives of the Sudjee jungles, the Arab in his semi-military dress, looking like a walking arsenal with the array of weapons encircling his wiry body, and close upon his heels the stately Rajput, every inch a king in his picturesque costume. Then the tread of many feet, and other minor sounds are drowned by the shouting of men for the mob to stand aside, and the firing of muskets to emphasize the command! We smile — and we cannot help it — at all this outcry and display when we see that it is to make way for the coming of a single individual. Not a very prepossessing person either — an Arab chief in his pulki. Still the shouting goes on, and now we have become better acquainted with the noisy demonstrations we understand that those in the lead of the train are calling out the titles by which this remarkable dignitary is known, and the last of this long list of high-sounding names has not been exhausted

as the procession moves past and mingles with the dust in the distance. So we might continue to call off the names of the races that come and go from rise to set of sun. But we have given sufficient illustrations for one to get an idea of the noisy crowds at Hyderabad's market place.

The Char Minar was built late in the sixteenth century to commemorate the goodness of the deity in allaying, at the prayers of holy men, the affliction of a terrible pestilence sweeping over the city. There is



RICE, INDIAN STAFF OF LIFE.

a school and a church in the roof over the arches. Not far removed is the quadrangle mosque, the Musjid, whose enormous roof is supported by fifteen arches, and within whose walls are buried at least a dozen princes. This magnificent structure was completed in the days of the great Mogul Emperor, Aurungzebe, and has been the scene of many gorgeous festivals, when vast concourses of people from far and near met to worship under its massive domes.

Removed from the noise and turmoil of the struggling city is the great palace of Johan Nimah, one of the most noted places of Hyderabad, where are seen some of the finest examples of Indian art and luxury. Passing through the spacious court, in the warlike days the camping-place of troops, we come to the main halls, whose floors are

covered with elegant rugs and carpets of many patterns and great richness. The furnishings seem to have been of different periods and the woods of many countries, for along with furniture made of dark Indian woods are others of European maple and oak. Supported by massive pillars, on a level with the palace roof is a garden hardly surpassed in its abundance of rich plants and beauty in the Orient. What seems a special feature of this place is described by a visitor, who upon leaving the palace garden "came into a labyrinth of pleasing and most curious construction. It served its purpose, as I soon learned by getting lost in it. Always expect the Indian to do his work differently from the rest of the world. This labyrinth was not of the same order as the one in Palmgarten in Frankfort-on-the-Main, or the less pleasing one in the outlying grounds of Hampton Court, but it served its purpose far better."



CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, MADRAS.

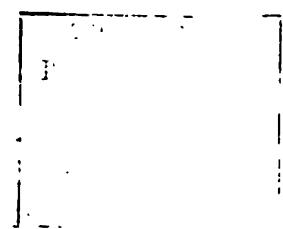
CHAPTER XVI.

STORIED GOLCONDA.

IN our youth we read with awe-inspiring wonder the words—“rich as the mines of Golconda.” To-day we have stood amidst the ruins of that city and looked vainly for evidences of richness which long since existed only in memory. Golconda was taking on the effects of old age when Hyderabad was springing into the activities of its youth. This, too, was a walled city, and its silent courts, mosques, fortresses and deserted streets are still hemmed in by walls overgrown in places by tropical verdure. Golconda was preëminently a fortified town, a mighty fortress in fact, built upon an elevated site so as to command a wide circuit of the surrounding territory. Its chief attraction to-day, as it must have been in the era of its glory, is its towering acropolis surrounded by a massive stone wall three miles in circumference. This fort has eighty-seven bastions rising from its



AN INDIAN GIRL BURDEN BEARER.



ramparts, all built of solid blocks of granite, immense in size and laid in cement or fastened together with iron clamps. Some of the huge stone bricks are twenty yards in thickness, and one of the wonders is how they were placed in position without the devices resorted to in this age. But many hands make light the heaviest labor, so one by one, with the large force at command, these huge masses were lifted into place, until great walls of defence and protection were reared. Something of the abundance of the supply of this necessary building material is shown by the prodigal display scattered over the adjacent grounds. No doubt many of these stones were at one time portions of the fortress, but others seem to have been dropped where they now lie hundreds of years after the building and even the decay of this fortified town.

As was the custom among the earlier people, what was known as the fort was really the fortress and inclosed space containing the homes and quarters of the armed force that constantly maintained a watch over the surrounding country. The abodes of the people at large were outside of the fortifications, but within easy and quick access in case signs of an enemy appeared. From its elevated situation the tower of this famous old fort commanded a wide view, as well as being itself visible for a long distance from every point of the compass. The upper story contained pleasant balconies and beautiful promenades, where doubtless gathered the stoutest and bravest of the defenders of ancient Hyderabad, noble princes who held sway over this dominion and died perhaps fighting for its sovereignty, in wars now forgotten. From the base of this mighty acropolis the streets wound in every direction and at almost every possible angle, as if the supreme purpose was to create a bewildering maze of passages in this little walled kingdom. But along these narrow, crooked avenues, princes and their gorgeous retinues moved with stately dignity. Brilliant processions of queens and beautiful ladies of the court were escorted with proud acclaim where now strangers wander with no higher thought than to seek in the filth and ruin evidences of former glory and magnificence.

Above these highways and byways, the path leads through scenes of melancholy interest. The ancient gate swings reluctantly on its rusty

hinges, the grim warder hesitates in making his low salaam, as if he were loth to allow us to enter the precinct that is sacred to him, but becomes little more than an object of curiosity tinctured, it may be, with a passing sense of regret, to the stranger. In truth it does require influence that reaches within the court circles, and more or less persistence, to obtain the privilege of gazing upon sights that after all are not pleasant. Around us are ruins of once massive walls, frag-



BUFFALOES.

ments of noble castles, and more impressive than all else the empty and abandoned war-pieces, now lying in disorder amid the scattered débris of broken down stone barriers that they defended when they stood upright and Golconda was the treasure chest of India.

Yes, they say it was rich once, in the distant days when it became the repository of the wealth of the Deccan. Our guide pointed out a piece of masonry that had already attracted our attention, and said it comprised the outer wall of the treasure vault of Golconda. He claimed that no man knows now the dimensions of this wonderful place; that it was the burial place of kings and queens as well as of rare jewels and gold. Later we learned that this last statement was

not strictly true. But the fact remained that within this mysterious recess was stored once the wealth of this section of the country. The king possessed a plan of the whole underground structure, and one of his secret guards could at any time, by removing certain sections of the wall, which were carefully marked by cyphers known only to the chosen few, withdraw whatever was called for at the time. These were days when Golconda shone in the zenith of her glory, when powerful kings ruled over the Deccan and dazzled Southern India with the visions of rich mines, which were in fact underground receptacles for collected wealth rather than sources from which it was taken. It is claimed that much of the ancient treasures still remains within the fabulous crypt, and still is guarded with great secrecy. There is some reason to believe that this may be true, though we did not attempt to solve the riddle.

The one redeeming feature of this climb to the summit of the ruined fortress was the far-reaching vista of tropical country that is spread before the observer. On our way many corners that still display evidence of former beauty were found to be overgrown with vines and plants of rare beauty, concealing many defects wrought by the passing years. So halls that once echoed to mirth and shouts of triumph, balconies that once were thronged with court beauties, and parapets the scenes of earnest life, are festooned with a minor growth that is rank with the foul sweat of decay.

This is all forgotten at the summit, and we are glad that we had the courage to climb above the reeking ruins and look out upon the surrounding world that has not grown old with the changes of shifting races and rising and falling governments, but looks as fresh and fair under the December sun of to-day as it did in the reign of Aurungzebe. Possibly we are standing in the very footprints of some noted king, and if we look not upon the same graceful palms and Oriental groves that enraptured his vision we look upon others that we believe are no less beautiful. If the scene at our feet is one of desolation, that which lies beyond assumes greater beauty because of this air of utter loneliness. Slowly, and we have no desire to hasten our survey, we scan the fairest and grandest landscapes that India unfolds. At our feet lie the plains of Golconda jeweled with sparkling mirrors of water,

rimmed with conical hills of black rock, and strewn with huge slabs of granite. Beyond these towns and villages, we see great water tanks looking like miniature lakes, graceful minarets rising above mosques of ancient architecture, quaint palaces, the residences of kings and noblemen, and not less conspicuous than any of these the massive tombs with high, rounded tumuli where sleep the wisest and strongest of the people who dwelt here in the era of its greatness, while above

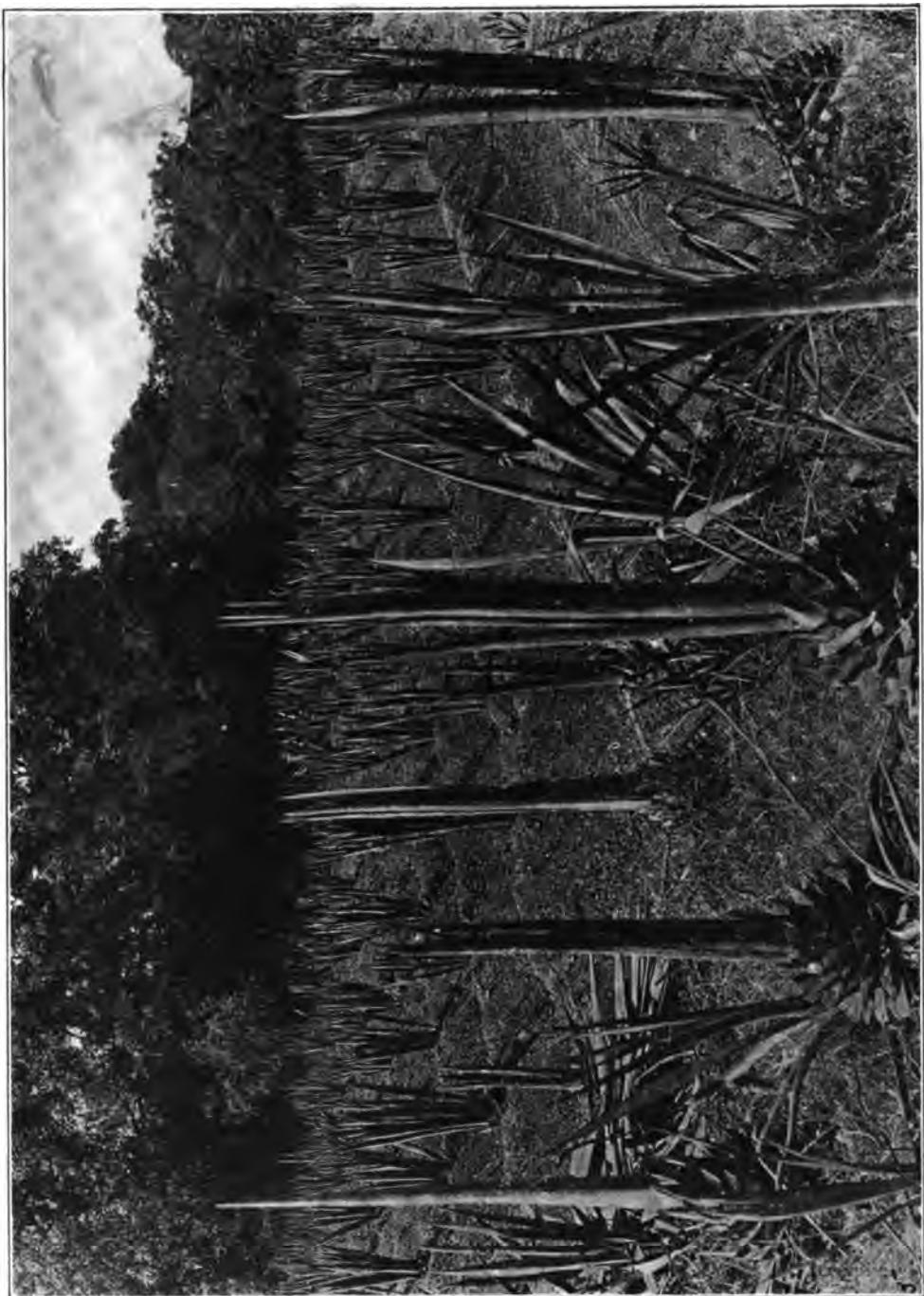


PUBLIC GARDENS AT OOTACAMUND.

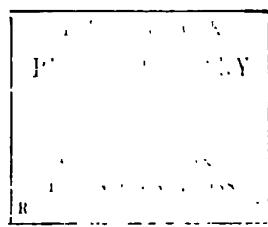
all, unchanged and unchangeable, arches the fleckless dome of the winter sky.

Turning towards the east we catch a dim outline of an Indian city, its domes and minarets rising into the clear air like an armed host supporting the heavens. Nearly opposite we recognize the city that became Golconda's successor, Hyderabad, with its armed defenses and official palaces inside its walls, and without, the suburbs where live the English people in the midst of green gardens and groves of trees and flowering shrubbery.

The history of Golconda is as interesting as its setting. Longer ago than history tells its story it was an insignificant village, inhabited



SISEL HEMP PLANT, SIRUR, POONA DISTRICT.



by a thriftless people, who lived upon petty plunder obtained from their richer neighbors. Then, in 1512, an ambitious prince rebelled against the reigning sovereign, and, successful in his uprising, this conqueror, seeing the natural advantages of this rock situated high above the plain, caused to be built here his remarkable fortress and the town at its base, believing he was building an immortal city, which should stand forever as a tribute to his greatness. But towns, like mortals, live and perish, and as Kuli Shah sleeps away the centuries in his tomb under the hill, so does Golconda sleep in sackcloth and ashes upon the site of its former glory. Pestilence, as is commonly the case in India, was the foe that finally overcame its splendor. Poor drainage was the root of its troubles in this direction, and after disease had time and again despoiled its homes and weakened its defenses, it was thought wise to remove the capital to a healthier, if not a safer, place. Hyderabad became the choice, and that city has been the capital of the province ever since, though Golconda remained as a military stronghold. The glory of the new capital, as the scene of courtly pomp, eclipsed that of Golconda; the conquests of the power centred there were extended and grew more powerful year by year. Persia was glad to exchange courtesies with its ruling princes, until the rising Mogul power felt that it could not ignore this rival state in the south. Aurungzebe, accordingly, sent hither his mighty army, with its dreaded armaments of warfare, and Hyderabad capitulated to the new dynasty, the greatest India had ever known. The present power, styled the Nizam, is a lineal descendant of that era's greatness.

The tombs of Golconda are among its chief attractions at this late day, and the good state of preservation of many of these speaks of the combined thoroughness and skill of their builders. These "homes of the dead" came very near being the retreats of the living. "It was," as has truthfully been said, "an old Indian taste that nature should do its part towards the adornment of God's acre. The friends of the departed took care that gardens should wind about the tombs, where, amid the beauty and fragrance of rich vegetation they could sit at will and linger by day in sight of the resting-place of their loved ones. So to this day there are rich gardens surrounding these vast tombs. They bloom on — the only bright picture on this dark land-

scape of decay and death." Many of these tombs are still kept in good repair, and the white domes that rise above them afford a picture of love and reverence for the departed such as is found in no other land.

In the fierce heat of summer the plains of the Deccan lie gray and feverish; in the winter they take on renewed freshness and beauty. During both seasons the soil is rich in its properties, and needs only water to bring forth abundant crops. A little east of south from Hyderabad lies one of those sections of the province famous for the part enacted there in the struggle between the French and English for the possession of India. Stretching away to the shore of the Bay of Bengal, it was the scene of Clive's early triumphs, and witnessed the raising of the English standard over the Indian land.

The most prominent city of this district is Madras, which presents a splendid appearance to him who approaches from the sea, but disappoints the inland visitor. Lying upon an open stretch of coast, Madras has to be reached from the sea by a roadstead. Notwithstanding this disadvantage and danger, for this section of the shore is frequently swept by furious tornadoes, the city ranks as the third in importance of the seaports of India. A series of breakwaters erected by the government has formed a harbor that answers a purpose where nature has failed to provide protection. Madras is noted as the spot marking the very beginning of the British India Company's power, and Fort St. George, the oldest and most noticeable of its monuments, was begun the year of the landing made by that body's pioneers in 1639.

The streets of the better section of Madras are narrow, until they come to approach the European suburbs, where beautiful residences and attractive buildings greet the eye, presenting a marked contrast to the native portion of the city, known as "Black Town," where the Hindu inhabitants live in miserable huts crowded together in a helter-skelter manner, and lacking even the most meagre comforts of life.

Noted as India is for its temples the country now before us offers an unusual number of them, and some of the greatest interest. Trichinopoly, which stands upon an island in the Cauvery River, furnishes one of the most notable examples of size, beauty of architecture and historic association. This vast temple structure is half a mile in diam-



JULCA IN MADRAS.

eter, and inside its walls groves of trees have flourished for hundreds of years. It has a population of over twenty thousand people, most of them belonging to the families of priests.

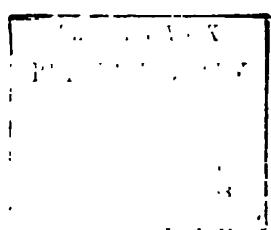
Known as the temple of Jirangham, it is noted for several features, among which may be mentioned the Hall of a Thousand Pillars and the Hall of Horses. The latter, which forms one of the entrances, is a court having eight massive pillars, each hewn from stone to resemble "a stallion standing on its hind legs, its head supporting a bracket coming forward from the pillar, and its fore feet resting on a monster attacked by the rider or on the shield of a foot-soldier who is assisting in the attack. The horses in other respects free from the pillars except at the tails, which are split or rather doubled, so that each horse has two tails, one sculptured on either side of the pillar. The horses, the figures, and the columns behind are carved from a single block of granite." Possessing some other features of equal interest, this part of India is made notable by its numerous temples and religious retreats, where thousands and tens of thousands still gather annually, and centuries agone hundreds of thousands met in each recurring year.

Another distinguishing characteristic of this section of the country is the great number of mendicants continually hovering about its thickly populated regions. For that matter beggars are not scarce anywhere in India. Go whither you will from Bombay to Khyber Pass, east or west, you are certain to be met, not by one, but by trains of them moving wearily along the dusty roads, swarming about the villages or bowing with what seems mock solemnity before the numerous shrines. To the Occidental these shiftless wanderers are objects of pity, until one comes to know them better. Many of them have left comfortable homes, abandoned loved ones and every ambition of a useful life, to roam hither and thither as the whim may indicate, seeking merely alms by which to keep body and soul together, usually for some religious caprice. They discard all clothing that the authorities will allow, and girded about the loins with a wisp of straw, they eat only when food is offered them in the name of their god, and drink only water that has been blessed in the same holy name.

However rich or influential in society, "a day came when they laid aside their robes of muslin and silk embroidered with gold; when they



MAIN CANAL OF BEZWADA (SOUTH INDIA).



left great houses filled with troops of servants, and without a word of parting slipped away from wives, children, friends, and the places they had filled knew them no more. They had gone to wander far and wide through the vast plains, the mighty hills of India — strange, naked, wild-looking figures, unwashed, unshorn, looking the veriest outcasts of the earth," because suddenly imbued with the spirit of sacrifice. By forsaking all things in this life they believe they are fitting themselves for a happy existence in that to come.

Of course the majority are of a lower class, and among them are yet other sects who practice all sorts of punishments upon themselves. Among these are poor creatures of delusion who have not stood erect for so many years that they must now creep or crawl on their hands and knees. We saw one who had held his arm outstretched so long that he could not bring it into any other position; another who had stood in one place without moving his feet, until the roots of a near-by tree had so overgrown them that he could not get away if he would. And that would be the last thing he would attempt. Yet another who had clasped his own hands together for over twenty years, and until he could not release one from the clutch of the other.

There are those, too, denominated fakirs, wonder-workers, or else the greatest of deceivers. One builds a fire in a hollow circle on the ground, and then climbs, foot by foot, before the eyes of his audience, into mid-air until he disappears in the space overhead, sending down from his retreat the most unexpected objects, some of which may be strange birds with two heads, or serpents with wings. Finally some one, probably a confederate, steps forward and drives a long knife through the thin band of smoke, when the man in the upper realm suddenly drops to the ground completely exhausted.

Feats more remarkable than this have been performed before witnesses who tried in vain to discover the deception practiced, if such it was, and went away convinced that it was impossible to consider the feat anything less than unaccountable.



PLOUGHING WITH WATER - BUFFALOES.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM THRONE TO THRESHOLD.

THE story of India is not complete without some allusion to its famous jungles. These are found on swamp land in many parts of the country but particularly in Terai and in the Sunderbunds at the mouth of the Ganges and are almost impassable thickets of trees, shrubs and reeds with a flora and fauna peculiar to themselves. There is little beauty in this wild growth, but where it borders upon the open country there are frequently seen groves of graceful bamboos tipped with feathery crests, and various other trees brilliant with many-colored flowers which give forth a fragrance that is almost suffocating.

They are unhealthy, especially for the traveler or new resident, who seems to be particularly susceptible to the prevalent jungle fever or malaria. They are so infested with deadly serpents that it is unsafe to penetrate them on foot. Do you notice that black stick lying across your pathway? Watch it carefully. It may not only possess life, but

have fangs ready to inflict a fatal bite. Avoid the hummock that invites you to rest upon its velvety couch, for that, too, may be a deadly viper coiled and waiting to sting you with its venomous poison. The hooded cobra looks out from its retreat amid the foliage, ready to attack you at the least disturbance of its noonday siesta. More dangerous even than these is the boa constrictor, sometimes attaining the great length of thirty feet, and with a body as thick as a man's thigh. Woe to the creature, man or beast, that becomes enwrapped within its fearful folds.

But there is nobler game in these Indian forests, creatures of the brute creation that bring the bravest and strongest of sportsmen to hunt them. Foremost among these is the elephant, deservedly called the monarch of the Indian jungle. There is no more striking sight than a herd of them moving slowly through the Indian jungle, stopping now and then to drink from some stream or pool, or to browse upon the tender boughs of the undergrowth, flapping their great ears to ward off the tormenting flies, or swinging their trunks to and fro as they advance with lumbering yet not ungraceful steps. He is seldom hunted with deadly purpose, for the Hindu long since learned to recognize his value as an ally in work and sport. There is one exception made to this rule, and that is concerning the hermit or "rogue" elephant. He is by nature a more vicious brute than his companions. Getting out of sorts with his own kin, he deserts the herd and lives a solitary life, feared alike by man and beast. Usually the largest among his fellow kind, he becomes a deadly enemy, wary, cunning, fearless and well-nigh invincible. He can be shot to death only at certain vulnerable spots, and if the marksman's bullet be not true, then woe to the hunter. The capture of an ordinary elephant, and its taming, becomes one of the most interesting and exciting sports of India.

There are lions, just as there are in Africa, but they are not of so ferocious a nature as those of the African bush. The Indian lion is not the king of beasts in its native haunts. That honor belongs to the tiger, the royal Bengal tiger, as he is known the world over. This brute is the scourge and terror of the Indian herdsman, upon whose fattening flocks he delights to fatten himself. Cunning, powerful and

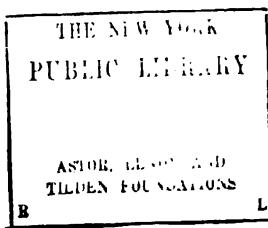
destructive always, it is the "man-eater" however — the tiger that has once tasted human blood — that fills the heart of the bravest Indian hunter with terror. Hiding in the jungle by day, at night he steals forth, approaches the simple huts of the villagers, stalks his prey patiently until an opportune moment arrives, then with a leap and a swift blow the unfortunate victim is instantly killed and dragged away into the jungle. A body weighing two hundred or more pounds can be carried in his jaws. Frequently one of these dreaded creatures will kill a dozen or more natives in this way and terrorize a whole village before he is destroyed. They are so destructive of human life that in one year recently over thirteen hundred persons were known to have been killed by them. Driven to desperation by long-continued attacks, the natives occasionally band themselves together to hunt down their relentless destroyer, but armed with their simple weapons it more often happens that the dangerous animal manages to outwit and slay a goodly number of the hunters than that they succeed in killing him.

With the coming of the English equipped with powerful express rifles the method of attack has changed. Now native watchers are stationed on the bank of some stream where the tiger is likely to come to drink. When a water-hole has been discovered to which the tiger resorts by night to quench its thirst, an elevated flooring is constructed amid the branches of some near-by tree, and here the white hunter ensconces himself to watch and wait for his prey. It is a lonely vigil, and sometimes it lasts all night without any indications of the animal appearing. Again he may come by midnight, or not until early dawn, and then it is a fortunate shot that puts an end to the formidable creature. A wounded tiger is indeed a terrible foe to encounter.

A more exciting and picturesque method of hunting the tiger is upon elephants. Seated in his howdah, the sportsman, upon discovering the object of his hunt, is borne furiously forward through the thick growth by his mighty steed, until the tiger has been driven into an open space, where a favorable chance is given for a shot. Agile, constantly shifting his position, it is not often that the first or even the second proves fatal. If wounded, the brute turns at bay; it gives a short, sharp roar; its eyes blaze like twin coals of fire, only they are balls of green rather than red; his long, fang-like teeth glitter like



RICKLA AND PUSH CONVEYANCE.



ivory; the lissom body crouches for a moment closely to the earth quivering from its head to the end of its long tail; then it swiftly lifts its head — rises into space — strikes like a thunderbolt at the most vulnerable spot of its huge enemy! This is the critical moment for the mounted hunter — the moment to try his nerve and his skill as a marksman. Unless he now gets in a fatal shot there is little chance that he will escape with his life.

Terrible as the tiger has proved himself to be, there is another quadruped that roams the Indian jungle which is quite as much to be dreaded, and more, too, if it has been wounded by a bullet that failed to complete its deadly mission. This creature is the panther, smaller than the tiger, but with long and powerful limbs that enable it to run like a leopard and climb like a monkey. It is the most agile of all the four-footed denizens of the jungle. It has a gray body with dark spots sprinkled upon its sides, resembling so closely the surrounding foliage that it is extremely difficult to discover him until one is very near.

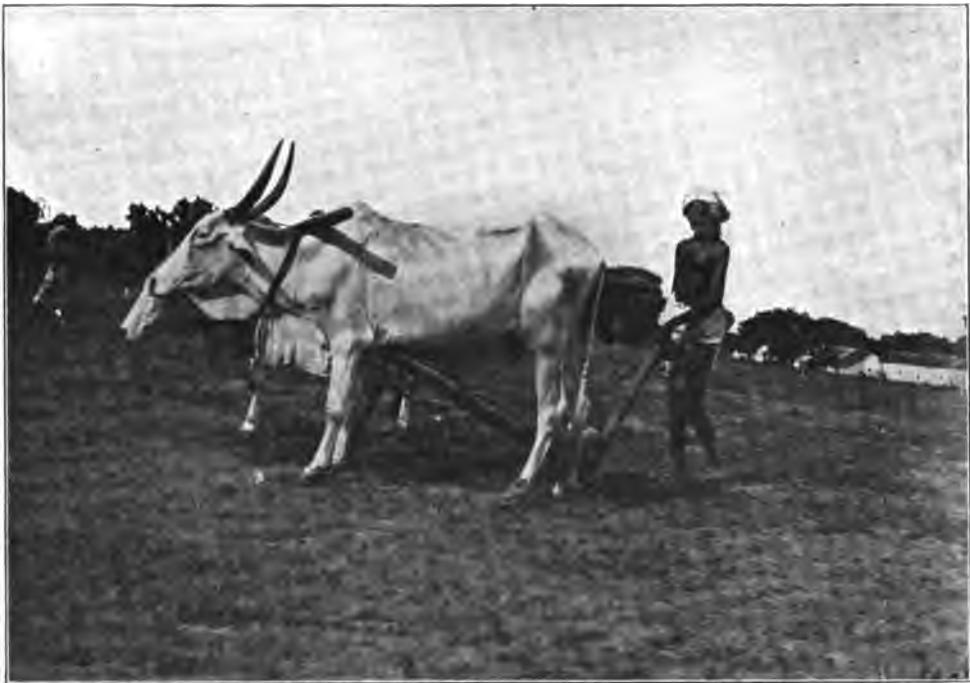
It is his custom to lie in wait for his prey, concealed in the dense foliage. Wary as the elephant, nimble as the leopard, he displays a greater amount of intelligence in attack and a greater ferocity even than the tiger. So it requires not only a quick eye, but a cool nerve and good marksmanship to hunt the Indian panther successfully.

The wild boar is to be more or less dreaded, and in case of an attack he becomes a formidable enemy, his keen tusks being terrible weapons of defense and offense. This animal is hunted on horseback very much as the English sportsman hunts the fox of his native land, only the excitement of the sport here is ten-fold. Armed with a long, pliant lance or spear, the huntsman runs down the boar, and as it turns at bay he strikes at it with his slender weapon. The infuriated animal sinks to the earth as if it were going to surrender without a struggle, but as quickly it rises on its haunches and hurls itself fiercely upon its assailant. The fate of the rider now depends upon his dexterity with his spear, for if he fails to strike the boar in some vital spot he is certain to be unhorsed and, unless companions are near at hand to distract the furious brute, he is sure to be torn to pieces by its sharp tusks.

The deer, the antelope, and the bear are also inhabitants of the jungle, often themselves the prey of the fiercer beasts, but they are

little feared by man, although occasionally the bear is roused to madness and becomes no mean enemy.

It is a wide swing from the gateway of Khyber Pass to Bombay, the threshold of India, through whose port many of the present dominating race have entered to conquer and to leaven the people of the country with ideas of Occidental civilization. But we have swung around the circle and once more are at that port where have landed so many people of that nation which to-day holds the reins of government over this vast realm.



PLOUGHING, RAMAPATAM.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

WITH the imperfect knowledge that the Occidental possesses, he can have but a vague realization of the actual situation in India. He can know but little of the varied phases of life; he does not stop to appreciate the fact that in its vast domains over thirty languages, as distinct from each other as those of Europe, are spoken; he cannot understand the dazzling display of pomp and wealth on the one hand and the visible degradation of poverty on the other. It could not be otherwise where class distinction has prevailed for centuries. He fails to comprehend, for instance, that the Zoroastrians, fifty thousand strong and among the foremost of the business men of India, have not been affected by the teachings of a new religion by zealous missionaries. These shrewd men of Persia are obedient servants of a Christian ruler as long as that ruler permits them to ascend undisturbed with their dead to the Temple of Silence that the poor form of clay may become food for the vulture rather than it

should contaminate the air with the smoke from its pyre or the water or earth as its tomb. This was the way of the fathers; it will be their way for years to come.

If a servant now, the world owes much to India. She had a literature 2,000 years B. C. that commands the attention of scholars to-day, and students of history have come to realize that to it they must turn to solve the secrets of the distant aeons. She had an astronomy at the same period, whch enabled her astronomers to calculate the movements of the heavenly bodies. She had a philosophy that left a lasting impression 500 years B. C.; a grammar that was the foundation of language, 350 years B. C.; a standard of art hardly inferior to Athens or Rome; a code of law equal to the tablets of Moses; a learned school of medicine and surgery; a wonderfully exact system of mathematics; a religion that placed its stamp upon more than one-third of the human race: all before the Christian era.

To-day, if the tide has ebbed, is it not certain that it will flow again? Then India will come to her own. With such a past, she can afford to wait. As a whole, the people of India are happy and care-free. Little do they think or care of the ruin upon which they rest. For the great majority of the natives three yards of cloth suffice for their dress, and fifty cents a week will support a family of six. About the last thing you can accuse them of would be extravagance.

The social life of India is governed largely by the simple code of government existing in the village community. Strictly speaking there are two forms of centralization of population; hence two methods of control. These may be roughly considered as individual and public. In these two types the first is represented by a head-man, selected from one of the leading families, and by an allotment of land to each member of the group comprising the inhabitants. Here every individual is made responsible for his share of the expenses of the government. To insure absolute fairness in the disposition of the land, periodical distributions are made, so whoever receives a poor farm or plot of land in the first deal stands a chance of improving his condition in the next. Of course the same rule works with an opposite effect upon the other party. But, in the end, each has received his just dues and does not complain. It should be understood that the head-man, who

may be changed as often as there is a re-distribution of land, never owns, nor ever has owned, the village. He is simply an important personage, who, through his ability to control or capacity to increase his holdings, has come to the front in the management of affairs as men come into public prominence in republican countries.

The second type of village is that of joint ownership. Here the individual responsibility is merged in a general liability. Where, in the



HINDU BOYS HOEING.

first instance, the property is transferable, in this it is inherited. In this case the taxes are assessed in a lump sum. This sort of community has more or less common land, which may at any time be allotted for what seems good reason. It may be in reward for some military service performed, or a public act that calls for special recognition. Once this land has been granted a certain person or family, henceforth it is inherited by the followers in that line of descent.

This kind of local government may be subdivided into two or more classes. The first of these consists of descendants of some common ancestor, or it may be brothers, in which case the group is bound in close relationship. The next class is the tribal community, where a

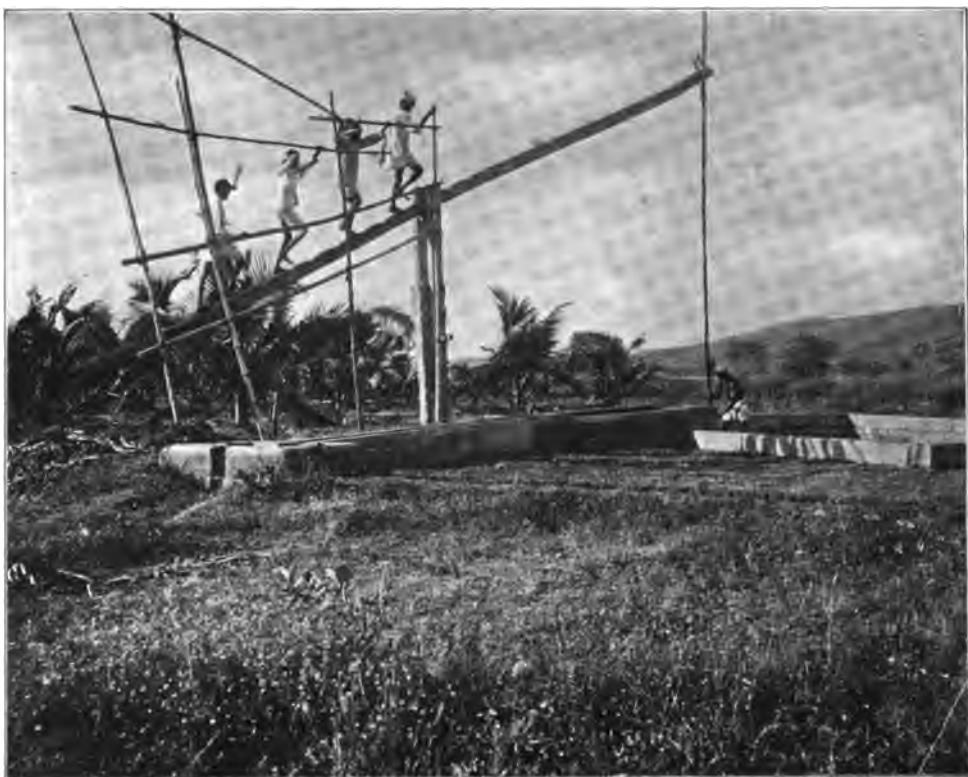
union of different families may hold land under joint responsibility. A third sort, which is the most common, is the associated village; where several families, who may not be of the same tribe, hold land together for mutual protection, or better ability, through this union, to protect themselves from the inroads of outsiders. They pay their taxes in lump sums, and associate merely for the means of greater public safety.

All of the inhabitants are responsible for the debts of the community to which they belong, but no family portion, handed down from generation to generation, can be taken by an outsider. There are common lands, usually reserved for grazing, which may be occupied by the entire population. The individual villager may rent for a percentage of its yield — usually one-half — any part of his land, but he cannot sell without the consent of the entire community.

Something of the monotony and dreary aspect of this village life may be gleaned from one who writes of military life upon the border of the Bombay province in Central India: " Around the village lie its cultivated fields, whose faces ever change with the changing seasons. Now parched and arid they lie, seeming lifeless, baked beneath fiery suns out of steel-blue skies for long, hot, weary months; but with the longed-for rains, as if by magic, they quicken into a living green of tender crops, blessed sight to weary souls of white men gasping out an Indian hot weather in the plains; but later still the land grows gay with broad squares of the lovely pinks and purples of the many-hued poppy fields. Amid them the dark *tope* (clump) of mango trees, so familiar a feature to every Indian village, tempts the laborer out of the hot glare of the fields into its restful shade, where all day the patient *beils* (oxen) tread wearily to and fro, and the monotonous creak of drawing water, and the delicious sound of its rushing down the water channels, rises like a lullaby through the long hot day." In the distance of this cultivated plain rises, it may be, one of the small, saddle-backed foothills of Central India, giving diversity to the landscape and its teak forests in their deep-green foliage lending a refreshing coolness that may be imagined if it cannot be felt.

In pleasant contrast to the loneliness and weariness of the Indian field of tillage are those centres of social life in the Eastern countries, the village wells. These are to the people of those lands what the post-

office in the small country town in the days when rural delivery was unknown, or what the corner grocery is to-day in New England. To these wells come the young and old; women with their brass or earthen jars, which they drop down by a line until the water is reached; and then, hand over hand, draw up the dripping vessel, to poise it deftly upon their heads and move away with all the pride of a princess. If the face of the water-carrier is concealed it makes the



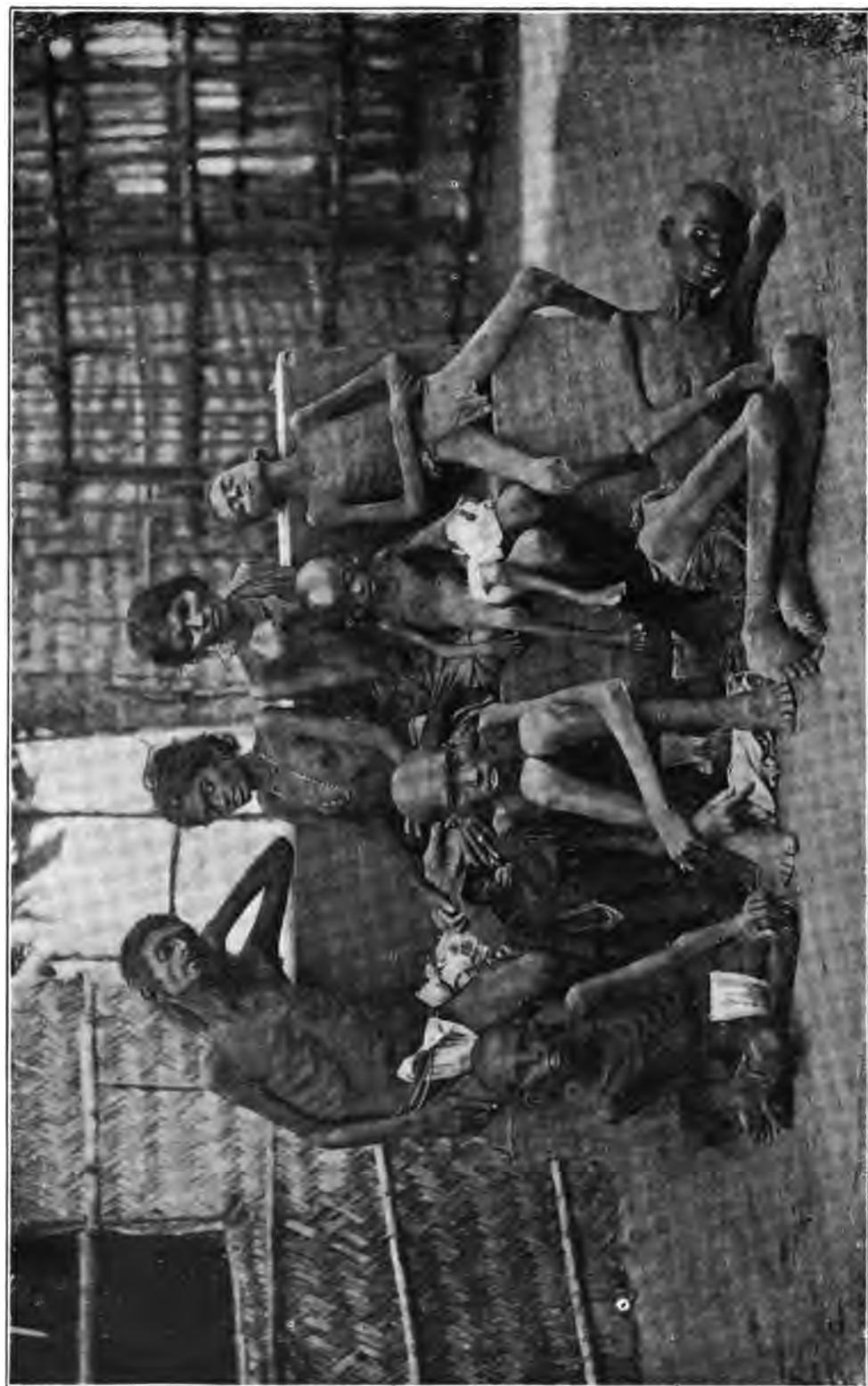
IRRIGATION WORKS, PASUMALAI.

picture the more interesting, and the beholder, if he, like ourselves, comes to wonder if she is young, as she certainly must be; else why that plump figure? If she is beautiful, as she certainly must be; else why that graceful carriage? As if beauty and grace must go together. If she poises by the well-side to nod to a companion, speak a few words in a tongue we cannot understand, she adds so much to our pleasure, though she may never know it. Anyway, young or old, silent or talkative, beautiful or ugly of feature, she is picturesque, and nothing can be picturesque without being attractive.

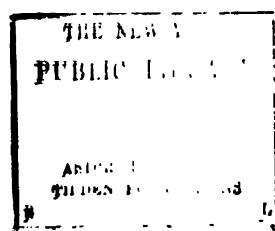
Now lank, dark-skinned men, driving with easy negligence white bullocks in trappings of leather ornamented with gold trimmings, swing leisurely in front of the well, and as slowly let down the great leatheren sack they have come to fill, humming the while a tuneless song, while the oxen chew their cuds as careless as they. The line suddenly growing taut in their hands and a gurgle coming up to them from the depths, announce the filling of the bag, when the drivers whistle to the waiting cattle, that immediately start forward until the overflowing receptacle appears at the rim of the well. These go and others come, so the scene is never wanting in interest at one of these wells where many an Indian Rachel may have found her Jacob. An hour or a day is not lost in watching such a scene, idyllic of the simple life, where people live close to God and do not know it, free from the vexations that come from broader vision.

India's wealth has always been largely in her hoarded treasures, the diamonds and jewels of priceless value that have so often figured in the raids of the Northern freebooters of the plains. Without banks or places of deposit, where currency could be placed to draw interest on the investment, it was the only way. Hence the prince looked upon jewels, precious stones and bullion as the only way to accumulate riches. So he gathered in what he could, and these accumulations he utilized in ornamentation. He placed priceless wealth of this kind in his throne; he enlivened his gaudy robes with gold and jewels; the temple where he worshiped he made bright with these offerings; the drapery of his white bullocks he electrified with lace-work of gold and silver; in truth, everything he had to do with was treated in this gorgeous manner. And the poor followed the example of the rich. Though his dwelling might be a hut, and the earnings of a life be represented in a ring, a thin silver anklet, a band for the wrist, he wore these and was content. "Blessed are those who have little and are satisfied."

As near as the official returns can show the population, in round numbers 300,000,000, is steadily increasing. This in spite of the constant toll that climate levies upon its teeming multitudes; in spite of the vast hosts that famine and pestilence have frequently demanded as their tribute; in spite of the slaughter by wild beasts; in spite of the many ills to which flesh is heir in this clime and that are unknown



FAMINE SUFFERERS, MADRAS.



in the temperate zone. As for the loss of life by the denizens of the jungle, a single tiger has been known to kill more than a hundred persons before it was slain. Twenty thousand have been known to die in a year from the bites of venomous reptiles.

Like all people, not excepting the Christians, the natives of India live largely in the past. Not the glorified past of India's real greatness, but with the Moslem in the period of Mahmoud the Magnificent; the Mogul, in the reign of Aurungzebe the Great; the Brahman, in the memory of the Ramas. In looking complacently back upon his favorite era, the man of the present, remembering only the hardships of his own day, thinks of it as a period of bliss. The farmer sowed his grain; the soil produced the crop to the harvest. If the care-taker took little or much, the peasant was happy and joyful; honored as a king; free as a bird. Magnificent temples were reared then; brave deeds were performed. That was the time of heroes and happiness.

The Brahmanic civilization sought to protect the people. It did in this way. The kings were supported by one-sixth of the farmer's grain, levied as a tax. Not bad to begin with. But of course the king had to have his vice-regents or military commanders to maintain peace, and incidentally to collect the revenues. This little army, called supervisors, had to draw their support from the same source as the king. The result is easily anticipated. Oftentimes the king took half of the collections of his nobles, and they may have taken more than the producer could well have spared. Thus the very men supposed to protect the interests of the agricultural masses were themselves the worst enemies to prosperity of the great common class.

Under the old power the nobles were looked upon as the "bricks;" the common people, the toilers of the land, "the grass between the bricks." This is understood to mean that the few live upon the many; the rich upon the poor.

People with such thoughts as these in their minds have little if any respect or love for the foreign power that has stepped in to supplant, as far as may be, the rule of the Mahratta. An American traveling in India, on his way to Baroda, draws the following apt illustration of the spirit of the native races in witnessing this modern invasion of their land, an invasion so different from those that poured down the

valley of the Cabul from the steppes of Tartary, the mountains of Afghan, and the plains of the West: "Late in the afternoon, as I was looking out I saw a picture that many times since I have regretted that I could not imprison with brush or pencil and keep as typical of the East and West. On the roof of a lightly built staging in the middle of a distant field, where she was standing no doubt to keep the birds from the grain, stood a woman draped in her red *sari*, one hand on her hip,



TREE FERN, OOTACAMUND.

the other shading her eyes as she watched the passing train. The sun was setting, the glow of the sky behind her made her stand out like a statue, and I wondered what she thought; whether she liked it, hated it, feared it, despised it, longed to be in it, or wished it away. When the interpreter comes who can make that statue of India talk, we shall know many things that no one has told us."

Great Britain's hand may have fallen heavily on the mingled races of benighted India, and the yoke laid upon them may have been hard to bear, yet she owes much to this European civilization, which has been far easier to bear than the Asiatic despotism that had trodden

human rights under foot for so many centuries. If the Indian people have been slow to realize and accept this, it is because of a feeling on their part that the cold, calculating Briton is unlike them and unsympathetic with them.

Fortunately there is an intelligent class, the educated Hindus, who read understandingly the message. These give less praise to scenes that are dim in the past, and pass no hasty judgment upon those nearer. One of the most learned leaders of India to-day, though still having in his heart a stubborn dislike for this usurpation of sovereignty, says candidly: "There has not been a nation, who, as conquerors, have, like the English, considered the good of the conquered as a duty, or felt it as their great desire." While such honest expressions find utterance, even with a few, there is hope from the whole.

More and more have the leaders come to realize that there is something greater at stake than the influence of the ancient creeds. The servant of Allah and the follower of Vishnu-Siva have found that their hope lies in the same direction. Thus out of the darkness of the past emerges a New India; not an enslaved people, but freemen; not blind, but seeing; not backward, but progressive; no longer a divided house, but slowly yet surely uniting in one grand nation; a nation peering earnestly, and with brightening vision into the future.

THE END.

